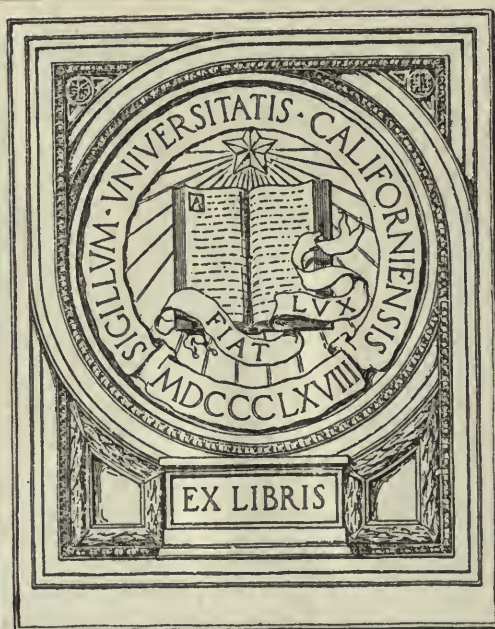


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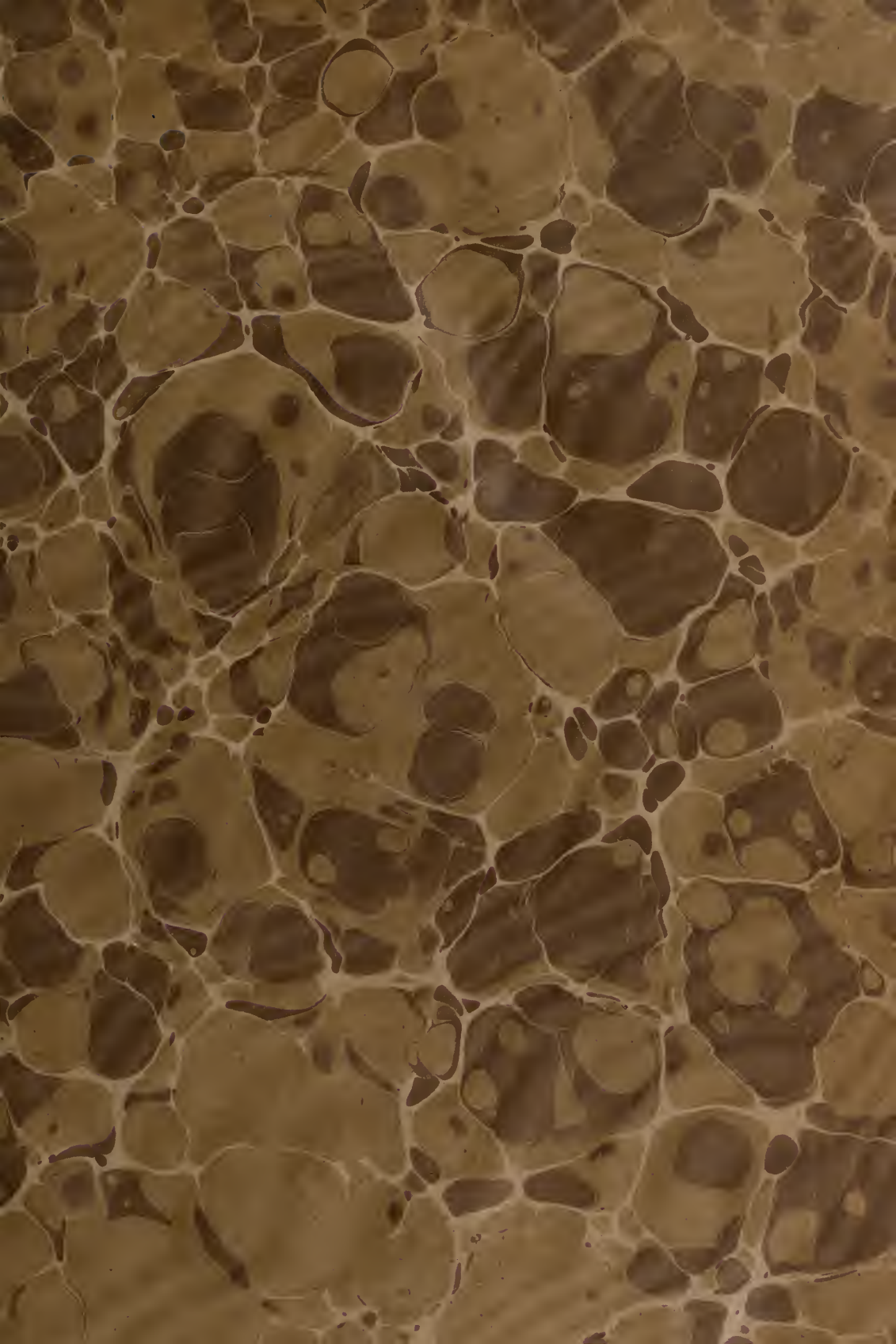
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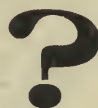
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OUT WEST MAGAZINE COMPANY
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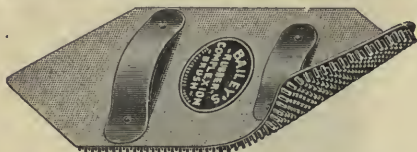
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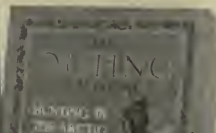
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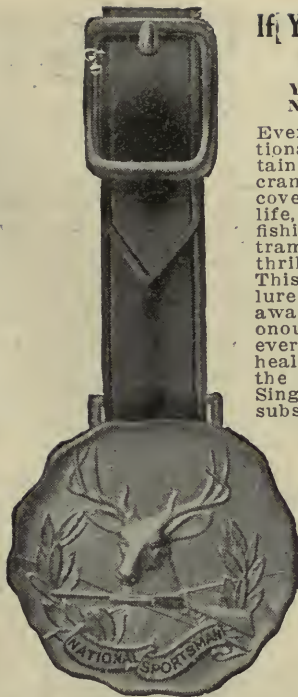
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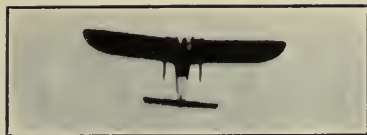
OUT WEST MAGAZINE

Dept. OUT WEST REPORT

Los Angeles, California

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WINGS

By CHARLTON LAWRENCE EDHOLM.

The hand of man, emerging from the mist
Of primal ages, was a hairy fist,
All blood-bedabbled; for the hand had killed
Before it learned to sow and reap and build.
So each new tool was but a weapon, fit
To add new terrors to the blow of it;
The first rude axe was formed for bloody deed,
Split skulls before it served the builder's need.
And thus through ages runs the tale; by worst
Of uses is the new-found tool accurst,
Yet we believe what prophet's words record,
That into plowshares men shall beat the sword.

For centuries we stood upon the edge
Of space and yearned, while sparrows from the hedge
Took flight and taunted us. "That I had wings!"
'Mid stormy music, thus the Psalmist sings,
"Then would I fly away and be at rest."
And lo, the wings are ours, a gift, the best
The genius of our race has forged; a tool
Fit for our eager age. What says the fool,
The War-brute? "This is *mine*, for brawls and strife,
As hawk-wings are the hawk's—for taking life!"

Well, claim them, War-god! Use them till the race
Will kill for you no more. What narrow space
Holds man today apart from brother man,
A range of rock, a river or a span
Of channel; and our wings shall overleap
These dwarfish landmarks. *Then* what king shall keep
His folk from merging with humanity
As waters intermingle in the sea?

Sail forth, winged Argonauts of trackless air,
And as upon your homeward course you fare
Bring heav'nly treasure. Neither gold nor steel,
Nor gross and earthy wealth weight your light keel;
Man's Brotherhood, bring *that* as Golden Fleece
On sun-blest wings, bright harbingers of peace.
—*From Popular Mechanics.*

Reprinted by Request





—Photo by Edholm
"THE HOMING AVIATOR"—PAULHAN RETURNS FROM SANTA ANITA



Vol. XXXII No. 1

JANUARY, 1910

THE NOBLE SPORT OF AVIATION

By CHARLTON LAWRENCE EDHOLM.

I.

"WATCHING THEM FLY."



THE First Annual Aviation Meet in Los Angeles," yes, that's what they call it now, not merely the first, (which means the first in America) but the first *annual*, which means a great deal more than any one can realize at present.

Once more the California Climate wins out. There are disgruntled ones who say that you can't *live* on climate, but you see



THE BIRD-MAN, LOUIS PAULHAN

—Photo by Pierce

that's what the aviator does live on. That's why the aviator is coming back next year.

The newspapers have told the whole world about it in big headlines; how Louis Paulhan broke the world's record for altitude with his flight of 4165 feet—and then some, the observers say. We have heard of the wonderful record of Glen Curtiss, who added to his laurels won at Rheims, by carrying off the speed honors at Los Angeles. On a course of 1.61 miles, he made 10 laps in 23 minutes, 43 3-5 seconds, while his best lap was 2 minutes 12 seconds.

Not as a matter of news, but merely as a reminder that there is



WILLARD IN BI-PLANE

—Photo by Edholm

"something doing out West", we might mention Paulhan's long distance flight of 45 miles in an air-line, when he flew from Dominguez to Santa Anita and back in one hour, 2 minutes, 42 seconds, reaching an altitude of 1988.8 feet.

That was a beautiful sight! One which makes you proud to say, "I, too, am a man!" Thousands upon thousands of "sky-fans" cheered themselves hoarse over the spectacular flight of the dapper French bird-man, as he sped away literally on the wings of the wind upon the longest cross-country flight ever taken in an aeroplane.

The course was circled first by the huge, winged structure of silk

and hard-wood, steel and brains. Thence, from a point directly over the crowd, it sped like a dart from a taut bowstring, growing smaller and smaller as it rose, until it was a mere speck, hovering, so it seemed, above the snowy peaks. Then the distance swallowed it up, while we on the field, waited and watched, straining our eyes at the veiled heights where Paulhan had disappeared. We waited long. At last some one shouted, "Look up, way up there!" and high above the point where he had been lost to sight, we saw our homing aviator, not a blur, but a sharp scratch upon the clouded turquoise of the sky. Nearer it flew, and nearer; steady too, as if the little wheels were gliding upon some invisible, crystal sky-path, whose terminus was at our feet. No feathered aviator, by grace of God,



CHARLEY WILLARD, OUR "SKY-JOCKEY"



GLENN H. CURTIS

lights more deftly than the leathern-coated chap who has made the birds call us "cousin".

No less interesting to me than his flight, is the personality of our guest from France. When the crowd swarmed around Paulhan and, in true Anglo-Saxon style, carried him shoulder-high over the course, he became, for the first time, uneasy at his mode of progress. Aviation is one thing, an ovation quite another. He had scrambled to the ground before the grandstand was reached, and the trying ordeal of facing an idolizing mass of onlookers was spared to him.

We saw feats of hardihood and technical brilliancy during these amazing ten days, and even among those who failed we saw exhibitions of pluck, that were, to my mind, as inspiring as the flights



PAULHAN CROSSING OVER THE GRAND STAND —Photo by Edholm

of the successful ones. Charley Willard's skillful handling of his biplane was one of the prettiest sights of the meet. He rose from a 20-foot square, circled the course and dropped into the same 20-foot square, just as neatly as a billiard ball drops into a pocket. One of the thrills of the aviation days was Hamilton's lofty glide. When his crank-shaft broke at an altitude of 250 feet, and the spectators were a-shudder at the fear of seeing him dashed to pieces, he demonstrated that a man of nerve can glide safely to the ground with a disabled engine. The airy incline was half a mile long, and as I said, 250 feet high.

But I think one of the great exhibitions was that of the local boy, Edgar Smith, whose scalp was horribly gashed by the revolving



PAULHAN PREPARING TO ASCEND

—Photo by Edholm

propellor of his own monoplane. The inert body was carried off the field, and those who saw the iron propeller, which was crumpled by the blow, supposed that the skull had been crushed. This lad, however, seems destined to add additional lustre to the sturdy tribe of Smith, for after lying in the hospital five days, he returned to the field, cranked up his engine and once more tried to fly, before the gash in his head was healed over. There is not a doubt in the world



PAULHAN AND CURTISS IN RACE

—Photo by Edholm

that if Smith's engine was all wrong, Smith himself was all right, and some of us are as proud of him as if he had actually taken wing.

While dealing with personalities, we cannot overlook the dominant character of the aviation field. To the genius of Dick Ferris the Southwest is indebted for a history-making event. Only those who were "on the inside" know what obstacles and discouragements he had to overcome, but all of us who met him in the strenuous



ROY KNABENSHUE BEATING AGAINST THE WIND —Photo by Edholm

days of the meet can testify to his unruffled, smiling composure while a score of men with a grievance were trying to tell him their troubles all at once. A man who has a smile and a handshake for his acquaintances at such a time is a "big" man, personally, while his "bigness" in the business and executive field is proven by the fact that the "show" was an unqualified success with no accidents to speak of, and by the figures of the gate receipts, \$140,000.00 or so, and a dividend of 15% or more to subscribers

To those who are interested in figures, by the way, I present the following list of prizes, with the understanding that people of a temperament like my own are not required to read it.



INFLATING A DIRIGIBLE

—Photo by Edholm

PRIZES WON IN AVIATION MEET.

Height—\$3000, Louis Paulhan, 4165 feet, first; \$2000, Charles K. Hamilton, 530.5 feet, second; \$500, Curtiss, no official height taken, third.

Endurance and Time—\$3000, Louis Paulhan, 75.77 miles, 1:52:32, first; \$2000, Charles K. Hamilton, 19.44 miles, 39:00 2-5, second; \$500, Glenn H. Curtiss, 16.11 miles, 24:54 2-5, third.

Speed, 10 laps—\$3000, Glenn H. Curtiss, 16.11 miles, 23:43 3-5, first; \$2000, Louis Paulhan, 16.11 miles, 24:59 2-5, second; \$500, Charles K. Hamilton, 16.11 miles, 30:34 3-5.

Three laps, with passenger—\$1000, Louis Paulhan, 4.83 miles, 8:16 1-5; no others contested.

Slowest lap—\$500, Charles K. Hamilton, 1.61 miles, 3:36 2-5.



PAULHAN, AFTER RECORD-BREAKING FLIGHT —Photo by Edholm

Quickest start—\$250, Glenn H. Curtiss, 6 2-5 seconds, won.

Shortest start—\$250, Glenn H. Curtiss, 98 feet won.

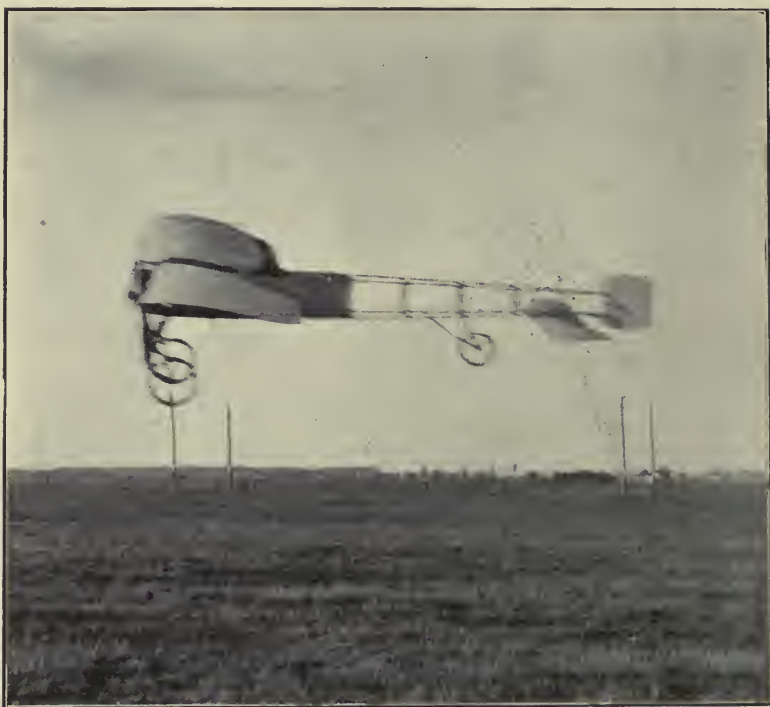
Starting and landing in square—\$250, Charles F. Willard won, score perfect.

Cross country—\$10,000, Louis Paulhan won.

But the prize contests were not the only events worth while. One of the unique features of the meet was the race of the dirigibles. Like a pair of fat, lazy porpoises rolling at the surface of the sea, the two plump, cigar-shaped balloons swam through the air currents above aviation field. Their resemblance to sea monsters was not alone in their ungainly, undulating progress, for their envelopes of shiny yellow silk glistened in the sun like a wet skin, and one could almost fancy that they had emerged, dripping, to breathe or spout before plunging once more into the depths.

It was the first dirigible race around the course, and although it was a slow race it had its moment of suspense when the big gas bags, which had started nose-and-nose from the grand stand found themselves once more nose-and-nose at the point directly opposite. They were driven by Roy Knabenshue and Lincoln Beachy, two Los Angeles boys, who had won the favor of the crowd by fearless handling of their strange mounts.

Without much perceptible advantage on either side, the dirigibles pushed their way through the air with their shining propellers, until, finally, just before crossing the line, Beachy developed an unex-



BLERIOT MONOPLANE IN FLIGHT

—Photo by Edholm

pected speed and passed it well in advance of Knabenshue. His time was 4:57 4-5.

It is amazing how soon the human mind becomes accustomed to things. Only ten days ago none of us had ever seen an airship. Today, the last day of the meet, many of us have seen them time and again, and are therefore able to stand under a huge, soaring bi-plane without so much as an upward glance, while we discuss such important topics as the weather or the tariff. Quite different from our feeling ten days ago, when we first saw Paulhan circle the course and come sweeping across the corner of the grand stand. How we yelled and whooped! How we laughed and wondered and

wept (a few of us) at the wonder of it all! How steady-going old work-horses of business men and commuters slapped each other on the back without the preliminary of an introduction, pointing upward at the flying marvel and uttering uncouth phrases of astonishment and joy.

Today it is an old story for most of us, though none the less wonderful for all that. Already we are beginning to feel a sympathy and a little contempt for our forefathers, whose dominion over the elements was so limited. Already the thought comes to some: "What a tremendous advantage our children have over us! They will take to the air as naturally as the duckling takes to water, while we, born under the old unyielding law of gravity, will never



BLERIOT MONOPLANE

—Photo by Pierce

be-able to fly without a little feeling of—not fear, but uneasiness, the uneasiness which a swimmer feels, who learned to swim late in life."

Ten days ago the grand stand went wild over the fact that a heavier-than-air craft could rise from the ground. Today, ten days later, they were cheering and whooping and honking their auto horns at something that appealed to a very different instinct, that of rivalry. Paulhan was going round the course on an endurance test, round and round with the steadiness of a trolley car and the speed of an express train. Curtiss leaped into the air, flew after him on his speedy little bi-plane, gained on him, and finally, at a point opposite the grand stand passed him in mid-air. It was not merely a flight, it was a race, it was a struggle. The old, old instinct awoke, and the crowd shouted itself frantic to see how two masters of the new tool used it for a trial of skill and daring. Again



WATCHING THE BLERIOT MONOPLANE FLY

and again they circled the course, and once more, this time right in front of the excited tiers of spectators, Curtiss rode breast to breast with his rival and passed him. Then on he flew, and at the pylon, where stood a solitary mounted sentinel, he dipped like a sea gull, poised in the wind, his inner wings far lower than his outer, and slid around the curve "on two wheels."

And meanwhile Hamilton was ascending spiral after aerial spiral on some winding staircase that he could feel, but could not see, and, while the racers were striving with one another below, he climbed adventurously from cloud to cloud of a sunset sky that was all mottled silver and silver-grey.

That was my farewell glimpse of the aviators. I might have stayed longer and seen them once more on land, just earth-bound mortals like the rest of us, but it seemed more fitting and a more complete impression to leave in my memory; a pair of them swooping hawk-like about the aerial course, and the other winging serenely into the faint azure that lingered above the twilight.

II.

A SKY-FLIGHT WITH CHARLEY WILLARD



THE man who has not seen an aircraft in flight usually asks this question of the man who has: "What was your first impression of an airship?" My own impression was very distinct: "I'd like to get aboard!"

I think that in spite of all that scientists may say to the contrary, the original man, or the organism from which man evolved, must have had wings, for the flying instinct seems to be

firmly implanted in us all. The earliest myths tell that poor, wingless mortals have been trying to fly on their crude constructions of wax-and-feathers, or cheesecloth-and-lath, and breaking their silly necks in the attempt. Nowadays plenty of us are willing to risk our necks, in spite of the many warnings we have had, for, somehow, it seems a great deal more natural to fly than to break your neck trying.

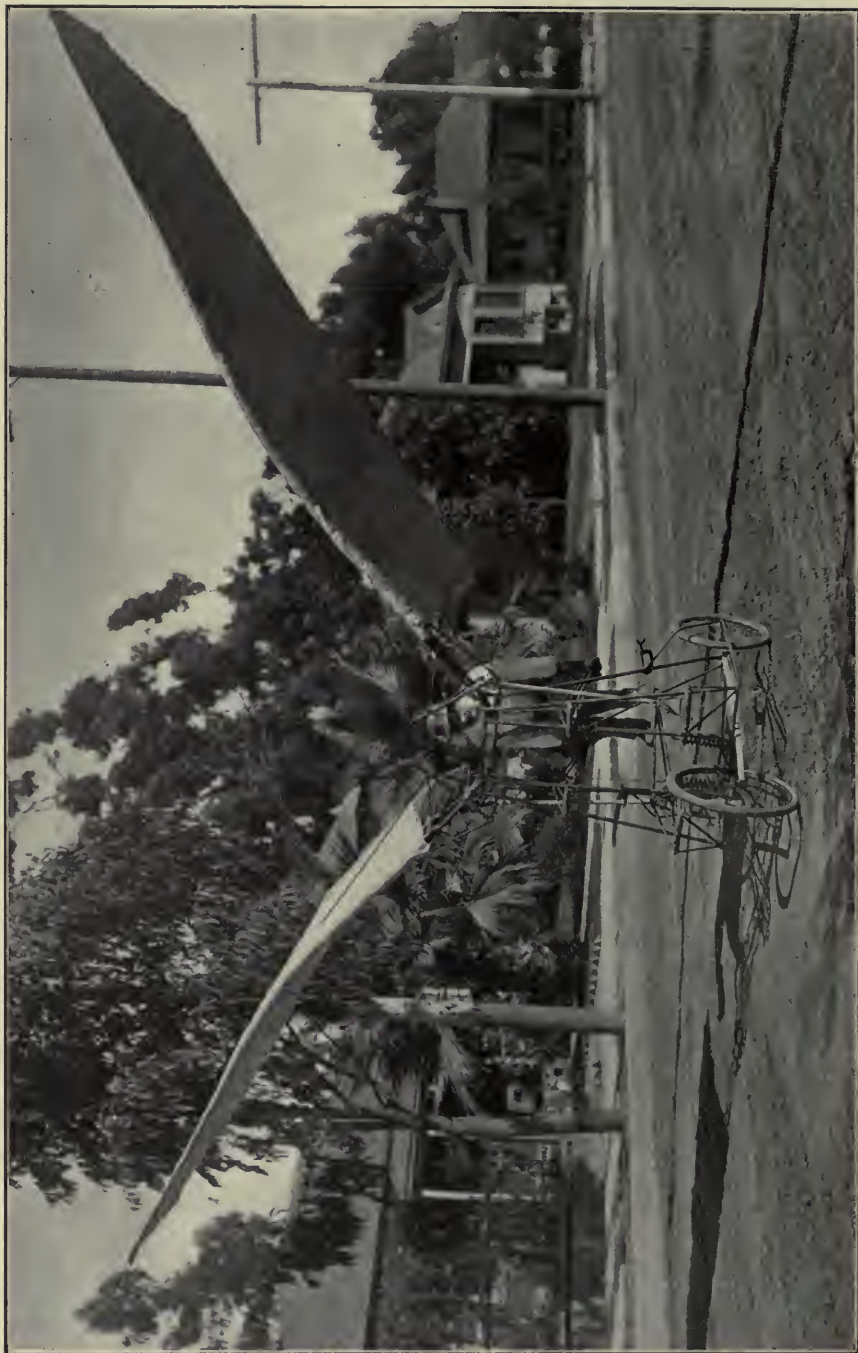
So that is my own impression after seeing Paulhan in his first flight at Dominguez. "Why shouldn't he fly? It is all so perfectly natural!" In fact, the only wonder is that the race has not succeeded before in establishing its dominion over the air.



MRS. DICK FERRIS AND LOUIS PAULHAN —Photo by Pierce

This flying disease is a contagious thing. After witnessing that wonderful flying Frenchman, our own pace-making Curtiss, the boyish but thoroughly capable, Willard, and the rest of the bird-men flitting about the field or cutting across the grandstand, I decided that I was going to get up in the air somehow. I was not able to pick my own vehicle, but, like a small boy on the street, waiting for a chance to "hook on behind" anything from a six-cylinder car to an ice-wagon, I was willing to take my first air flight in anything from a monoplane to a spherical, wind-driven balloon.

Through the courtesy of Mr. Geo. B. Harrison, one of the most enthusiastic balloon men of the west, I had a chance to go up in



THE ORNITHOPTER

This is the invention of Prof. H. La V. Twining of Los Angeles. It involves a new principle in airship construction

the *Dick Ferris* along with another journalist, an automobile man, a captain of the Signal Corps, N. G. C., and two experienced pilots, Willard and Duesler.

Our gas bag was the last to leave the field the day of our flight, January twelfth. We were preceded by the *New York* bearing a distinguished company. Among them were Nat Goodwin, Madame Paulhan, the charming Marquise de Pennendreff, and others. They were the guests of Clifford B. Harmon, the owner and pilot, who was assisted by George Harrison at the valves.

We were kept waiting for the arrival of Dick Ferris and his party, who were to christen our newly purchased balloon just before mak-



CLIFFORD B. HARMON

—Photo by Pierce

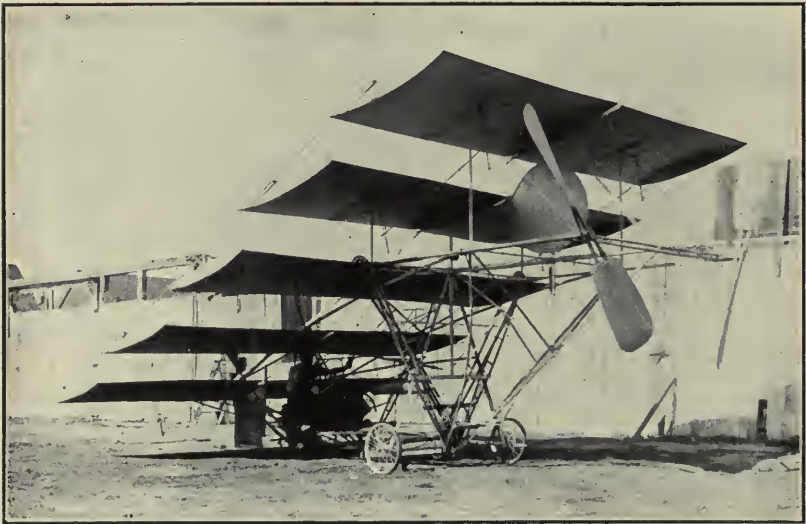
ing its flight. The members of our party were all in the basket, the big sphere was tugging at its scores of sand-bags (like the little nose-bags from which cab horses are fed) and we were quite as impatient as the straining, struggling aircraft itself. Suddenly there was a flurry at the outskirts of the crowd about us. Our "god-parents" broke through the mass of spectators, the "fairy god-mother" in advance, bearing in her hand a bottle with a lead seal. There was no more delay after that.

"I christen you the *Dick Ferris*, and may you always be a winner." With these words Florence Stone (known in private life as Mrs. Dick Ferris) brought a bottle of champagne crashing down upon our anchor, and with this auspicious send-off we were under way.

Without the slightest effort, without any quiver of the basket which supported us, without the least feeling of insecurity or fear, we rose over the heads of the crowd at Huntington Park and followed the wake of the *New York*, which had started out for aviation field just a few minutes before.

Our other traveling companions in the *Peoria* had sailed in a north-westerly direction, after an exasperating delay, caused by colliding with the flag staff near the balloon field, and as we rose, we could see them making rapid progress toward Santa Monica, and, incidentally, toward the blue sky above that place.

There were six in our party, and only two of us had been up before. They were Charles F. Willard, the aviator, and Geo. O.



THE MULTIPLANE
The invention of Prof. Zerbe of Los Angeles

Duesler, the Los Angeles aeronaut. The rest of us were greenhorns, but we tried hard not to show it.

The question is frequently asked whether there is not a feeling similar to seasickness in making a balloon ascension. I have asked the question myself, and now am able to answer it from my own experience: it is not one-tenth as much of a shock as a flight in a rapid elevator. The ground seems to sink from under you without a jolt of any sort, and you feel as if you were standing on something as firmly founded as Gibraltar.

The strange thing about it is that after one has risen more than a few hundred feet above the ground, one has a feeling of more complete security, as the objects below are seen with less detail and the motion is less perceptible. When skimming near the surface, the eye can perceive the rise and fall of the balloon, and the ground

apparently glides up to meet you when you drop suddenly, but at a height of four or five thousand feet, the fall is only perceptible by the upward draught, and one has to depend upon the aneroid barometer to ascertain whether he is rising or sinking.

At a height of five thousand feet or more, one still has the same feeling of security, and the impression I received was less that of flying than of standing upon some lonely peak and looking down at league upon league of checkerboard fields, bright with every shade of the green of growing things, and the purplish hue of newly-plowed loam.



—Photo by Edholm
PAULHAN IN FLIGHT

Charley Willard was in the rigging above us and his enthusiastic comments about California were spontaneous and convincing. "Talk about France," he said, "It's not in it with Southern California! Look at that field, wasn't that plowed by an artist!" And after he had exhausted his adjectives—which, I am sorry to say, were not always printable, but always complimentary regarding the beauty of the country, he became even more enthusiastic over its possibilities as an aviation center.

This coincides with the opinion of other experts, that the atmospheric conditions of Southern California are perfect for the new sport-and-science of aerial navigation.

We continued at elevations of four, five and six thousand feet for some time, and at first the novices were engrossed in the beauty of the spectacle before them. On all sides of us the loveliest landscape and seascape extended to a wider horizon than any of us had ever known before. We could see far over the Pacific to Santa Catalina and beyond to San Clemente, and, looking landward, had the panorama of range after range of the glorious snow-capped mountains that enclose our city.

The camera was brought into action, but of course proved a dis-



"I CHRISTEN YOU THE DICK FERRIS" —Photo by Edholm

appointment in one way, as nothing could convey the exquisite pastelle-like coloring of land and sea, enveloped as they were in a filmy haze, that added a touch of fascinating, mysterious charm to the picture. Los Angeles lay to our north under a veil of its own, a brownish film of smoke obscuring it for the first two hours of our flight; but finally, when the breeze drove it away, we saw the clustered office buildings of the business district, which one of the party compared to a huge quarry. It was a good comparison. The bold, rectangular structures rose like so many rough-hewn blocks of granite or porphyry, while all around them stretched miles of residential streets whose straight lines were softened by the foliage of the shade trees.

The glistening white dome of the new Christian Science Church was the most prominent object in Los Angeles, and to our aerially inclined imagination, it resembled nothing so much as a gigantic half-inflated balloon. To what else could we compare it under the circumstances?

While rising above the city, I recalled a conversation I had had with Florence Stone, in which she told me of her impressions of her first ascension. She said she felt as if she had left her body far behind and only her spirit were soaring peacefully and looking down upon the earth. It all seemed very lovely, but also very little and inconsequential. The structures below, which seemed so big to one on the ground, appeared like rows of little playhouses. Nothing down there seemed really very important, but one could regard it with a sort of half-tolerant interest; a pleasurable, rather condescending interest, as one might look at the playthings of a child.

This, I take it, must be the way our departing spirits really do regard the earth (if they regard it at all), at least I hope so. May my own leave the earth without any more pang or regret than I felt when I left it bodily the other day!



ASCENT OF THE NEW YORK

THE PEORIA'S MISHAP



—Photo by Edholm
CLIFFORD HARMON'S BALLOON, THE NEW YORK

Our experiences lacked one picturesque detail of Florence Stone's trip. There were no clouds the day we ascended, but she told me how her balloon, the *United States*, drove right through a mass of cumulus clouds and emerged high above the vapor, which lay in glistening white billows below her. "Then," she said, "our spirits seemed to have really left the earth forever, and presently when our companion balloon, the *America*, followed us through the clouds they seemed to us like the spirits of others who had died and were joining us in our unearthly flight."

If our ascension lacked that exquisite detail we had some other

pleasurable experiences which compensated for it. One of these was the rivalry between our pilots and those of the *New York*, which had now dropped far below us, and finding a favorable current, was headed in the general direction of aviation field. It is fascinating to see how the game is played. The balloon is jockeyed to every possible height with the idea of finding just the right air current to take you where you want to go, and these currents are the most fickle, elusive, positively feminine, things imaginable. Willard, in the rigging above us, kept directing Duesler, at times to "give her the valve," and again to throw overboard a few handfuls of ballast. Thus for a while we kept see-sawing, but our luck was not as good as that of the *New Yorkers*, who had found something less unreliable than air currents, namely a crowd of small boys who had seized their drag rope and were towing them in a bee-line for Dominguez. This aroused the fighting spirit of Willard and Duesler, and they made up their minds to reach the field without any assistance but that



—Photo by Edholm
A VIEW FROM 4000 FT. THE NEW YORK IS SEEN AT AN
ALTITUDE OF ABOUT 1000 FT.

of the winds. There was only the element of time to interfere with their calculations, for we could have kept tacking indefinitely until we made the field but for one fact. That was Willard's contract to appear on the course before the judges left the stand, and make a flight in his bi-plane.

Nothing could illustrate the advantages of the airship better than our comparative helplessness as we hung between the earth and space, trying in vain to find a steady, propitious breeze.

"If I just had my motor tacked on to this old gas bag, I'd run her across to the field in no time," remarked Willard. "Sure," said Duesler, "or if you had your bi-plane up here you could cut loose and glide clear to Dominguez. I bet you could do it with your engine shut off." So there we had it, the old and the new. I felt like



SIGNAL CORPS BALLOON, N. G. C.

a passenger on some antiquated craft, like the ark or the *Half-moon*, one who should be familiar with the speed records of the ocean greyhounds.

Barring his contract, Willard was determined to make the aviation field at any cost and kept trying to get a favorable air current by falling and rising to various altitudes. At one time while between Watts and Compton we half decided to make a landing, and dropped to about 100 feet over the ploughed fields. The school children had been let out from school as we passed over the building and shouted up to us. We could hear their shrill, childish voices, of course, and we shouted back to them. Duesler suggested throwing the rope down and getting a tow as the *New York* had done, but Willard was so anxious to reach the aviation grounds without any assistance that

he threw out ballast, hoping to find a southeasterly current at a little greater height. At this time we were drifting rapidly back toward Watts, the "Lonesome Town" made famous by Kolb and Dill, and which seemed to possess an uncanny attraction for our aircraft. With the lightening of the load the *Dick Ferris* rose rapidly and, as the air was quite warm, we kept ascending without the loss of much ballast, but still we could find no favorable breeze and although we tacked back and forth, or at times were becalmed, we could not make headway in the desired direction.

Meanwhile we could see our rival, the *New York* making rapid progress toward the aviation field, but this was not particularly to their credit as they were towed several times. We were a couple of thousand feet above them at this time and Willard and his associates were able to vent their feeling of rivalry without serious danger of being overheard when they shouted "Fake! Fake!" "You're disqualified!" "Get off the track!"

Still the winds were against us, and all the time the air was getting warmer, causing our gas to expand and sending us higher and higher into the blue. When we had attained an altitude of about 6000 feet or more, we found that we were drifting westward at a brisk rate. This was annoying for two reasons; first, because we wanted to go southeast; second, because we were decidedly averse to being blown out to sea. The air was very clear now and we could see far below the line of the beach stealing gradually toward us, while the distant roar of the surf, the only sound which carried to that altitude, became audible. Our upward progress continued in spite of the fact that we not only retained our ballast but used the valve. Finally, when we had reached a height of between 7000 and 7500 feet, one of our pilots said that there was no use keeping up that sort of performance or we would be carried far out to sea. Then the valve was worked vigorously and at frequent intervals, although we did not dare to overdo it for fear of descending into the moister and cooler air near the surface of the water. That, of course, would mean a very rapid condensation of our gas, and then we would be in danger of dropping into the sea like a shot.

There is something almost oppressive in the absolute stillness of such an altitude. Except for the subdued murmur of the surf below us, there was no sound but our own voices and the occasional "whoof" of the escaping gas as the valve was opened and closed again. At this stage of the game the sound of our own voices was not very reassuring, for somebody took occasion to start the subject of how rapidly a solid body falls from a great height. The Signal-Corps man and Willard were figuring it out by geometrical progression and the velocity did sound appalling when it came to be reckoned up to 7000 feet. I will leave some mathematician to give you the figures and will merely add the captain's comforting remarks that these estimates were based on an object falling in an absolute vacuum and did not allow for the resistance of the air. This was a very pleasing thought.

Presently we could feel the uprush of the air when we extended our hands over the basket and knew that we were dropping rapidly. The condensing influence of the cool, moist sea air was having its effect and our balloon, which had been prosperously corpulent at 7000 feet, now began to shrink and grow flabby.

There was so much beauty in this view of the burnished surface of the Pacific, with its league-long wind ripples, like watered silk and its exquisite fringe of restless lace-like surf, that one forgot the risk of a wetting, or worse, in the loveliness of the scene.

Point Firmin reached out toward Santa Catalina Island, which lay like a beautiful, blue fairy barque, with San Clemente visible beyond it like an azure sister ship. The long, graceful sweep of the shore line of Santa Monica Bay extended below us like a jeweled scimiter, and far up toward this point was the tiny speck of the *Peoria*, our distant fellow voyager. We felt some concern about the two passengers in that balloon, one of them a girl, and there was some talk about whether they might be stranded in the mountains many miles from the railroad or whether they might be blown out



MME. PAULHAN

—Photo by Pierce

to sea. Then, for the first time, it occurred to us that we were in equal danger of being blown over the Pacific with no certainty of being blown back again. Our experience with the varying currents had demonstrated that we could not rely on reaching any given destination. Far below us was the jade-green water and above it floated a few little white specks like bits of paper scattered from our balloon. They were sea-gulls winging above the breakers. Only one vessel was in sight, a four-masted ship with sails furled. No steam craft was anywhere to be seen, and, as far as we knew, there were none nearer than Venice.

Our trail rope was hanging, and presently one of the boys sang out, "The rope's in the water." By this time we had caught the lower, inshore wind and were being driven landward once more, after being out a couple of miles at sea, and now with the rope cutting a little line of foam in the water behind us, it was only a question of keeping up until we could make a landing. But that was

just the question. Sack after sack of sand was thrown overboard, two of us unhooking them from the outside of the basket and others passing them to the pilots, who emptied them. But although we got rid of ten or twelve sacks in half as many minutes we were still dropping like a shot.

An electric car was passing toward Playa del Rey and we hailed it through the megaphone, to send word to Venice for the life-saving crew in case we should drop into the ocean and be carried away by the outgoing tide. The car merely slowed up and then ran by according to regulations, but finally even the duty-loving motorman decided that this was a good time to break the rules and ran his car back. Fortunately by this time we were in a very brisk landward breeze and were hauling in our trail rope so as to expedite matters. There was not much time to spare, the balloon was within twenty-five



MR. AND MRS. DICK FERRIS —Photo by Pierce

feet of the water before it responded to the easing of the load, and lifted just enough to carry us beyond the stretch of beach and across the trolley which parallels it. In fact, our rise was so very slight that we bumped twice on the sand dunes that rise above the trolley at North Manhattan, but we all saw the collision coming, got a good grip on the ropes and bent our knees, according to the pilot's directions, to lessen the shock. The balloon rebounded like a rubber ball, and we were safely over the obstacle, like a horse leaping a hurdle.

Then we dropped our trail rope again and the anchor as well, but the latter merely ran along the sandy dunes without any effect. There was some little discussion at this point as to whether we should make a descent, throw in some more ballast and, leaving one or two of the party behind, proceed by the air line to the aviation field. For the first time in our flight we were making good headway in just the direction we wanted to go. But it was getting late. Mr. Willard's contract called for his presence on the field by five o'clock,



MT. LOWE AND LOS ANGELES FROM A BALLOON



OUR LANDING AT NORTH MANHATTAN. WILLARD AND DUESLER IN CENTER

and a flight in his airship before the judges left the grounds, so we let the anchor run along, hoping it would catch on the railroad track, which we were soon to cross. Instead of that it jumped the track very neatly but caught on a telegraph wire. Of course, we expected that to snap at once, but it was a good wire. Blessings on the man who made it! Our valve had been thrown wide open and held so, but still we flew. The wire smoked as the anchor ran along it, then with a crash the rotten pole broke close to the ground, but the wire still held, and again we bumped two or three times and then stayed down.

It was with some difficulty that we persuaded some of the inexperienced members of the party that it was still a trifle too soon to disembark. The street car conductor's phrase, "*Wait until the car stops!*" was very *apropos* just then, for if they had carried out their

intention the balloon would have shot up like an arrow, even though the valve was open, for two or three hundred pounds makes a big difference to a gas bag.

In the brisk wind the huge, flabby sack kept pulling and tugging at its net like some wounded monster in its death agony, and our militia captain in the rigging had to develop his latent talents as an equilibrist to stay there. But finally the beast was subdued, the landing effected, and one of the party ran out with a kodak and took a shot at the rest of us with the remaining film.

The balance of the story is not a sky story at all. Willard, the Examiner man, and I "hiked" for the nearest trolley station at North Manhattan, the aviator to get on the field and save his contract, the newspaper man to get his story on the wire, and I to be in at the finish, as becomes a painstaking scribe.

It was our hard luck, when we reached Redondo Beach, to find all the local automobiles out of town with one exception, that exception was our good luck. It took some blarney and the prestige of our aviator's name to win over the chauffeur, who had his own reasons for not wanting to drive us across to Dominguez, but when he was won over we made a beautiful cross-country drive over some of the best and some of the worst roads in Southern California. At one point on the wet road we left a beautiful capital S, nicely paralleled where the machine skidded between two ditches.

We arrived at the aviation field just in time to see Paulhan descending from his record-breaking high flight. Willard left us hurriedly and "hot-footed" it across the ploughed field and had his engine started before we caught up with him. I called up my wife on the 'phone and had the usual trouble with central, then turned around to see Willard shaking hands with Mrs. Dick Ferris. "Hello, Charley," I said, "are you going up?" "Where have you been?" he replied. "I'm already up and back!" So our aviator had saved his contract, the newspaper man had got his story on the wire, and I had "got my party." It was lucky I did, too, for the "party's" sake. When I reached the exit the newsboys were shouting, "Huxtry, huxtry! Balloon blown out to sea! Orful—" So that our little sky-frolic had been given "scare heads" after all, and what we agreed was a "rattling good time" was written up as a near-tragedy.



SEVEN THOUSAND FEET OVER THE PACIFIC—Photo by Edholm

THE LOWE PASSENGER AIRSHIP

By WM. H. KNIGHT,

Vice President Academy of Natural Sciences.



HIS is a new type of airship, designed and perfected by Professor T. S. C. Lowe, of Pasadena, California, a practical aeronaut, who has had a longer and wider experience in the construction and management of crafts for aerial navigation than any other living man.

Although he has conducted many airship voyages for himself, and in the interests of science, and has made many ascensions for the Government of the United States, yet in the long record of his numerous aeronautical achievements he has never met with an accident.

The reason for this immunity from mishaps of any kind is his intimate knowledge of all requisite details in the construction of aircrafts, his scrupulous employment of every safeguard that can be devised, and the adoption of a system of navigating them which insures the results aimed at with absolute certainty.

These are not idle or unfounded claims; they are subject to scientific demonstration, to engineering criticism, and to common-sense perception. Furthermore, the scientific and mechanical genius of Professor Lowe has been thoroughly tested in other directions and has never been at fault.

For these reasons this new engine of the air is bound to challenge the attention of the aeronautic world. It will introduce a new, safe, pleasant and reliable mode of navigating the air, carrying passengers and freight, and must eventually become an important adjunct to the military arm and the postal branch of every civilized government of the globe.

During the Civil War, Professor Lowe, then quite a young man, but not without previous experience, left Cincinnati in a large balloon of his own construction, drifted east with the trade winds, and finally landed near the coast of South Carolina. He was taken for a Yankee spy and put in prison, but when the Confederate authorities learned that he was merely engaged in aeronautical experiments he was permitted to go through the lines at Richmond and join his people in the North.

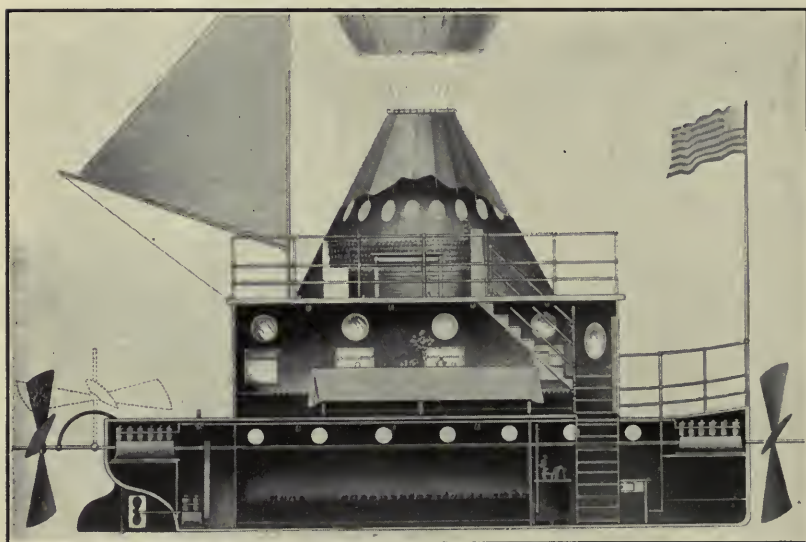
But his phenomenal flight of 800 miles through the Cumberland passes and over the Appalachian Mountains was not without important results. The War Department perceived that the balloon might be made useful in their field operations, and Prof. Lowe was employed to manufacture and furnish a series of balloons for the army.

He devised a new, quick and cheap method of producing hydrogen gas, which has twice the buoyancy of coal gas, and also invented

an impervious coating which prevents the escape of gas and saves the expense of frequent refillings, and at the same time protects the balloon from injury by the weather, even after it has been exposed for weeks and months to rain and sleet and wintry blasts.

In these war balloons he made many ascensions, witnessed several great battles, and from his high outlook, 600 to 2000 feet, obtained comprehensive views of the armies engaged in conflict. He was thus able to give the Union generals important information at critical moments, resulting in some instances in turning the tide of the battle. On many occasions he took up telegraph lines and operators, and telegraphed to the army headquarters, and even to President Lincoln.

Records of his successful aeronautical work in the United States



INTERIOR OF PROF. LOWE'S DIRIGIBLE

Army are in the Government archives, and in the daily papers and illustrated weeklies of those stirring times.

But only drifting balloons were possible half a century ago. There were no small, compact motors which could be utilized for driving and directing the course of a balloon at will.

During the past thirty years much inventive skill has been expended in the effort to produce balloons that could be navigated in the air like ships at sea. Accordingly most of them have approximated to some extent a boat-like shape, having long cylindrical bodies, requiring a complicated framework to preserve their form, and various ingenious devices to keep one end or the other from tilting up or down.

Like all other scientific and practical men, Prof. Lowe believes



PROF. LOWE'S SPHERICAL DIRIGIBLE

that the simplest form of construction is the safest and most effective. His plans, therefore, revert to the globular holder of the buoyant gas, which requires no framework to support its shape, presents the least surface to aerial currents in proportion to its carrying capacity, and never tilts; for the buoyant balloon always strives to remain vertical over the weight it carries.

There are also aeroplanes, interesting craft heavier than air, which must keep in constant and swift motion or they will fall to the earth, make comparatively short flights, and cannot carry passengers with safety. They illustrate the inventive skill of men, and, under further development, may find fields of usefulness in the future.

Prof. Lowe will now bring his ripened experience and his well-known scientific and mechanical skill to the production of a new and perfect type of airship, which will be serviceable, not only for commercial purposes, the regular transportation of passengers and freight, but will also be an efficient aid in military operations in times of peace or war.

It is now proposed to transform the Raymond avenue portion of the Pasadena Opera House block into a factory for the production of airships of the new Lowe type. The first to be built will have a buoyant capacity of 10,000 pounds. The hydrogen holder will have a transverse diameter of 70 feet, and a total holding capacity of 200,000 cubic feet of gas. As hydrogen has a lifting power of 71 pounds for every 1000 cubic feet, this will be ample for the uses to which the first airship will be put.

The passenger car will comfortably accommodate 15 to 20 passengers, who will occupy upholstered chairs in an elegant cabin, or convenient seats in an open outlook.

The motive power will be a 50-horsepower engine, actuating a propeller in front of the car for horizontal speeding, and a 25-horsepower engine actuating a propeller above the rear of the car to govern the vertical action of the airship. Should either of these motors get out of order, both propellers can be geared to the other motor, and in the improbable contingency of both getting out of order the airship will continue to float and can be brought to earth at the nearest town for repairs. However, as there will be a fully equipped shop on board, ordinary mishaps can be remedied without delay.

All these details have been thought out with the greatest care and minuteness by the designer of the air craft, Prof. Lowe, whose long and thorough experience in these lines enables him to cover every possible contingency in developing and working out this new problem in air navigation.

The novel features of this airship will attract world-wide attention, be the theme of news articles throughout the country, and



PROF. LOWE'S "THE CITY OF NEW YORK"
(From Harper's Weekly, 1859)

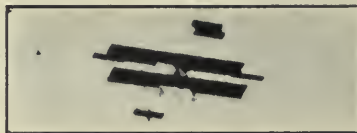
will draw throngs of spectators when it receives passengers and is launched into the air at some place in the vicinity of Los Angeles, and also at each of the other towns in California which it may visit.

The second airship, designed for transcontinental traffic, will be on a much larger scale. The hydrogen holder will be 100 feet in transverse diameter and 150 feet vertically, and will have a lifting power of 20 tons. The car and cabins, luxuriously furnished with sleeping berths and every necessary comfort, will accommodate 40 passengers and their baggage, a suitable crew of officers, supplies for a dining hotel service, and motors of 200 horsepower and 50 horsepower, respectively.

As the great airship sails across the American continent it will land at the principal cities on the route selected between Los Angeles and New York. In a suburban park near the latter city the airship will effect a landing in an enclosure capable of holding 200,000 people.

Press dispatches will hourly recount every incident of the wonderful journey. Wireless telegraph and army signals by day, and cabin windows aglow at night, will bring the travelers into perpetual contact with the world below. It will be a journey of historic interest for all participants in the first voyage; and engagements for all succeeding trips of the great airship will be eagerly sought.

There is nothing more delightful than the soft and gentle motion of a craft, sustained by a buoyant power, sailing through the air. There is no sense of dizziness like that of looking down the side of a high building, where the vertical wall connects the eyes with the ground. It is as if you were on another planet, watching the world roll by. It has been described by aeronauts as the very poetry of motion. For once, you seem to bid defiance to the law of gravitation, which has bound you slavishly to the earth all your life. You exult with the eagle in his wild freedom and independence as, resting on poised wings, he sails serenely over field and lake, over human habitations and mountain barriers, rejoicing as he cleaves the ambient air and compares his swift flight with the creeping mortals painfully toiling among the molehills below.



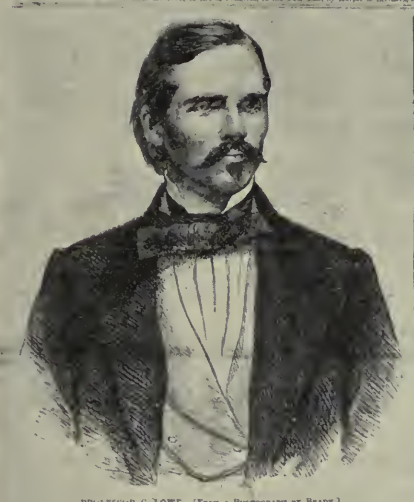
HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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[PRICE FIVE CENTS.]



PROFESSOR C. LOWE.—[FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.]

TRANSATLANTIC BALLOONING.

We engrave herewith a portrait of Professor C. Lowe, and pictures of the balloon he is building for the purpose of crossing the ocean. A general view of the balloon will be found on page 512. The engraving below will convey an idea of the closed chamber in which the balloonists propose to spend most of their time on their transatlantic voyage.

The idea of traversing the Atlantic in a balloon occurred many years ago to several leading aeronauts in this country. Dr. Professor W. made his memorable trip from St. Louis, and the general subject has been illustrated in the Journal. It has become paramount to all other schemes of the kind, and we are not surprised that Mr. C. Lowe should have found people willing to assist him in the construction of a balloon for the purpose of making the great attempt.

The chief difficulty in the way of crossing the ocean with a balloon arises from the gradual exhaustion of its buoyant power. No balloon is extensive, it is supposed, could retain its buoyancy for more than two or three days—too short a time, of course, to attempt a voyage of 2000 miles. But at the same time power is in exact proportion to the quantity of gas inclosed in the balloon. It would seem to follow that by increasing the latter the former would be multiplied; in other words, the larger the balloon the longer it will last in air.

Acting on this theory, Mr. Lowe has built a balloon considerably larger than the largest ever built hitherto. The *Idem*, the largest existing balloon, and the one in which Professor Wins and his friends made the famous St. Louis voyage, is 66 feet in diameter. The following are the dimensions of the City of New York; Mr. Lowe's new balloon:

Greatest diameter.....feet	100
Transverse diameter.....do	70
Height, from apex to base.....do	50
Weight, with cord.....lb	45
Capacity, when inflated.....cu ft	1,000,000
Capacity of gas contained.....do	750,000

The material of which the balloon is constructed is twisted silk, cloth, and covered with three coats of a peculiar kind of varnish, manufactured by Mr. Lowe, and calculated to render the balloon

the bare idea of a match. Mr. Lowe believes that in the City of New York the more easy to keep slight and the engine heated without danger.

The queer-looking appendages to the boat, which will be seen in the engraving on page 512, are, first, a rudder, which is merely a thin strip of wood about eight feet long, and three feet wide at its widest extremity and second, a propeller wheel, eight feet in diameter, to act on the atmosphere in raising or depressing the centre of the balloon.

The aeronauts take with them, in case of accident, another similar wheel, of smaller size, being only four feet in diameter.

The boat will be ballasted with pebbles and water, of which enough will be taken for ten persons for at least a month. The provisions will be secured in this way, as to obtain the largest amount of sustenance in the least space and with the least weight. We believe the aeronauts are of opinion that the prohibitory line does not cover the region which they are to traverse, and that some wine, will be added to their store.

Other articles which will be contained in the boat are two copper basins, each six feet in diameter, which will be used for the double purpose of condensing and drying when the boat sails near the surface of the water. These basins will enable the navigators to add or reduce the ascending power of the balloon without discharging ballast or putting with gas. Another essential part, in short, is a ship's log, which will be used for checking the speed of the balloon by observing its arc, and, therefore, to a great deal, and letting it rest on the surface of the water. The speed in this and the copper basins will be each 7000 feet.

In case it should be necessary to cut the balloon away, and take to the boat, the latter will be used to maneuver a marine anchor 100 pounds in weight, attached to the boat by a rope 100 feet long and 1 inch in circumference; but it is hoped that this will not be required.

For air direction, the balloon carries three apparatus of various size, and a number of hooks all of spring steel; and for the use of these it is provided with half a mile of rope of various thickness from one to 24 inches in circumference.

A novel contrivance will be used to test the various currents of air. This will be nothing more than a long cord, say a mile and a half in length,

with a leaden weight or the end, and three or four times the length. The line will be kept out from the time the balloon starts, a careful observation of the flag with a glass will enable the aeronauts to ascertain the direction of the various air currents; hence, then, so that, in case they happen to be in an unfavorable current, they can, with the guidance of the barometer, descend to a more suitable air stratum. This will prove a most useful contrivance.

For the purpose of securing ships at a given time they are passed, the balloon will take on board small parachutes, made of silk, and two hundred feet in length, to contain barrels and papers, one of them will be dropped over each land, or near each large ship that the balloon passes in the ocean.

Every kind of mathematical instrument used by astronomers will of course be taken. There will be two large sextants, barometers, and one hundred instruments, several thermometers, a large number of telescopes, including one presented by Dr. W. H. Bates of New York, two marine and several smaller compasses, etc. As several members of the expedition will be scientific men, it may be assumed that the cause of science will be duly and well served.

In the event of any accident happening to the balloon, the voyagers expect to take to the land, and make the best of their way to land. There have, besides the cable engine, means and stills which will enable them to make their way to any point they desire to reach, the boat being a *Francis* built, is calculated to fly rapidly through any sea, and as we stated, a large proportion of the provisions and water will be permanently fastened up, but in case, by accident, to occur on land, the voyagers on board of her a full life-line, made of India rubber, with water-tight compartments, which, in case of extreme emergency, might prove of service.

All that is known of the region into which the daring navigators of the City of New York are about to travel is that there is no air current, following steadily, at a certain elevation, from west to east. The travelers will of course make it their business to give this current and avoid themselves of it. Should they get it on shore, and keep it throughout their voyage, they would find them-

envelope straight. Six thousand yards of cloth have been consumed in the work, and sixteen sewing machines have been incessantly engaged in stitching the pieces together. Inside the balloon circle a network of daisy cord, manufactured especially for the purpose, and calculated to resist a strain of 100 tons.

From this cord depends a basket, and below the basket a net (engraving). The aeronauts are to travel in these two vehicles.

The basket, of which we give a section below, is built of canvas, covered with canvas, in which windows have been made. Its circumference is 20 feet; the basket-work will come about mid-chest to a man standing on the floor, while the canvas will run several feet above his head. A circular and raised eave the interior, jugs and rigging against the walls will serve to support mathematical instruments, etc., while every surface will contain provisions. The basket will contain a table and a stove. This stove is a new invention, which is intended to generate heat without the use of fuel, fire being substituted for coal or wood. It is 2 feet square and 14 feet high, and is provided with an apparatus for cooking. It is as convenient in the aeronauts by Mr. O. A. Gage.

In the centre of the floor of the basket is a small hole or trap-door, through which, by a propeller, aeronauts will communicate with the boat.

The latter will be a *Francis* built, 30 feet long, 7 feet high, and 4 feet deep. It will be supplied with an Indian-rubber covering for a deck, under which the navigators can seek shelter from the sun if rain there have to take to the boat. It will be provided with an Ericsson cable engine of four horse-power, which, being fixed with iron rail and alcohol, will be capable of propelling the boat through the water at a rate of speed. It may be remarked here that the handling of fire in vehicles attached to balloons is something new in aeronautical science. The danger of fire communicating to the gas and causing an explosion, or consuming the balloon, has always deterred aeronauts from taking fire in any shape in their adventures.

Mr. Lowe saw in a candle of a balloon, and kept it lighted without any danger of this sort while the balloon was traveling at the rate of 100 miles an hour through the air; but, generally speaking, aeronauts are excited at



INTERIOR OF THE BALLOON BASKET.—[SEE PAGE 512.]

THE "WRIGHT BOYS" AS A SCHOOL-MATE KNEW THEM

By THOS. R. COLES.



LEAVING England as a lad of eleven, and coming to a new country, the recollections of some of my boyhood companions are perhaps a little more vivid than those of the average person. Yet, clearly defined as are these mental images, it is very difficult to single out specific incidents and put them into words.

Orville Wright stands out distinctly in my memory as a dark-eyed boy, full of life and vigor, whose every movement was energetic—an all-round boy, who decidedly belied the old saying that ministers' sons are hopelessly bad. He and his little sister "Katie" form a distinct part of the old life in Summit Street United Brethren Sunday School at Dayton, Ohio, and also at the Fifth Street school, where Orville (or "Orv.," as he was known) was one grade above me. My acquaintance with the older brother, Wilbur, began in later years.

I went to see the wooden printing press made by the brothers in their later boyhood or early young manhood. It had a special interest to me because I was then working in a real printing office. It was not at all like the cylinder presses of that day. In fact, it was not like anything I have ever seen before or since. It was an entirely original piece of work, and while printers, who were drawn out of curiosity from all over the city, stood and laughed at the odd-looking machine, they were forced to express admiration for the boys' ingenuity when they saw that it really did the work.

A few years later, when the bicycle craze was at its height, I bought my first wheel from the Wright brothers. At that time I was not "the old man" (manager) of the printing office, but merely the "last man on." Bicycles were expensive, and mine was purchased on the installment plan. This necessitated weekly calls at the Wright brothers' shop on Third street. There I first learned to know them as men. I found them always courteous and business-like and, strange to say, never too busy for a little chat with a friend, for even at that time they were working quietly on their aeroplane.

In their early manhood the Wright brothers belonged to a young men's club on the West Side, the suburb in which they lived. As the years passed by and one after another of the members was married, the club gradually disbanded, but they have always had two yearly gatherings, a banquet in the winter, and a picnic on the Fourth of July. Members of my family have been invited guests at these picnics a number of times. One of the little recollections that sticks in my memory is of Wilbur putting up the swings for the children.

and then standing aloof from the crowd much of the day. In fact, the strongest impression one gets of Wilbur Wright is of a man who lives largely in a world of his own, not because of any feeling of self-sufficiency or superiority, but as a man who naturally lives far above the ordinary plane. At one time I heard Miss Wright remark laughingly that "Will" was the girl of the family—not an effeminate man, of course (one needs only a glance at his strong face to see that), but kind and tender and "handy" about the house.

In the winter of 1900 my wife and I were members of a little dinner party at the home of Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Lorenz, where Miss Wright was also a guest. On her arrival Miss Wright's face was beaming and the hostess, perhaps divining the cause, said, "Have you heard from your brothers?" and the answer came enthusiastically, "Yes, we had a telegram today, *and they flew!*" This was one of the now famous telegrams from Kitty Hawk, North Carolina. As we read of those first flights today, it is with a feeling of great pleasure that we were among the first to feel a thrill of pride in their great achievement, and we are glad we were permitted to be in close touch with the little family circle that watched with such intense interest these early experiments. Even then the brothers worked so quietly and the successful solution of their great problem seemed so utterly impossible that we thought comparatively little about it after that evening.

In 1901 I moved with my family into the immediate neighborhood of the Wrights' bicycle shop. Passing down Third street almost daily, I frequently "dropped in." One evening, in passing, I noticed a light and entered the shop. The brothers were engaged in looking over some copies of the *Scientific American*. Orville handed me one and called my attention to the picture of a flying machine. As I studied it, he looked over my shoulder and said, smilingly, "Do you recognize that fellow?" When I shook my head, after scrutinizing the miniature figure, he said, with a choke of pride in his voice, "Why, that's Will!" Meanwhile "Will" stood whittling a stick. Then they took me upstairs and showed me the original of the picture and explained some of its workings. Many times in the past few years I have wished I could live that hour over again, for, while I can honestly say I was not one of those who scoffed at the brothers' dream, I too, had to be "shown," and even with the machine before me and the endorsement of the *Scientific American*, I did not begin to realize the future that was in store for the two unassuming men before me.

Shortly after this, I left Dayton to reside in Los Angeles, and for the past six years have heard little more from the famous aviators than the general public, except a note from Orville, in answer to my

letter of congratulation, in which he modestly said, "Praise from old friends is best."

I believe I do not exaggerate in the least when I venture to say that there has never been a heart beat of envy in the breast of any of the "Wright boys'" old friends.

Dayton people are justly proud of them, and I believe there is not one who would not have made any reasonable sacrifice in order to help them.

To their old friends, Wilbur and Orville Wright are the foremost men of all the world. While their life work will now take them out of the narrow sphere occupied by their less gifted friends, we know they will never forget the rounds by which they climbed.

Los Angeles, Cal., Jan. 5, 1910.

DARIUS GREEN AND HIS FLYING MACHINE

(Reprinted by Request.)

"Hush!" Reuben said,
 "He's up in the shed!
 He's opened the winder,—I see his head!
 He stretches it out,
 An' pokes it about,
 Lookin' to see 'f the coast is clear,
 An' nobody near:—
 Guess he don'o' who's hid in here!
 He's riggin' a spring-board over the sill!
 Stop laffin', Solomon! Burke, keep still!
 He's a climbin' out now— Of all the things!
 What's he got on! I van, it's wings!
 An' that 'tother thing? I vum, it's a tail!
 An' there he sets like a hawk on a rail!
 Steppin' careful, he travels the length
 Of his spring-board, and teeters to try its strength.
 Now he stretches his wings, like a monstrous bat;
 Peeks over his shoulder, this way an' that,
 Fer to see 'f ther's anyone passin' by;
 But ther's on'y a calf an' a goslin' nigh,
 They turn up at him a wonderin' eye,
 To see— The dragon! he's goin' to fly!
 Away he goes! Jimminy! what a jump!
 Flap—flap—an' plump
 To the ground with a thump!
 Flutt'rin' an' flound'rin', all 'n a lump!"

As a demon is hurled by an angel's spear,
 Heels over head, to his proper sphere—
 Heels over head, and head over heels,
 Dizzily down the abyss he wheels,—
 So fell Darius. Upon his crown,
 In the midst of the barnyard, he came down,
 In a wonderful whirl of tangled strings,
 Broken tail and broken wings,
 Shooting-stars, and various things!
 Away with a bellow fled the calf,
 And what was that? Did the goslings laugh?
 'Tis a merry roar
 From the old barn-door.
 And he hears the voice of Jotham crying,
 "Say, Darius! how de yeou like flyin'?"

Slowly, ruefully, where he lay,
 Darius just turned and looked that way,
 As he stanch'd his sorrowful nose with his cuff.
 "Wall, I like flyin' well enough."
 He said; "but th' ain't sich a thunderin' sight
 O' fun in 't when ye come to light."

Moral.

I just have room for the moral here:
 And this is the moral—Stick to your sphere.
 Or if you insist, as you have the right,
 On spreading your wings for a loftier flight,
 The moral is—Take care how you light.

—J. T. Trowbridge.

 Music Literature
 Drama Art

Angeleños are justly proud of the fact that we are developing musical talent out west, that receives respectful consideration in the east and abroad. The recent success of Olga Steeb in Berlin can be appreciated only by one who has heard the German music-master, when he roars upon his native heath.

We are awaiting the *debut* of another young genius, Ralph Ginsburg, who will appear for the first time in public on the 27th of February. Those who were so fortunate as to hear young Ginsburg play before the Gamut Club believe that he is a coming virtuoso.

There is no doubt that the development of such artists in our midst is partly due to the musical atmosphere of Los Angeles. We have the world's greatest artists as our guests. This season we are to have the privilege of hearing Mme. Schumann-Heink on the 27th and 29th of January and Mme. Carreño on February 8th and 12th, besides her appearance with the Los Angeles Symphony on the 11th.

Local artists will participate in a special school children's concert matinee on February 10th at Simpson Auditorium.

"THROUGH A WINDOW."

A play in four acts, by Gertrude Nelson Andrews. First production on any stage. Belasco Theatre, Los Angeles, December 27, 1909.

"When the clock stopped," that phrase is about as near as the average San Franciscan can come to saying it, and out of respect for his feelings that phrase has been used on the announcement of Gertrude Nelson Andrew's play, "Through a Window," which is written around the great disaster of 1906.

Strangely enough, the earthquake, stupendous as it was, is not the theme for the story, for one might say that the tale could have been told without the background (seen through the window of a San Francisco house) of a city shaken by the quake, rent by dynamite and devoured by flames.

There are seismic shocks in Mrs. Andrew's play, but there are other shocks as well, which make the effects of the upheaval seem rather mild.

The story may be briefly told: Judge Castello has been keeping very snug "widower's quarters" during the four years' absence of his daughter, Felipa, and the unexpected return of the young woman

causes a domestic storm in the household, which is well symbolized by the stage setting of the second act. The curtain rises on the same library scene as in the first act, but the shock has just taken place, furniture and *bric-a-brac* are thrown pell-mell about the room, the chandelier is askew, the chimney over the big fire-place is badly cracked. Ibsen could not have better symbolized the big theme of the play: the foundations of Judge Castello's house are rotten.

It should be understood that Felipa, returning in her father's absence is not yet aware of the life he has been leading, has not even seen him, in fact, as the judge has suddenly been called out of town.

There were two guests in the house, however, strange guests, both of them. One of them she meets on entering; young Hamilton, a lawyer, whose character is roughly sketched from that of Francis J. Heney. Hamilton is the outspoken antagonist of Judge Castello, nevertheless the judge had invited him to his house, "to come to an understanding," but the young man had refused to be either conciliated or intimidated. Felipa resents his presence in her home to which she has returned after long absence; for they had met abroad at Lady Somebody's dinner party, and Hamilton, failing to catch her name, had talked San Francisco politics and denounced Judge Castello to her, receiving an awful "calling down" in consequence.

There is one other guest in the house, of whose presence Felipa is unaware. This is Lil Valera, the cast-off mistress of the judge, who had returned half-intoxicated to make trouble for the man who had ruined her and then thrown her aside. During the judge's absence she has ensconced herself in her old quarters—Felipa's room.

This is the situation when the earthquake strikes the city. Felipa and young Hamilton, while unreconciled, have been awaiting the return of the judge. Felipa's first intimation of the presence of a strange guest is a faint cry for help, and Lil Valera is carried into the library and placed on a couch.

She is badly injured. In the confusion, the woman's presence in the house is not accounted for. Felipa supposed her to be a servant: rings and other finery upset that theory, however. During the interval of Felipa's leaving the room to summon aid, Lil regains consciousness. Hamilton urges her to conceal her true character from the daughter, and Felipa, who returns unobserved, hears enough of their conversation to cause her to suspect that Hamilton is the cause of the woman's downfall. At the same time with that suspicion comes the realization of her love for the man whom she is forced to believe unworthy.

The third act, with all its animated stage business, the introduction on the scene of refugees from all strata of society, works up to a swift climax on the return of Judge Castello. His dismay at finding Lil Valera and his daughter in the same room is so great that he



MME. SCHUMAN-HEINCK

Who appears in recital January 27th and 29th and February 11th.

forgets that his victim is dying. This last outrage excites the girl's wrath and, before the judge can get his daughter out of the room, he is forced to hear himself denounced as a seducer and still worse, a grafter, who is taking his share of the profits earned by the unfortunate women of the town, and all this in the presence of his daughter, who had idolized her father as something more than human.

With three short, swift acts, each leading up to a strong climax, the play reaches its highest point at the close of the third act.

In the fourth, in spite of its beautiful setting, the judge's country home, a mansion of the Mexican days in California, the interest begins to drag. The young reformer's success in causing the judge to "right about face" and aid in the cleaning up of the city is not entirely convincing, nor is the reconciliation of the father and daughter quite satisfactory. The strongest point brought out is Felipa's exclamation that she belongs to those women. That she has lived in luxury on the money they earned in degradation and that they have the first claim to her life. Young Hamilton's retort that the two of them can serve even more effectively convinces her finally, of course, and the play with all its grimness, has the much-desired happy ending.

"Through a Window" has the making of one of the biggest American plays, I believe. If the fourth act had all the swift action of the first three, rising as each does to a superb climax, I should consider it not the "makings" of a great play but one of the greatest.

Manager Blackwood of the Belasco Theatre is to be congratulated on the first of his new productions which are to have their initial performances in Los Angeles. "The Gringo" will be awaited with interest. It is by Robt. H. Davis of Munsey's Magazine and Henry Kirk, a California boy who "made good" in New York.



MME. TERESA CARRENO



A LITTLE RAY OF CALIFORNIA SUNSHINE

THE NEGATIVE SALESMAN

By ELWOOD S. BROWN.



LACKDON BRENT, writer of humor and satire, and smitten with desire for new business adventures, was revolving several plans of interest. In turn he considered the career of insurance solicitor, hotel proprietor, retail merchant, furnishing-goods drummer, and finally crystallized his decision on the real estate business. He argued to himself that he knew something about real estate, having been twice swindled therein.

He talked the matter over with an intimate friend.

"You want something lively in the realty game?"

"Right you are. Something with the nip and zip of life to it," said Brent, his black eyes sparkling with anticipation.

"Well, you'll catch the real whirl out in Los Angeles. Nobody knows you there; you'll be quite incog., and people fall over themselves to buy real estate in that burg."

"Good idea; watch me."

Brent packed his trunk, boarded the earliest train, and in record time reached the City of Angels. He found a real estate hunger—a positive craving—but with plenty of agents, more than eager to satisfy it. He spent a week studying the city, and found the majority of the choice lots plastered with real estate signs. Some were so plentiful as nearly to cover the properties themselves. One of the most numerous was a red and blue elliptical board which bore in graceful lettering the firm name and address: "De Long & Hernon, Suite 300, Millman Bldg."

Quick decision was a vital point with Brent. He would see De Long & Hernon at once, and show them the real artistic way to turn property into commissions.

De Long & Hernon occupied a handsome suite of rooms, with the finest of mahogany furniture, rarest of Persian rugs, two beautiful stenographers and a telephone switchboard. Brent's quick eye catalogued these points on the instant. He decided that the firm was a progressive one. Stepping up to one of the beautiful stenographers he asked, "May I see Mr. De Long or Mr. Hernon?"

"Mr. Hernon has retired from the firm; Mr. De Long will be at leisure in a moment."

"Please give him my card," and Brent handed an engraved pasteboard with the ingratiating alias: "Butterick Rutherford Tay, New York." Brent was led to an inner office.

Mr. De Long turned in his revolving chair, and invited his visitor to be seated. Brent saw before him a man of the world, modern, vital, pleasant, healthy and alive for business. He wore a neat, well-

made suit, was groomed in correct manner and displayed in his tie a diamond stick-pin, neither too small nor too large.

"What can I do for you, Mr. Tay?" Brent caught the tone of the expert salesman.

"I intend to secure an opening in the real estate business. Noting your many listings throughout the city, I wish to apply for a position with you."

De Long's glance quickly took in the short, stocky figure of the humorist, beginning at his feet and ending with the full, pleasant face and twinkling eyes.

"If you care to work for our firm on the same basis as the other salesmen—which is, we do all advertising, sign work, pay the rent, etc., and you divide commission with the house—it will be a pleasure to me to have you with us."

"Thank you," Brent said warmly, "your proposition is a generous one and I accept it."

"I will have a desk prepared for you at once. Now let me make you acquainted with the other salesmen."

Brent was introduced to Myers, the house-and-lot man; Johnson, the industrial property salesman; Martin, the rental man, and young Jerley, the lot and suburban division salesman.

The last named gentleman plunged into conversation. "I tell you what, Tay, you are in with a fine bunch of fellows. De Long is a regular prince, generous to the core and right-hands a man to the finish on every sale. The other boys are A-1, too. Old Johnson forgets to put on the soft pedal once in a while, but he's whole. Myers is too finicky with us when a lady customer is around, and when he gets talking hardwood floors and built-in buffets we all drop to Lower C and give him the right of way. Martin's the monument of patience—if you ever rented a house to a woman, which I hope you never may have to do—you will know what Martin endures. Suffers—that man can stand more suffering without a groan than three Jobs rolled into one!"

Blackdon Brent, alias Butterick Rutherford Tay, real estate agent, spent several days carefully absorbing the principles of lot selling, and he developed a line of talk which was pronounced strictly paralyzing. The glamor of land speculation grounded in him, and he sold, and sold well.

One evening the salesmen gathered together in the inner office for smoke and the passing of tales.

De Long remarked, "Our new salesman is making good too fast. Let's give him something difficult. Though I have not yet tried my hand, let me propose The Widow."

An awful groan escaped from Myers, a gasp of anguish fell from

the lips of Martin, a black, tragic gloom spread over the face of Johnson.

"Why, gentlemen, what is the matter!" exclaimed Brent, alive with interest.

"Matter!" burst forth Hardwood Floor Myers, "you are about to learn of the ogress of this office, the mystifying, the elusive, the Unsalable Widow."

"It's my turn at the widow before his," broke in enthusiastic young Jerley. "If I can't land her I—I—"

Myers glanced up pityingly.

"A youth offered for the sacrifice. Even De Long himself can't sell to *her*."

"When you gentlemen have exhausted yourselves, I may try." De Long spoke with an easy grace. "I may add that my experience with women in business is most gratifying, but the widow, judging from lack of results, must be a difficult, psychological problem."

"She's a perfect symbol of uncertainty," said Johnson.

"Gentlemen," interrupted Brent, "please tell me about her."

As a token of superiority of language, Myers was given the floor. Brent hung upon his every word.

"I can only tell you in part. The widow is a secret to the uninitiated. Even De Long does not know, beyond a certain point. Her name is Mrs. Theodosia Harland. For an unprotected female, she has too much money—\$650,000.00 in real cash in her own name—only takes her signature to place it in proper circulation. Also has a large estate. She first called upon our firm a year ago. We had a lot man by the name of Scroggs—he's quit the business now. He piloted her around daily for four months, showing her nearly every property we then had listed; he went after every deal that touched her fancy—single lots, double lots, lots in groups. She was as pleasant and pretty as a May morning with the larks caroling heavenward, but always at the critical time for closing she brought forth her stress of Romantic Fever."

"Romantic Fever—what do you mean?" asked Brent eagerly.

"Dug up Old Harland and romance and slush," broke in Johnson irritably. "I got my dose of it, too."

"Yes," continued Myers. "At last Scroggs tossed up the sponge and turned her over to Johnson for industrial property. You know it's a rule in our office to pass a customer up the line. Johnson trotted out his best bargains and talked clear business—business without a single, marring flaw—that's Johnson; but he got nervous, and when she sprung the Romantic Fever he lost his patience. She's a *dear* thing, but Johnson is past the age of dear things—"

"Rats—dry up," muttered Johnson testily.

"And then Martin, the Patient One, left his proper rental field

and branched into beach subdivisions. He hung on for five long months, mild as a gazelle and as insistent as a leech, but even that combination failed; he couldn't close—she dropped back on Old Harland and the Romantic Fever—

"You said that before," broke in Brent. "Tell me more about it."

"Save it for him—" shot in Johnson, "Let her give it to him first hand. Remember Scroogs' parting injunction, 'Boys, for once I'll give you no help. I want you all to appreciate real tribulation!'"

"And then I had my turn," continued Myers with deep feeling.

"Let me tell it for you, Myers," Martin begged. "Myers sprung the whole dictionary on her. He tried to sell her a \$50,000.00 mansion. He can talk lawns and flowers and beamed ceilings and wall paintings and waxed floors, with a dash of real poetry sprinkled in. He turned himself inside out and emptied himself of the complete English language. He could have sold any other woman three times over, and he had her up to the critical edge, when she took a powerful stand on Romance and Fever—"

"There it comes again," Brent interrupted, caustically. "I beg of you tell me more."

"No, sir!" thundered Johnson, "he must suffer as we have suffered."

"But my turn comes first, and I know I can sell her," put in young Jerley.

Jerley had an appointment for ten o'clock with the widow. Brent and the other salesmen hung around to see how the youthful salesman would bear up under the ordeal. At ten-fifteen she entered. Brent, alive with interest, observed her visible characteristics in rapid fire time. She was of average height, of pleasing figure and tastily attired. Her face was round and amiable, with a certain innocence of cast that might be pleasing or aggravating—or both, in turn. After a sharp scrutiny Brent thought she tended toward the negative type, though stubbornness might be a latent characteristic.

All eyes were fastened on Jerley, and he flushed scarlet. As Mrs. Harland entered, she bowed to Myers, Martin and Johnson; the former two slightly smiling, while old Johnson could not suppress a little snort.

"Good morning, Mrs. Harland, be seated," invited Jerley, pulling himself together and displaying his grit. Brent felt a real admiration for Jerley at that moment.

"I have taken a great deal of interest in that Franklin Villa tract on which you have your signs. May I go out and see it?"

"Right away." Brent could see that Jerley was anxious to be free from the deep-boring eyes of the assembled salesmen, but he was a stickler for courtesy: "First, however, I want you to meet our new associate. Mrs. Harland, this is Mr. Butterick Tay."

Blackdon Brent stepped forward easily, but was completely shaken from his pedestal when she remarked plaintively: "You are just the type of my dear, departed husband."

Subconsciously Brent felt the laughter in unison of Myers, Martin and Johnson, although they made no sound nor sign. After the departure of the couple Brent asked: "Does she usually tell you that?"

"No—that's a new one," answered Johnson. "That would have destroyed my nerves at the outset. The kid will lose. I see nothing but De Long, and I doubt if he can handle her."

Late in the evening Jerley returned to the office. He refused to be drawn into conversation, but he gritted his teeth, like a man who had begun to fight. Then, off and on for three weeks, Jerley fought the battle, and Brent found the struggle rich in humor. He tried to gain Jerley's confidence, but that worthy, backed up by Johnson, refused all explanations. At last Jerley surrendered.

"Tay, it's your turn now."

Brent felt a trifle uneasy. It was a delightful case, beyond a doubt, and full of possibilities, but he could see little chance for him, after so many failures by experts.

"The case is beyond my capacity," he said. "Let me join with Mr. De Long in the final test. It will save time."

Old Johnson objected with vigor. Two men might upset the Romantic Fever, he argued, and single suffering would be more appreciated. But Brent was firm, for he was desirous of seeing De Long in full action when at his best.

De Long decided one week was sufficient time to complete a sale or discard the widow. From the back seat of the splendid automobile, Brent enjoyed the little comedy. Monday to Friday De Long spent in working toward the closing pitch. Brent noted the rare control displayed by his chief, as the widow vacillated from one proposition to another. He concluded she would not decide for herself, and that she objected to anyone's deciding for her.

"Tay, our lady must decide today or not at all," announced De Long, with emphasis. "I'll use gunpowder, if necessary. I've boiled down to that knoll just beyond the Villa Tract. Just watch me!"

"Now, Mrs. Harland," began De Long as the automobile was whirling to the southwest, "we are going again to that beautiful knoll and terrace."

"Really, Mr. De Long, I saw that yesterday, and I should so like to view that splendid lot for an apartment house."

"I tell you frankly that it does not compare with this."

"But you will let me *see* it?"

"I will not waste your time, Mrs. Harland."

"But Mr. Harland always told me that apartment houses were wonderful money-makers."

"Mrs. Harland, the price asked for that lot is nearly double its value."

Blackdon Brent keenly appreciated the application of right force at the right time, and he further felt that Mrs. Harland was due for a real tussle. Romantic Fever alone might change the situation.

The automobile sped at exhilarating speed through the Villa Tract and on out to the knoll. A deeper color came to the cheeks of Mrs. Harland and enhanced her delicate beauty. The elevation commanded a magnificent view, for to the west was a beautiful, rolling green extending in the glorious distance to the ocean. To the east, lines of magnificent residences were springing up, and broad, paved streets led nearly to the terrace.

De Long knew how to combine the beautiful and the practical. "Does not that inspire you? They laugh at us commercial men, as mere sellers and traders, but do you know anything more uplifting and ennobling than that view? It seems sordid to talk money, with a glorious scene like that before you, but that view is just what gives it its real value."

"Oh, if Mr. Harland were here to see this!"

Brent felt it was coming, and he strained his ear to catch it. De Long was unbalanced for an instant, then he replied with tact: "The sacred and sorrowful past is best treated by an active interest in the present."

After a short silence, the widow said: "I know this seems like a splendid bargain, but aren't you afraid the city will stop growing this way; that we are beyond the edge of things?"

Brent chuckled inwardly. He could plainly see the difficulties with which the firm had so long struggled. But the master was now in charge.

"Mrs. Harland, listen to me." A concentrated emphasis gave significance to the words. "I want to talk to you with all the conviction of my being, and I want you to believe every word I say. Will you?"

"I'll try," she responded faintly.

"The city cannot help but build this way. It *is* building this way. We are *making* it grow to this very knoll. I *know*. We are now right on the edge. You can cut this knoll and terrace into lots and net \$40,000.00 inside of one year."

She hesitated for a moment. "Why doesn't the owner do it, then?" she argued.

"The owner must have immediate cash. He must pay a mortgage on a business block, or lose it."

"You know," she began, grasping at a new straw, "I so much want to plunge into business property. I could buy a small business block—"

"You would be swindled of your last penny." De Long was fighting against heavy odds.

"But Mr. Harland always thought well of business blocks."

"Please, Mrs. Harland, hold to the issue. My salesmen have shown you every kind of safe investment to be had; believe me, we are all convinced that this bargain is our best. Is it not so, Mr. Tay?"

"Most certainly. It is absolutely safe and a remarkably low figure has been placed on it." And Brent gave a good supporting argument.

"Please drive me over the whole piece and let me see its boundaries."

The automobile slowly traversed the knoll, around and across and at various diagonals, the sun gradually sinking to the horizon, and all the while De Long and Brent drove in forceful and compelling arguments.

"Well," she said as they reached the top of the rise for a final survey, "you have about convinced me of the value of this."

"And you will purchase it?"

For a moment she drooped her head in thought. "Oh, if I could have Mr. Harland's advice." She gazed long and lingeringly into the purple haze of the sky.

"The great Pacific lies over there"—she gazed wistfully—"the great Pacific—my husband loved the great Pacific—"

Brent, with the certainty of fate, felt the time had now arrived for the great unfolding.

"Before he died—" She paused, her eyes fixed on the far-away, rolling green, deepened to a richer shade in the darkening shadows. "Before he died, he felt the spirit of the Romantic. Such a scene as this stirred his blood to higher pulsing. He died—he died of Romantic Fever—"

At last it was out. But in the "outing" De Long, the masterful, was shaken from his foundations.

"What do you mean?" gasped Brent.

"He died of the Romantic Fever," she said slowly and softly. "The golden flood of Romance poured into his veins during the last year of his life. His soul, suddenly freed from the passion of money-making, turned to the beautiful and noble things. He wrote a novel, a romance—"

"Wrote a novel!" ejaculated Brent, while De Long sat paralyzed at the sudden climax of sentiment.

"Yes, he began it and it was wonderful; *so* beautiful, *so* brave! I helped him with it and I tried my best to put my whole heart into the love passages; the dashing hero and the tenderly, clinging maiden—"

Brent strained to repress a groan. To think that this, this! had vanquished the entire firm from Scroggs to De Long!

"Finally," she concluded, "he worked himself to a tremendous, overpowering crisis, a climax superb and grand—it went to his blood and a raging fever—a raging fever carried him to the great beyond."

Brent bit his lips to keep his merriment within control. Glancing at De Long, he noted the dazed surprise on that gentleman's face. How could he broach the subject of real estate in the face of death?

And the widow, thoroughly under her self-conjured spell, could not be brought to even a consideration of business.

That evening when the crest-fallen salesmen entered the office a merry reception awaited them.

"Wasn't it contagious?" gibed Johnson. "Didn't it just fairly inoculate you?"

"And to think she has \$650,000.00 in cash, and we can't touch it!" Myers spoke tragically.

Blackdon Brent spent several hours studying the problem of the widow. He felt there must be some scheme by which Mrs. Harland could be brought into the fold. As a writer, and as a student of human nature, he felt that a solution was possible. At length the plan of operation came to him in a flash—the psychological treatment.

The following morning he gave his announcement to the office. "Johnson, I believe I can cure the Romantic Fever" was his opening remark.

"Don't annoy me," returned Johnson, "I am in a disagreeable mood today."

"Furthermore, I can sell her the knoll and terrace."

"I told you I was in an ugly mood. Have a little regard for my feelings."

"Tay," broke in Jerley, "Johnson's in trouble today. Leave him alone."

Blackdon Brent continued his play. "I'll tell you, Johnson, I'll make you a bet. I'll wager you a red bandana handkerchief against a dynamo that I close within one week from tomorrow." A grunt was the answer.

"But seriously, I am going to try, and I want all of you men to promise me one thing—that you positively will give the widow no attention—that, if she asks any of you to take her lot hunting, you will refer her to me."

"Your terms are pathetic," muttered old Johnson, "you may be sure she's yours. Am I right, boys?"

"Agreed," came the chorus.

Brent arranged an appointment at two o'clock with the widow. She arrived, radiant and glowing. The humorist gave a satisfied chuckle, for her mood seemed propitious for his plans.

"Where is our little excursion planned today?" she asked sweetly.

"I don't care. Any place you want," returned Brent indifferently.

"Suppose we take in the East Prospect Way."

"It is perfectly agreeable to me," he responded, nonchalantly. Their car was soon flying to the northeast.

"Isn't it a delicious afternoon?" she began.

"Possibly. We have many of them," he said lifelessly.

"You know this California weather—this golden languor that it throws upon your senses."

Brent almost collapsed, but it helped him to hold to his position.

"Too much sunshine here. I wish it would rain more."

She continued with further enthusiastic and appreciative observations, to all of which he gave monosyllabic replies. Gradually they fell to silence.

"I want to talk about Mr. Harland," began Brent at length. "I have been pondering over your little romance—which you gave us the other afternoon."

"But I do not feel in the mood for talking on that subject today. See those glorious, toweringly graceful trees."

"They are eucalyptus. They make good railroad ties," answered Brent in monotone.

"But, have you no feeling for the beautiful this morning?"

"My feelings are all practical—they are mainly bent on closing real estate sales."

"Please show me what bargains you have in this neighborhood. Now there is a beautiful residence with your sign in front: 'For Sale.' What is the price?"

"Twenty thousand," he answered, without emphasis."

"Why, that's a real bargain, isn't it?"

"I don't think much of it. The house is not well built. The grounds are tawdry and overdone. Not a bit tasty."

"But I think it is rather pretty. I like that clever plan and the brightness of the colors. May we see it?"

"If you wish."

She looked the house over carefully, while the humorist tagged silently after her.

"What a dear little closet."

"Strikes me as altogether too small. I like space."

"And you do not recommend the place for me?"

"I prefer you to be the judge. To me it seems a cheaply built affair. Shall we see something else?"

Soon they were speeding in the machine again, and the humorist held himself to a rigid silence.

"Mr. Tay, you are in a peculiar mood today. What can be the matter?"

"That romance of yours has fastened itself upon my mind. You



say your husband died after a violent fever induced by excessive emotional writing?"

"Yes. He overdid himself, but can we not discuss that some other time? Show me some more places."

"As you will."

As the afternoon wore on, the widow grew less talkative and the pair returned at dusk in a dead silence. Blackdon Brent chuckled heartily to himself, for all was going well, and he had arranged for another tour on the morrow.

On the second day he appeared even more indifferent; on the third he became pessimistic and almost morbid. And the only subject that appealed to him was the deceased Harland and his incomplete novel.

She wanted to see lots. "Now, that block, there," she said, pointing with her gloved finger, "you have many signs on them; they must be a good buy."

"Those lots are a frost," he replied, turning down the corners of his mouth. "They will pass for individual homes, but for an investment, never!"

A little later a large acreage proposition appealed to her.

"Don't you consider it for a moment," he broke in pessimistically. "It's good for pigs and cabbages. You are not suited to manage such a line." He paused a moment; then continued: "Now, can you give me an outline of that plot of Mr. Harland's? At what passage was the deadly fever incurred? It is a very unusual and dramatic case."

"What is the matter with you, Mr. Tay?" she flared out, half angry.

"Matter? Nothing particular. Once and a while we real estate men get tired and lose our enthusiasm, and are interested in outside matters—particularly when we don't close deals." He spoke in a depressing, gloomy tone.

The humorist could see she wouldn't apply the obvious meaning, for she responded lightly: "Don't take my husband's death too seriously. I would not want you to sympathize too deeply with me. Now there is a nice little string of cottages. They would yield a splendid income, I am sure."

"No—they have their drawbacks. Taxes and repairs eat up the rents. It is a miserable investment." And for the rest of the afternoon he drenched her enthusiasm with cold water.

The final day arrived. As a negative salesman, Brent felt that he was performing at one hundred per cent. He dressed in solid black and forced his spirits to the lowest depth. He began by talking of the defunct Harland, and every time the widow forced him to other subjects he discussed harrowing murders, ghosts, graveyard

confessions, and even invented several premature burials. She strove against it.

"See that beautiful palace on the hill. I suppose it must have cost \$50,000.

"I wouldn't want it for thirty."

"Mr. Tay, I do not understand you—you are the most peculiar salesman I have ever seen. The only things you have recommended to me are an impractical crocodile farm and a half interest in an undertaking establishment. Are you going to continue on this basis, and see none of the good points in the bargains that interest me? You don't like the weather, the sunshine, the trees and your own properties—now, what is the matter? You were so enthusiastic that afternoon on the terrace."

"That afternoon—that pathetic story of your husband and—"

She became, for the first time, indignant, even angry.

"I never want you to refer to that again."

Brent felt that he was rounding to the finish in nice shape, and maintained his accustomed silence.

Finally she burst out: "Have you got one good proposition that you really can recommend?"

The humorist answered with his usual depression: "Mrs. Harland, you are my customer as long as you call on our firm. My purpose is to sell to you. The best bargain we have is the knoll and terrace you saw that afternoon. I really can recommend that. If you don't want it, I will go out with you daily, as long as you may wish, and show you everything. And then, perhaps, you will tell me more about Mr. Harland and the Romantic Fever."

The "Unsalable Widow" fixed him with wrathful eyes, but he maintained his mournful and deferential expression. Suddenly she burst into laughter, long and full, and fairly shook with uncontained merriment. "The simpletons," she chuckled, "the simpletons!—I've led them all a jolly chase; played with them from start to finish—and what a rich time I've had! And young Jerley actually fell in love with me! Old Johnson was the most entertaining, though, until *you* arrived. You are a student of human nature and a real salesman."

"And what about the late Mr. Harland?" asked Brent in tones of the tomb.

"I left the Gaiety for his money," she answered, carelessly.

"And the novel, please, the novel?"

"It was a corking piece of rot."

"And the Romantic Fever?"

"Typhoid."

"Thank heavens," sighed Brent. "And now," he continued, "since all is so well cleared up between us, I know you will take the knoll."

"Yes. You have earned your sale. But that's merely a detail. What I've been looking for is a clear-headed business man to look after my little pile. I'm not going to be a slave to my \$650,000 any longer, and, if you'll name your salary, you may manage my estate and give me a rest. Please say 'Yes,' for I'm fairly crazy to get back to the dear old Gaiety."

Los Angeles, Cal.

A MERRY-GO-ROUND IN THE WILD AND WOOLLY

By MAURICE ANDERSON.

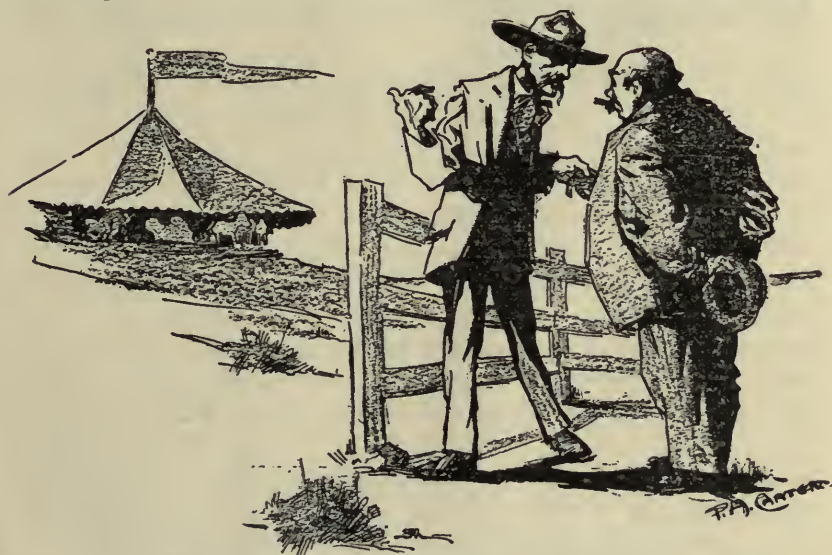
Illustrated by P. A. Carter



NUMBER of years after Coronado explored the Southwest—about three hundred and fifty years afterward, to be more exact—the first merry-go-round came to New Mexico. History does not record the event; hence these annals.

Today this particular instrument of torture and delight is a wreck, a dilapidated relic of former greatness, but at the time of its construction, twenty-odd years ago, it must have been the peer of its species. Behold the reconstructed ruin: a thing of beauty—from childhood's point of view—thirty feet in diameter, canopied by gaudily-striped canvas, fluttering with flags and streamers, glittering with gilt, resplendent with color. In the completeness, novelty and elegance of its equipment it left little to be desired. This was no simple hobby-horse affair, but a veritable menagerie of wood and leather. Besides the regulation steeds, the mounts consisted of lions, tigers, zebras, deer and donkeys, arranged in pairs according to kind, realistically painted, gayly caparisoned and fitted with mechanical devices which imparted a galloping movement to each animal as the machine revolved.

And those rickety hulks directly behind each pair of mounts—they were once gorgeous chariots furnished with leather-padded seats, where kindly grandmothers or fond parents, too dignified or timid to hazard a mount, deigned to ride in compliance with the pleadings of importunate offspring. Then there was the barrel



"THAT THERE CONTRAPTION'S SEEN BETTER DAYS"

organ, now a tuneless reminder of the days when, operated by a smiling wooden negro dressed in a suit of flaming yellow silk, it provided a wild, weird music to accompany the galloping of the animals and the ecstatic shrieks of riding youngsters. The motive-power of the merry-go-round, moreover, had been a steam engine—quite an innovation in its day—in lieu of a mule or an old blind horse.

If this battered historic relic could speak instead of squeak what tales it might tell of glad revels at county fairs, street carnivals, pleasure resorts; what a record for children made happy and victims driven to nervous prostration by its unrelenting racket; what reminiscences of financial disaster to unlucky owners, or successes to owners more fortunate! Unhappily, reliable data as to these early years of its career are wanting, or rather inaccessible.

Its authentic history begins when, after a ruinous tour of the South one winter, the owner unceremoniously abandoned the whole outfit at a small city in Missouri, the said owner being unable any longer to evade the horde of creditors who were closing in upon him. In the due course of the law the apparatus was sold at auction by the sheriff and was purchased by one, Otto Kepple, for a fraction of its original value.

Otto Kepple was the proprietor of a local restaurant, and nothing could have been farther from his intention, upon attending the sheriff's sale, than the purchasing of a merry-go-round, but it happened that a sudden freak of fancy took possession of him and he entered into the bidding. The result was—and it came as a decided shock when he realized the fact—that the merry-go-round was knocked down to him. Upon regaining his composure of mind his first thought was to find some way of backing out of the transaction, but when his frugal and irate frau pounced upon him and sought to impress him with the enormity of his act by separating him from divers tufts of his none too luxuriant hair, he abruptly took a new view of the matter and maintained that he had made the unique purchase with malice and forethought. Further, he vowed he would prove that the purchase was a wise one.

The merry-go-round was set up at the edge of the town and thither Otto betook himself to have a look at it. The prize he beheld was not one to rouse his spirits. The canopy was in tatters; the animals forlorn and dejected from neglect and hard service; the wooden Sambo at the barrel organ was a beggar in rags; the boiler and engine were rusty and out of repair; while paint and putty were needed throughout. To prepare the apparatus for business would require a considerable sum of money, and Otto had little ready cash. The longer he gazed upon this unwieldy property the firmer became his conviction that he had an elephant on his

hands—yet an elephant is not an undesirable thing to own, if one knows what to do with it. And oddly enough, with all his mis-giving, Mr. Kepple felt a certain thrill in the ownership of the unbeautiful object. To possess that machine seemed to elevate him from the semi-servility of a restaurant keeper to the independent supremacy of a showman.

While he stood cogitating, a tall, lanky, tobacco-chewing stranger with a lopping sombrero approached and remarked casually: "That there contraption's seen better days, eh?"

"Id loogs lige id, yes," replied Otto.

"But I reckon it's made a heap o' money in its day, and I reckon it could make a heap more if it was fixed up some and took to a place where it would be a novelty."



"HIS IRATE FRAU"

"You tink dot, mister?" exclaimed Kepple, hopefully.

"I sure do, pard'. Now you take Oklahomy—I reckon if it was took to one o' them new towns down there it would make money hand over fist for the galoot who owns it."

Otto went home inspired with a bold idea. Without daring to confide in his wife, he quietly set about to find a purchaser for his restaurant business, and in the course of two weeks he found one. The proceeds of the sale he devoted to repairing the merry-go-round and outfitting for the road.

There was weeping and gnashing of teeth in his family when the full import of Otto's plans was learned, but it all was of no avail. Mr. Kepple for once demonstrated that he was the master of the

household by ignoring all objections and ordering his family to accompany him to Oklahoma, whither he also shipped the machine.

A few days later the merry-go-round was set up and ready for business at Guthrie.

"Ladies and chentlemens," began Mr. Kepple, addressing the crowd which had assembled at the first toot of the whistle; "ladies and chentlemens, and fellow citizens and all the childrens and efery-boty—" Here he paused awkwardly and glanced helplessly toward his wife who was installed in the ticket booth. Mrs. Kepple scowled upon him, and he resumed: "Id aind no use to mage speeches. Dere is my wife—she sells dem tigets. Steb righd ub and puy your tigets. Ten cents a ride for childrens, and grown-up peoples half brice!" With this he waved his arm toward the ticket booth, which was already surrounded by a throng of youngsters.

There ensued a mad, unordered scramble for seats upon the most spectacular mounts. In a few minutes every animal was straddled by some eager youngster, and every seat in the chariot crowded. Otto pulled the whistle rope twice, which was the signal for his sixteen-year-old son, Herman—who was made to qualify as engineer—to start up. As the engine began to cough, Mr. Kepple gave the apparatus a starting shove and, when a respectable speed had been attained, jumped aboard, walked to the center on a plank and turned the power on Sambo, who thereupon commenced grinding out clarion strains from the barrel organ.

It was a proud moment for Kepple—this propitious beginning of his new career. The shouting, screaming and hurraing of the joyous children, mingled with the agonizing emanations of the organ, sounded in his ears like the sweet music of a dream. It was a symphony with success for its theme. Involuntarily his chest swelled out as he walked around the circular inside platform, endeavoring to conceal the difficulty he had in maintaining his equilibrium on that uncertain and unaccustomed footing. A dozen times he consulted his watch. Five minutes was the time allotted to each trip—how long were those first five minutes, how slowly they passed, and how delicious!

At length he gave the whistle rope a single jerk, the signal to stop, and the boy, Herman, shut off the power. Gradually the gyrations became slower; the barrel organ screamed and bellowed in protest, but finally it drawled out a last dismal wail and the merry-go-round stopped.

After successful runs at Guthrie and Oklahoma City, Kepple got wind that a government payment was about to be made at a not very distant Indian reservation, and straightway he packed the out-

fit on wagons and proceeded thither for the purpose of introducing his civilized amusement to the benighted red men.

This move proved to be a wise one, for the Indians, flush with easy Government money, spent it like water. It was no uncommon thing for an old buck to come early in the morning with his squaws and children, settle himself and his numerous family on the fantastic mounts and ride continually all day and evening until closing time, and to do this day after day, not counting the cost as long as he had money. The discordant music of the barrel organ, too, seemed most delectable to the untutored aboriginal.

The young bucks, as they were whirled giddily around, with wild yelps, mock war cries and flourish of weapons, were at first



"START UP THE WHIRLIGIG"

terrifying to Mrs. Kepple, but she speedily learned to smother her alarm, for was not the sport being paid for? Indeed, it was wonderful to see the acrobatic feats which the young warriors performed from the backs of the wooden animals. In their delirious enthusiasm they simulated the buffalo hunt with intense realism; straining eagerly forward, leaning far over the side, pulling back imaginary bow strings, letting fly imaginary arrows at huge imaginary beasts racing and plunging before them. Likewise they played at warfare; enacting fierce battles, shooting, shouting, yelping as they bore down upon the imaginary foe.

The Indian does not, as a rule, believe in hoarding his unearned increment, and so, between the rapacious traders and the seductive merry-go-round they were soon relieved of their cash. Kepple was

already preparing to leave when a trifling incident encouraged him to remain a week longer. An old squaw happened to bring him a pair of fine, beautifully-beaded moccasins which, by the sign language, she intimated that she wished to barter for rides. Kepple gladly accepted the opportunity, and again his business prospered, only instead of the coin of the realm, he received as the medium of exchange buckskin garments, beadwork ornaments, feather head-dresses, barbaric jewelry, Indian curios of all descriptions. At the close of his sojourn at the reservation, he shipped half a dozen heavy cases of such articles to a St. Louis firm, realizing a handsome double profit by the transaction. Further, as the supply of curios showed signs of becoming exhausted, certain improvident Indians brought in ponies to trade for rides. In this manner Otto acquired a dozen animals and was cheerfully entertaining the hope of obtaining a long string of them to ship north. A disconcerting episode compelled him to forego that plan. One morning he awoke to find that every "cayuse" in his corral had vanished. Thus he learned of another side to the Indian character—something of poor Lo's code of ethics pertaining to horse-flesh in confinement. Accordingly he made haste to get out of the country before the noble red man took a notion to "take back" the other property he had honestly accumulated.

Drifting down to Texas, the Kepples operated at Dallas and Fort Worth, but with indifferent success, for in these cities the merry-go-round had long ceased to be a novelty. Next he trekked westward in search of virgin territory and made a stand at a place called H—town. The original name of this settlement, it is stated by authorities, was Helltown, and it deserved its title by reason of its former reputation for short lives and violent deaths. When Kepple arrived, the total number of the inhabitants was less than two hundred, and ascertaining this unpromising fact, the worthy Mrs. Kepple shed bitter tears and unmercifully reproached her husband.

"I heard it was a lively place," was all the despondent man could say in self-defense for his coming to such a ridiculous hamlet. The lone hotel-keeper of H—town, while admitting that the place wasn't much in itself, boasted that it was in the center of a number of prosperous cow camps, and that "sometimes the doggoned village got pretty blame rambunctious, when the punchers came in for a little recreation." With the light of this information, Otto was able to understand how such a small town could support its half dozen commodious saloons, the presence of which had hitherto puzzled him.

It was Friday when the Kepples found themselves in H—town, but had they been able to get a freight car on short notice they

would have decamped that same day. As it was, they set up the apparatus, hoping to make expenses, at least, until transportation facilities were provided. While Kepple was bemoaning his ill luck on Saturday morning, a number of cow punchers from the Triangle-Q Ranch rode into town with a bunch of steers, for shipment, and after they had secured the cattle in the corrals along the railroad track, they lingered for a "little recreation," as the hotel man stated it. Now it was made plain to Mr. Kepple why H—town had a reputation of being lively. The reason was impressed upon him quite forcibly at about eleven o'clock that night. He and his family had gone to bed in their tent adjoining the merry-go-round when a pair of half-intoxicated cowboys invaded the flimsy domicile and ordered him to "roll out and start up the whirligig." Objections were quelled at the points of two big, ugly six-shooters held close to his face, so Kepple meekly arose and routed out his son, whom he commanded to get up steam as quickly as possible. A mob of "cow-punchers" superintended the work, punctuating their remarks by pistol shots.

In addition to the men from the Triangle-Q Ranch, half a hundred other cowboys were in town. All were well "lubricated with booze" and just in the frame of mind for some unusual excitement. The fun commenced—that is, "hell broke loose"—when the whirligig was ready to start. Astride their incongruous mounts, the boys discharged a volley of shots and, as the music was turned on and the speed increased, gave vent to a series of ear-splitting "whoopies." Ere long the canvas overhead was perforated by bullets, every animal riddled and Sambo—he was a favorite mark—sore wounded. Otto groaned as he saw how roughly his property was being handled, but there was no respect paid to him during the mad carnival; he was ordered about like a Chinese cook. "Git up more steam—this ain't a funeral! Let her rip! Don't mind the speed limit! Keep the whistle going!" Such were the constant demands, and, furthermore, the boys were so ungentlemanly as to address him as, "Dutch, Sauerkraut, Pumpernickel, Sausage,"—anything to reflect upon the beloved land of his nativity. To crown all these indignities, not one of the happy-go-lucky patrons offered to pay a cent for their fun. What would his money-loving wife say to that? He shuddered as he contemplated the interview in store for him; he almost took comfort in the thought of his possible death by a stray bullet.

In view of these agonizing thoughts, judge of Kepple's surprise when, as the reluctant day began to dawn, a delegation of his rollicking guests approached him and their spokesman inquired carelessly: "Well, old Pretzelheimer, we've had a very sociable time

together—you sure are a gentleman to provide so handsomely for our amusement—what's the damage?"

"Dere is lots of damage, chentlemens," faltered Otto.

"Name your price," ordered the spokesman.

Then it dawned upon the trembling proprietor that they intended to pay, and he said hastily, fearing they might change their minds: "Yust pay vot you tink id's vort." Immediately he had spoken he felt like kicking himself for not having had the presence of mind to charge fifty dollars for the mischief, but when the boys made up a purse of two hundred dollars and presented it to him, he was too weak with astonishment and delight even to thank them.

The news of the wild revel spread like wildfire to the remotest ranches and cow-camps, and consequently the punchers flocked to town to "play with the whirligig." Kepple had to suffer much abuse both to self and property, yet he prospered financially, for the cow-boys were extremely liberal in settling up. At the end of his ten-day run in H—town, however, there was not a tail left on any of the animals; every beast was badly crippled otherwise, also; Sambo's shiny black face was hideously pockmarked by bullets and his clothes were in ribbons; and the barrel organ, heavily inoculated with lead, suffered a serious internal derangement, as was evident by the dyspeptic groans and asthmatic wheezes it now gave forth in place of its former all-penetrating tonal ravings.

The next jump was to El Paso where, after having the most necessary repairs made, Kepple did a fair business for a few weeks, and then began following up the Rio Grande. He argued that he ought to do well in New Mexico, as this was truly virgin territory for a merry-go-round, and, taking it all in all, his venture was fruitful of dollars, thanks to the pleasure-loving Mexicans. Stopping for varying periods at Las Cruces, Socorro, Albuquerque, Santa Fe, and a number of smaller towns, it was two years before he reached Taos, the goal of his travels. Those two years were fraught with many strange experiences: there had been numerous mishaps and occasional losses; once the canopy caught fire from a gasoline torch and caused considerable damage; once the boiler blew up and badly scalded Herman; another time a child was hurt by falling off a mount; others were injured in one way or another; there were frequent breakdowns of the machinery, and a host of trifling accidents peculiar to the business.

Incidents ludicrous, weird and even tragic had occurred. On the morning after one St. Patrick's day Kepple found every animal of his merry-go-round menagerie painted a bright green—the work, no doubt, of some American practical joker in the vicinity. In another instance a half-witted *señorita* unaccountably developed symp-



"THE YOUNG WARRIORS PERFORMED"

toms of having fallen deeply in love, not with Otto or his son, but with Sambo, the wooden negro. Upon this unresponsive idol she feasted her yearning eyes day after day, and at length, her passion getting the better of her, she rushed to him, embraced him ardently and covered his smiling black face with kisses. The demented girl was finally cured of her rash infatuation by being told that Sambo was a witch who would shrivel up her soul if she continued to molest him. But the most appalling episode of all was that when a party of enraged sheep men, bent upon lynching a cattle man who had shot a shepherd, made use of the rigging of the merry-go-round in the grewsome ceremony.

It was with some trepidation that the Kepples decided to visit Taos, which was twenty-five miles from a railroad and accessible only over rough, steep roads, but being assured that the town was in the center of a fruitful valley, where dwelt twelve thousand inhabitants hungering for amusement, he had his apparatus transported piecemeal to the isolated land of promise. He merely had intended to stay in Taos a month, but since his amusement was so generously patronized in that Mexican community, he stayed longer. As the summer wore on, the people came to regard the merry-go-round as a permanent feature and would not hear of Kepple's leaving.

The great day of the year in the Taos valley is the 30th of September, the day of the annual feast of San Geronimo, a *fiesta* of the Taos Pueblo Indians. The elaborate Indian ceremonies of this day attract visitors from far and near, and it was principally in anticipation of "big business" incidental to the celebration that decided Kepple to prolong his stay. To winter in Taos, he held would be unprofitable, yet immediately after the San Geronimo festival a severe snow storm surprised the valley and rendered the roads impracticable for moving heavy paraphernalia. Then one thing after another: rain, snow, the flush money after the harvests, contributed to his delay until it was too late in the season to risk moving at all. Shortly before Christmas, business reached its lowest ebb, and since there would be no more flush money until after the spring shearing of sheep, Kepple viewed the prospect of three or four dull months, but, as it happened, his luck had not deserted him even now. Acting upon the suggestion of Captain Darby, an American old-timer of the place, he inserted an advertisement in the *Revista de Taos*, the only newspaper in the valley. The ad, printed in Spanish, being translated, read:

"Come Ride on the Merry-go-round.
If You Have no Money, Ride just the Same.
Bring your Fruit, Vegetables, Grain, Chickens, Eggs—
Anything You Have to Sell
And
Exchange it for Rides on the Merry-go-round."

It seemed a trifling matter for the indulgent Mexican mother to hand out a few apples, potatoes, carrots, onions or eggs, a pound or two of grain or beans to her pleading *muchacho*, who wanted to ride on the "terrible beasts," as the Mexican children called them. Hence produce came in by the handful, pocketful, basketful, bagful;

it came done up in shawls, handkerchiefs or newspapers, and it all went to swell the store of Mr. Kepple, who erected a tent near his business stand to receive the daily offerings. From this tent, by the way, certain resourceful youths purloined divers products and used them over again in exchange for rides. Accordingly there was the appearance of rushing business for a while, until the ruse was discovered and provided against.

By operating on pleasant days all through the mild winter, Kepple acquired a great stock of produce, besides being supplied with fuel, meat, butter, milk, cheeses and other necessities for his own use. For the grain and eggs brought in there was a ready market in the local stores, but with the vegetables it was different, there being little sale for these since it was the custom of the inhabitants to lay in a sufficient supply in their own homes to last all winter. He was beginning to fear his stock of perishables would rot on his hands when once more Fortune favored him. The tribute paid to pleasure had been too heavy; there suddenly became manifest a shortage in the very sort of supplies he had hoarded up and the store bought out his surplus at a fair figure in order to sell it back to the natives on credit.

During the three years he had been in the amusement line, Kepple amassed a small fortune, and at the end of this period his merry-go-round was badly battered up by the continual hard usage; the old engine was about done for, and the barrel organ worse than useless. Before taking the road again he would need to expend a tidy sum in restoring the property, hence he yielded to the importunities of his wife, accepted a reasonable offer for his outfit, and departed with his family for the East where, from last accounts, he was the proprietor of a flourishing seaside hotel.

The local undertaker, the person who purchased the merry-go-round, or the remains of it—as was fitting and proper—made a feeble effort to patch up the apparatus, and by discarding the engine and substituting an old horse as the motive power, carried on the enterprise with varying success for a few years as a side-issue to his regular calling, but breakdowns becoming so frequent and expensive, he eventually grew disgusted and practically abandoned the business, merely operating for a few days every year at the time of the San Geronimo *fiesta*, that is, if he did not happen to be otherwise engaged.

Sambo, the stoical wooden negro, who served so long and faithfully at the barrel organ, has met with a just and happy reward for all his sufferings. He was stolen one night from his post and for two years his whereabouts remained a deep mystery; then it leaked out—as such things invariably do—that he had been apotheosized into a *santo* and occupied a glorious position on the altar of a certain Penitente *morada* in the vicinity of Taos. There, dressed up in lace petticoats, adorned with gaudy paper flowers, and with his serene black, bullet-scarred countenance immaculately whitewashed, he is privileged to gaze upon the horrors of self-torture practiced by the fanatical "Brothers of the Light," and to feel that his unchanging, beneficent smile is of some comfort, perhaps, to those zealous wretches in their frightful agony.

San Francisco, Cal.

THE FABULOUS

By R. CLAIBORNE PITZER.

CHAPTER XI.

"COON."



HEY found the farther bank of the river blotted out by sheets of falling water, while the surface was churned into a white foam.

"Dare we cross here?" Luke asked, "or must we ride up to the ford?"

As he spoke, a low, crested wave went rolling past, with the water foaming below it; indeed, it was a wall of water, and behind it the river flowed bank-high. June, studying it, pursed her lips in doubt. "I'm afraid—" she began, when she checked herself and bent forward, listening. Two pistol shots sounded from somewhere on the obscured bank, and then two more came, muffled by the noises of the flood and storm.

"Let me have your revolver," June said. "It sounds like Smudge, and yet he should be over here by now. Is it possible that he didn't get across? I—he should be on this side of the river." Receiving the revolver, she fired the five shots rapidly. An answering fire-arm popped from the far bank.

"Smudge, I think," June explained. "Evidently he didn't get on this side before the storm broke. Load this again. Last year he pleased himself by inventing a code of signals for just us two. It is possible that mother or Mr. Scammel knows the code; I don't remember; it was nothing to keep secret. But I think that is Smudge. He fired twice then, didn't he? Answer by one shot."

Two muffled reports replied to Luke's answer; and in a moment two more; and again, two more.

"Two shots are 'no,'" June puzzled. "They must mean—?"

"'No; don't come?' Don't venture to cross?" Luke suggested.

"Exactly," June shivered. "They are right. We're caught on this side, the flood is rising fast. See, it is almost at your horse's hoofs."

"Thick—muddy—nauseous! What a charnal smell it has! What shall we do now? You must not stay in the rain."

"The cabin," June returned, briefly. "Fire your revolver as you ride away, and they will know we have gone up Cub to shelter."

"I hope a flood doesn't come down here," Luke ventured, anxiously surveying the swollen creek. "Not until we get out of the bed, anyhow."

"It's not probable; the heavy fall is to the west; but we must ride fast. And I'm horribly damp. I'm glad Smudge is at home," she added, half to herself, and obviously as an afterthought. Her

mind was not wholly engrossed by her surroundings; some abstract thought, some dream perhaps, clung to her, and prompted that vague and meaningless remark, as it had prompted former curt phrases. Luke hardly noticed.

Again she spurred her horse, and again Luke followed, signalling with his revolver to Smudge as he rode. The Chicagoan was wet to the skin. Despite the hard riding his flesh grew chill and numb, his hands and lips became blue, icy water trickled into his eyes, and his teeth began to click. For a time June's raincoat partly protected her body, yet her hat sagged, heavy strands of hair clung to her cheeks, and she visibly shivered and shook.

"It's not much farther," she said, noticing Luke's blue face. "I don't know how we'll get warm. I'm like a wet rat. This slicker is almost worthless."

"You'll die!" Luke groaned. "This is awful, girl! Are you very wet?"

June nodded. "Sopping," she said; "my boots are full, even. But it won't harm me, don't worry. I've"—her teeth clattered—"I've been wet before."

"Not in this way. Aren't we there yet? We were foolish to turn back to the river. We'd have been sheltered long before this."

"I should have known better," June chattered. "I'm so sorry, Lu—Mr. Winne. You're not used to our climate; this will be worse for you than for me. And our wet clothes! We have no way to change."

"Dad Welcome?" Luke hopefully suggested. "He's ahead of us. You half expected to meet him near the cabin?"

"Yes, of course. He may have something for you. I—. We're almost there. You can't see—the storm hides it. To the right."

Falling sheets of rain blotted out the flanking hills, and the storm caused even near-by objects to become vague and disproportioned. A dyke of red sandstone, jutting from the hidden gully-bank, flashed past the racing horses, and June turned to the right up a flooded and guttered way that had once been a wagon road. The cabin came into view; a long and squat log building, with the roof fallen in at one end, with windows roughly boarded, and with a gaping doorway. There was no sign of Welcome; the place appeared deserted.

Luke numbly swung from his saddle and helped June to the ground. Without glancing at their animals they ran under shelter. The room was long and dim, a fireplace in the far wall was darkly discernible; yet the roof over this room was sound. There was a board floor, dirty and rotten, but dry, and a rude door sagged open, held in place to the frame by the one remaining hinge. Crossing to the fireplace, Luke saw a pile of dead twigs, drift-wood, stumps and rotted fencing thrown to one side.

"Thank heaven!" he said, fervently. "Some one—Welcome, I guess—has piled wood here. He has gone on. I'll have a fire in a jiffy. Is the next room habitable?"

"Give me your match-safe," June commanded. "No, this roof is all that's left whole. Your matches, quick; and a pocket knife! I'll start the fire. You must get the horses under shelter."

"But—"

"Don't delay. I'm frozen. And you must get by a fire as quickly as possible. You might catch pneumonia. Hurry! I'm capable of starting a fire, I hope."

Luke handed her his match-safe. "The horses—?" he asked.

"There's a fairly sound shed directly north up the slope. We keep hay in the loft. I hope you find Daddy Welcome, or at least his wagon; you might search for the hanging tree if you are not too chilled; he might be there. Unsaddle the broncos, throw hay down, and run back."

Winne paused at the entrance long enough to get the door into place, and then climbed into his saddle. The shed was some distance away, and, as the old road that led to the cabin ended at a group of crumbled stone stables, Luke had some difficulty in finding shelter. When he finally reached the shed he saw no trace of Welcome, and when he had succeeded in stabling the horses and feeding them, he was chilled to the bone. He shivered and shook under the heavy lash of rain that greeted him in the open, and, stumbling blindly toward the cabin, he turned down the slope. But his thought was not of himself, nor of his critical situation; rather, his mind could contain but one subject—June; June's peril from exposure; June, chilled, wet, suffering not only extreme discomfort, but unbelievable hurt; and to him it seemed as if she were more dangerously situated now than if she had attempted to ford the river. Thus thinking, he broke into a run, but in the dusk he bent his steps almost directly creekward, leaving the unseen cabin quite a distance to his left hand, and coming directly to swollen and muddy Cub Creek. He paused in bewilderment, turned down with the flood, hesitated, and went up the creek. A road ran there, and in his uncertainty Luke concluded that he must have gone past the cabin blindly. He hurried, therefore, while the incessant rain fell.

Cub Creek was rapidly becoming unfordable; what, an hour before, had been a mere trickling rivulet, meandering through winding ways, was now a fetid torrent, foamy, viscous, burdened with logs, fallen trees and even boulders buoyed up on the thick waters. Wave succeeded wave, even as he ascended the gully, until a thread of water flowed out upon the road underfoot. This brought him to his senses, and he stopped, gasping from the passionate run, but heated and feeling for the moment his normal self; and then he realized

that he had come too far north and that June was somewhere below him. There was but one thing to do; he ascended the hill slope until he had reached the height occupied by the cabin; thence he went southward, carefully peering through the storm as he walked.

He had not gone far when he glimpsed before him the vague outlines of a towering spruce pine, the one tree he had seen in that barren gulch. That, doubtless, was the hanging tree of which he had heard so much; the tree where, in half legendary days, his cousin, Orin Musgrove, met a disgraceful death; the tree, too, that he had heard June say stood "above" the old Downing ranch house. He hurried his steps. Then he suddenly recollected Dad Welcome and Dad Welcome's wagon, and he ran forward.

In the excitement of getting lost, in the worry over June's predicament, Luke had forgotten Welcome, but now he remembered that the pedlar's outfit should have been left near the cabin—had not June said it was Welcome's custom to *cache* his wagon under the hanging tree? There, sheltered by wide-spreading limbs, was the wagon-box, without its hooped covering; but the canvas was strapped down over boxes and chattels carefully packed, a brown tarpaulin was tied over the canvas, and, above all, was a wet sheet painted in running ink with scrawled letters that announced: "Dad Welcome's *cache*. Don't loot! If hungry, grub under seat."

When Luke finally found the cabin and knocked at the tremulous door he bore a heavy burden in his arms. June, in the doorway, almost embraced him; the white faded from her cheeks and was succeeded by a nervous flush; her lips trembled, her eyelids quivered.

"I didn't know what to think!" she cried, catching his arm as he entered. "I was afraid something had happened. I was going to start after you. I'm *so* glad you are safe!"

"Welcome's wagon!" Luke rejoined; "I found it. Everything was there. Even clothes; see!" He threw the bundle to the floor. "Dry slicker," he announced; "clothes, shirts, boots—you—" He looked up. "Will you wear them? Are you warmed?"

June had retreated to the broad fireplace, where a cheerful blaze roared and jumped up the chimney, and there she stood in profile against the light, while she carefully avoided Luke's eyes. Water still dripped from her sodden garments, steaming in the heat.

"Yes," she returned, simply; "I must. I often did before I went to school. Thank you; I'm catching cold now. And you?"

"I'll be a bullfrog in an hour. I can feel my toes webbing. But I have whisky here—bacon, coffee, a can of hard-tack—couldn't find any kitchen things. We'll get some sort of a dinner later. I'll go to the shed and change, for now I can find my way about. Here are the clothes. I'll wrap mine in the slicker."

June nodded, but refrained from speech. A glass of whisky sent

Luke's blood racing, and he went into the diminishing storm with renewed life tingling through his body. His water-soaked clothing he hung on pegs in the shed. The new suit of blue-jeans, California flannel and wool, was a fair fit, though the top-boots were a trifle large; but he delayed long enough to comb his hair with his fingers, adjust the red bandana more jauntily to his neck, and strap his revolver belt about him. Thus accoutered, dry and glowing from a good rub, and wrapped in the slicker, he returned to the cabin. A slim boy, with a new sombrero cocked over one ear and hiding the hair, stood where June had stood by the fire; and, after a slight hesitancy, faced him, blushing prettily.

"Now," Luke said, admiringly, "I've met Coon Downing. Feel comfortable again? This is quite an adventure, isn't it?" He hung up his waterproof, unstrapped the revolver from his waist and put it aside, and turned to the victuals on the floor, while he studiously avoided looking in Coon's direction, hoping thereby to put her more at her ease.

"Yes," she returned, after watching him a moment; "it was very thoughtful of you to hunt for the wagon. Thank you. And now, you are quite right about Coon—just treat me as a boy comrade until we get out of this mess; won't you, Luke? I've found a place for my wet clothes in the next room, against the chimney where the heat may help dry them, and under a part of the roof there; all but my shoes." She came toward him, and exhibited a very small foot in an absurdly large sock. "Those boots," she laughed, "were big enough for five of me. It was thoughtful of you to bring me two pairs of hose. They will serve till my own boots dry by the fire. You aren't chilled now?"

"Fit as a fiddle. How long do these floods last, anyhow? It's eleven o'clock, and Cub is booming, but the heaviest rain seems to have fallen. Of course, the water is coming down pretty hard as yet, but more naturally. It isn't falling in sheets, as it did a while back. Do you think Saw will have subsided enough by evening to let us across? Of course, we must get to the ranch tonight, by some hook or crook."

"The flood may last two or three days," June said, calmly. "What have we to eat here? There's a can over yonder for the coffee, and I see that you found tin cups in the wagon. We can broil the bacon. . . . No, it's impossible to get home tonight."

Luke looked up with a long face. "But your mother!" he cried.

"She will know I am safe. Very fortunately, for more than one reason, Smudge did not get across before the flood, and so our signal will tell mother that we are here. She will know you are with me, so she won't worry very much."

"Yes, but I—that's just it. If we can't get to the ranch, wouldn't

it be better for me to ride up the gulch this afternoon and hunt a prospectors' camp? They might help us in some way."

Coon laid a light hand on his shoulder. "Thank you," she said. "No; it isn't necessary, though I—appreciate. But now I am just your boy partner, Coon. If we stay here you might manage a bunk in the next room, under the eaves." She offered him her hand. "Shall we shake on the partnership?"

Luke complied, while his eyes, sober and respectful, thanked her for her confidence.

"Now," she resumed, with an abrupt change of mood, "I'll be as hungry as a bear by noon, Luke. Let's see how we can manage. Broiled bacon, crackers, coffee—no sugar, no flour, no canned stuff. This will do for lunch. When the rain stops this afternoon we will make a raid on the wagon again and stock up. We will find lots of things we need. Cut two long sticks, with sharp points; they will do for bacon-spits. Get me that can full of water. And then you may use your ingenuity in fixing a table, two stools or a bench of some sort—it's odd Daddie Welcome hasn't left empty boxes for seats—and forks."

Luke broke into song as he worked, and June joined him. Together they sang melodies, sentimental and humorous, musical and vaudevillian, ancient and modern, breaking in upon their music to exchange scraps of conversation or light-hearted banter. Luke was jocund of spirit, exalted, transported quite above the commonplaces of existence, and, without giving any coherent thought to the romance, very tender and protective was the worshiping admiration that possessed him.

At noon the two partners sat together on a rudely constructed bench, with a rickety table half supported by their knees, and drank black coffee, ate brown bacon and damp crackers, and made merry over the meal. Luke, steaming coffee-cup in one hand and a cracker sandwich in the other, had just recovered from a witticism, when a resounding series of knocks suddenly fell upon the closed door. The inmates of the cabin sprang to their feet, hesitated an instant, and then Coon jumped across to where the gigantic boots stood. She clapped the sombrero over her piled-up hair, and nodded.

"The ranch?" Luke suggested, going to the door.

"No; prospectors."

"Hey, open up, in there!" shouted a man outside. "Open up!"

June gave a low cry of fright, and Luke turned, with an odd expression on his face.

"Tracey?" he asked.

"Yes," she answered, placing herself in a dim corner. "Don't tell him. I—I—. Open the door."

CHAPTER XII.

UNDER SHELTER.

The atmosphere was somewhat clearer, so that, peering through the rain from his post on the threshold, Luke saw two horses standing, head to head, a short distance before him. There was no man at the door, however, and no man in sight, until, beyond each horse. Luke noticed a pair of booted legs. A hat slowly came over one of the saddles, and a pair of keen eyes surveyed him.

"Be cooked if it isn't tenderfoot Winne!" Tracey's head bobbed up from its concealment, and he replaced something he had been holding in his hand. "It's all right, Murph'. Come along."

They left their horses and tramped into the cabin.

"Gad!" Tracey exclaimed, "you're comfortable. On hike now, eh? I thought maybe you were Pickett." He strode across the room to the fire and turned his back to the blaze, folding his arms behind him. Red Murphy followed silently, and assumed a similar position.

"Glad to see you," Luke said, awkwardly. "I thought I caught a glimpse of you across the river early this morning, didn't I? Yes, as you say, Smudge and I got caught out; can't get across the river."

Tracey threw back his head and laughed. "So you recognized me with June, did you? Jealous?"

"I didn't recognize you; I guessed. This is my first opportunity to learn if I guessed correctly." He shot a quick glance at Coon, but her face was hidden. She did not exhibit any particular interest in the conversation, yet Luke inwardly trembled at his temerity. "I thought you weren't on speaking terms," he added.

"I might tell you what happened to a friend of mine when he thought that he thought. I run my own affairs, and I reckon June runs hers? Or maybe I run them, too. That's *our* business. There's no harm in meeting an old friend?"

Tracey rapidly surveyed the room; his eyes glanced over Coon, where she lounged on her elbow in a corner of the room, her sombrero hiding her half-turned face. She lifted her hand and a curl of cigarette smoke floated over her head. Tracey nodded at the dim figure. "Hello, Smudge," he said. "You're a lazy brute. I thought you were to meet me this morning below the mouth of Cub. eh? I waited there an hour, in spite of the hurry I'm in. But I see that Mr. Winne has taken a hint from his name, and won you over? Never mind, we'll have the message before I leave. Don't let's quarrel just at present, Winne; I want to stay and enjoy your hospitality for a half hour or so, while I warm up. Let's forget we have developed into rivals. Oh, I know more than you sup-

pose. June shook you under my nose. You're a possibility that I can't ignore. Forget it for a while. Hunting the Fabulous?"

"Possibly. What are you doing here, may I ask?"

"You may. I'll tell you in a minute. First, let me quiz you. We haven't long to stay, Murph' and I. Is your 'baccy dry? Mine's just mud."

Luke joined the men and handed them his tobacco pouch; he took place beside them to their left, so that his body quite hid Coon from view. "Fire away," he said, charging his own pipe. "What's up?"

"Paradise; he's up and down and 'round about. Those broncs outside are borrowed from a camp at the ford, east of Liver Ridge Creek. That's where our camp is, and our burros are swimming there now, I guess. We're bound for the Buster trail to the north; and we're going to get there as quick as Scratch will let us. Been riding since midnight; as you guess, first to the ranch, then across the river, where I wasted good time waiting for this kid you've roped; and then on here. You see, down among the boomers we need all the horses we can get, and I persuaded June to send us a bunch of them. Explanation satisfactory, Othello? We're tired and sore and dead cold, let me tell you. Is that whisky? Do you mind—?"

Luke proffered the flask, and the men drank deeply.

"Hot stuff," Murphy said, wiping his mouth with a big hand. "Ugh! uncomfortable weather, somehow. Hain't seen a bunch of cayuses goin' past this mornin'? No men, either? Pickett, f'r instance?"

"No; they've—"

"Rustled our broncos," Tracey explained. "There's a big camp of us below Liver Creek; about fifty men, all from Kettleton; we trailed over Sawtooth day before yesterday, and got across the Saw last evening. About eleven o'clock we had an old-fashioned Comanche stampede, and these horses outside were the only ones picketed. Murph' and I started on the trail. There is no doubt that the Paradise boys got busy. The way I figure it, they will make a raid along the line, and then pull their stakes out of the country. They've probably planned a sweep from Kettleton up through Liver Ridge over to Buster way, and so back to the Leather Pants district. There they can split up and get their stock into the north and down to the deserts. We've got to bunch together and crowd them, or they'll get away with everything. Murphy and I are hitting for the Buster trail, to warn the boys camped along there, while some of the fellows are walking up the Kettleton trail to get word into Pactolus. Whiskers is there. He will have a vigilante posse riding west in less than no time. I think we stand a good chance of round-

ing up the whole gang. Want to come along, you and Smudge? There'll be doin's."

"Can't just now, thanks. But how are you going to cross Cub? It's swollen."

"Booming, eh? We will go to the head, if necessary, but no doubt we can get over where the Buster trail crosses. We'll stay at the first camp and rest, while those fellows ride west and gather a crowd. Oh, we're all to the good. Paradise and Pickett are our meat. . . . Bur-r-r! Gad, I got chilled. Let us have another drink, that's a good fellow! Do as much for you, some day. Got anything like grub? No, don't bother heating anything. Those crackers, and the bacon. Rather short on victuals?"

"Yes, we got caught. Scammel was driving our pack train, but it didn't get across Saw before the flood, so we're close bit."

"Uh-huh; ride north when the rain stops. You'll find a bunch of us there, with plenty of food. Eh, by the Lord, I was hungry. Ever taste better crackers, Murph'?"

Murphy grunted as he helped himself and sat on a bench. He was a man of few words.

Luke moved uneasily, walked back and forth before the fire, hemmed, and relighted his pipe.

"So you've been roped by Coon?" Tracey asked with his mouth full.

Luke did not reply.

"Hit hard, eh? I reckoned she'd please you. Well, find the Fabulous, Winne; that's your chance. How about Dow? Is he in with you?"

"No; Scammel broke with him. He tried to double-cross his father and me."

"So," Tracey reflected, "that makes four of us; Mac's outfit, yours, mine, and Dow's, all after the Fabulous; and you and I have rather inside information, I fancy. You've been friendly enough to acknowledge the corn, so I'll follow suit and say, frankly, that I came here on purpose to find that mine; and to—Well! Moreover, I think I have the best chance of the lot. A guardian angel isn't to be despised in this materialistic age. Let me give you a lead, my son: Three out of the four of us want not only the mine, but what the gold will buy." Tracey stood and motioned to Murphy. "We've got to be trailing; thanks for your hospitality. . . . Money will purchase a good deal, Winne; approximate happiness, for instance, home, friends, and all that. Oh, very indirectly in this case, of course; but the man who finds the Fabulous is the man who will marry June. That's a superstition of mine. She turned me down, as you probably know by this time, because I was a fool for a day or two, but more especially because I was a poor engineer. Yet when

I get the mine— Find the Fabulous, Winne, and make your name prophetic. The next time we meet, unless you come up and help us cut out the rustlers, we will be in hostile camps. Hit the pike, Murph'; I'll overtake you in a minute. Bye-bye, Winne. Smudge, come out here a minute; you have a message for me. I haven't forgotten."

Murphy, passing Luke, dug him in the ribs with his elbow, grinned, winked, jerked his head toward Coon, and went out chuckling. Luke drew in his breath sharply, half turned toward the girl, and saw that she had risen, but stood with her back to the room, warming her hands by the fire. Outside, Murphy's horse moved away.

"Smudge," Tracey said again, rather dangerously, "Coon entrusted you with a message to me."

Luke studied the girl's shoulders. Her head almost imperceptibly shook. That was clue enough. Luke moved forward a step.

"Smudge has a cold," he said, dryly. "He can't risk exposing himself in the rain."

Tracey turned, a sudden snarl on his lips. "What's that?" he snapped.

"Smudge has no message for you. He is in my employ."

The two men measured each other. "Well, now," Tracey drawled at length, "let me tell you a few things. I saw Coon this morning, and after a general reconciliation something came up regarding my inherent rights to a little knowledge in her possession, which common honesty told should be given to me. She promised to send the matter to me by Smudge and I waited for Smudge at a rendezvous as long as I dared; but I see now that you stole the boy. That was a good move, but it wasn't the last one. I have had the luck to stumble over him here, and I intend to have my message intact, or something will happen. What's the matter with Smudge, anyhow? Why doesn't he speak for himself? I'm tired of this monkey business. Smudge, come out here where I can see you."

"If you want my map," Luke said quite calmly, "I don't think you will find it in this cabin. I tell you that honestly. But if it is here, Smudge has my permission to give it to you at once, providing that Miss Downing wishes you to have it. I entrusted that map to June, but if she has seen fit to betray me I have nothing to say."

"Map?" Tracey stared. "God bless me," he said, half under his breath. "Funny world. That's what it was? Thanks, old man; I begin to savvy. Smudge, do you assure me that you have not the map with you? Recollect that it is Coon's wish, for reasons of her own, and good reasons, too, that I find the Fabulous. You are not a traitor to your benefactress, I presume? Then give me the map if you have it. I'll protect you from this man."

Murphy's horse paced back to the cabin. "Hey," the rider called. "Comin'? We've got a snortin' ride before us."

"The map is not here," Luke said. "It would have been given to you with my permission if it were. Will you take my word, or are you hunting trouble?"

"We won't scrap today," Tracey said; "it's your act. I'm not going to rob you; but don't laugh yet; this isn't the curtain. I think I'll see you both as soon as I've finished my present duty. Just keep one thing in mind: I warn you now that I intend to have that map, just as I intend to have the Fabulous and June Downing. They belong to me."

He left the room, mounted, and the two prospectors galloped down the slope. There was a long silence, during which Luke closed the door and returned to the table, where he seated himself on the rude bench. Coon did not turn from her position before the fire.

"Well?" Luke said at last; and the hollow ring in his voice caused him to clear his throat. "Don't let us have a misunderstanding, please, whatever else comes between us. You intended to give my clue to the Fabulous to this man? Why?"

"I don't understand you, Coon," he resumed in a moment. "I thought you were my friend. I did not expect treachery from you."

"I have nothing to say," she said, coldly. "If you care to, you may resume our intercourse where it was interrupted. I might, however, ask you how you dared talk about me to Robert, when you knew I was necessarily tongue-tied; I was in a very false position and you took advantage of it. I hardly mentioned you to him this morning, let me say, and certainly I gave him no cause to say what he did say about my shaking you under his nose; and certainly I did not mention your map. You told him of that, yourself. My business with him was and is my own affair, and if I see fit to give him an even chance with you in finding the mine, I do it because I believe it right. But I don't acknowledge that I have done so. I might reproach you for the shame and embarrassment your conversation caused me, for the things you permitted Bud to say about me, but I prefer to thank you for protecting my incognito."

"We will forget the whole unfortunate incident," Luke said with childish eagerness. "I don't want to think of it. I—please forget what I said. I believe in you. I don't believe a word he said. He doesn't know you as I do. I wish I had dared to tell him how far wrong he is, how he has misunderstood you. You may have a reason that I can't fathom; I am willing to believe so; I want to believe so. I won't misunderstand again."

He stole a glance at June's face. She stood by the fire, but now she had turned toward him, and on her lips was a quizzical smile, half tender, while her eyes sparkled. A sudden change came over her

face, and the smile hardened. Luke was wretched, and no doubt his countenance betrayed his thought. Yet he loved the girl; he knew that; he loved her so utterly that, notwithstanding the fact that he must believe her unworthy of his love, he but loved her the more wholly; so wholly that nothing she could do would cause him to waver in his allegiance.

"Red Murphy recognized me," she said. "Possibly he will tell Robert; probably he will tell Kettleton when he returns there. Not that I care about gossip, but I'm afraid Rob will misunderstand. He always does. I knew he would cause trouble if he met me here with you in this—this dress. And now it will be worse than if I had acknowledged myself. That is what comes of cowardice!"

"You were recognized," Luke returned, "and Tracey will misunderstand; but he is your only acquaintance who would misunderstand; even Dow would know there was nothing—nothing wrong. Why should you mind what Tracey thinks?"

Coon frowned at the wall. "If he believes I broke with him on account of his poverty—" she reflected. "But he can't believe that; at least, I don't see how he can. I tried to make it plain to him that he cared too much for money. It was all his thought, when he wasn't thinking of me. He had a little money at school, but it went in wild-catting, and then he started selling wild-cat stock himself, trying to recover dishonestly what he lost dishonestly. It was then that— Surely I made him understand it was because of that—and his father. I never believed Dow or Mr. Scammel further than was necessary, and their story had nothing whatever to do with my judgment. I can forgive folly; not greed. But I'm absurd. This hasn't anything to do with our adventure. I—I didn't mean to bore you." She looked at Luke oddly. "What awful fools we can be about money!" she exclaimed. "It's a monomania of mine. I hate it. And you love it?"

"In a sense," Luke returned, shortly.

The man's face was sullen; jealousy possessed him to the exclusion of all other passions. He felt a subtle conviction that Coon was slipping from him, that Tracey held the whip-hand, that whatever breach there had been, Coon still admired the half-vagabond engineer, and would, in the future as in the past, work for his interests, even to the sacrifice of Luke or of her own honor. Luke pretended to study the weather from the doorway, while he thought over the recent scene. He could not analyze Coon's attitude. What was there in Bud Tracey to attract her, to form in such a clear heart as hers a thought of treachery? Probably in former times she had been attracted by Downing Scammel in much the same way. Was it strength? Strength of body, strength of intellect? Perhaps her love affairs had been idealistic, emotional, romantic, but not pas-

sionate; perhaps she had admired or respected, but not loved. Luke did not believe this hypothesis, yet, barring the one inexplicable folly, it seemed to fit the girl's clear nature. It may be that she had admired Dow for his courage, strength, presence of mind, for his superiority to herself, in short; and, when her ideals had reached to a higher superiority, she found Dow was her inferior. Perhaps she respected Tracey for his knowledge, education, his reasoning powers, perhaps for his university and urban culture,—for despite his barbarisms it was evident that he could adopt the soft customs of polite society when prompted by his environment;—these things she admired, it may be, until again her ideals advanced and she learnt that still she was superior in moral qualities that Tracey did not even understand. She was a girl with a clear head and a firm heart; she would never allow herself to love what she knew to be immoral, reactionary, or false in a man. Romanticism, while it might carry her away for the moment, as it had probably done that morning, could not hide from her its fundamental unreality, its disguised and picturesque immoralities. Yet Luke's heart sank as he speculated. He tried to make himself believe; but June was romantic; now he knew it.

Did she still love Tracey? Could she ever really love any man? Luke revolved the questions slowly, while he blinked the diminishing rain. Not unless she could really admire. She might one day find such a mate, but even then, though she might adore his virtues, could she ever love him? When you love like Juliet, when your heart creates for itself her passionate soliloquies, and you lose the power of analyzing the man or caring what he is, so long as he is himself; when you will sacrifice anything at his bidding, then you will love; not before. Love is neither romanticism nor idealism; it is nature; it is the mind and body of you, longing for its living companion. June's loves were of the mind alone; as if the mind and the body were separate! She was either idealistically searching something to worship, or she was sentimentally hunting a romantic counterpart to herself. Nature does not love in that way. No, June was too experimentive, and too critical; she could not love Dow; she could not love Tracey; neither could she love Luke Winne. Luke sighed; a gloomy pessimism possessed him. There were many flaws in his reverie, but he put them by, though dimly he saw that if he took sufficient account of Tracey he would have to acknowledge in his heart that June loved the engineer, and would sacrifice anything to him; but that account Luke desperately refused to take.

"I've spoken to you three times," June said, with a trembling note of timidity, of pleading deprecation, in her voice. She laid a hot hand on his, but instantly withdrew it. "Do you— Is—is the weather clearing?"

"Yes, I guess so. I don't know."

"Of course it is. Why, the rain is hardly a drizzle, and the clouds are breaking. We can ride down to the river before evening and let the people on the other side see us. Then they will know we are safe. Mother will have someone on the bank as soon as things can be seen clearly, and if we don't show ourselves Mr. Scammel or Smudge may try to cross and hunt for us. Luke, I'm glad that Smudge did not get across." She spoke the latter sentence almost below her breath. "But I should not be," she said in a moment. "I did right; I know I did right. You can't understand." She cleared her throat. "We must let mother see we are alive," she said.

"Yes, of course." Luke ignored her reference to the message Tracey was to have received; yet he turned from the doorway in an odd enough humor of self-disparagement. "I suppose I think about as much of gold as Tracey does," he said. "If he lost his money on wild-cat mining stock, I lost what little I had in a business venture. I spent a very small inheritance trying to make a profit greater than my capital, in the usual American style of business. The same spirit brought me out here, hunting the Fabulous. I want that mine, I want the things it represents." Suddenly he stopped, remembering Tracey's prophecy that the girl would go with the mine. "Well," he stammered, "I meant that. I'm instinctively a gambler, I guess; and, like all Americans, my thoughts are financial; I want personal prosperity, the comfort and power that money makes, the pleasure it buys, I even want the money for itself. You hate money, you say; and you say I love it. I do."

Coon had retreated to the fire, where she stood facing the blaze, one foot, now in its own small and dry boot, on the end of a charred stump.

"Money is merely a conventional thought with you, I hope," she said over her shoulder. "You gambled in business, because you were twenty-odd and without conscious morality. I understand you better than to accept your own estimate of yourself. Even in your greed for the Fabulous, even if you should be—be dishonest about it, as you think I was—you would still be thoughtlessly following an American convention. You weren't taught better, that's all. Oh, you are materialistic enough, but it is merely a conventional materialism. You imitate your neighbors, and think their thoughts. They are greedy and corrupt, and you are greedy; I won't say corrupt; that is for you to think over. It is a fault of most city people who have any connection with business or business men."

"Well," Luke said, "I take the world as I find it."

"Yes, you've tried to, but you didn't get it. That's why you are out here. Wasn't your father a minister? Perhaps that explains your conventions. Try to think for yourself. You aren't the wor-

shiper of money that you pretend, not by half. Now I—" she laughed shortly—"I rave about it, and the fever is in my bones. I hate it because I know its power over me; over all women. We are romantic materialists, with tendencies toward superstition and neighborhood morality; but, above all, we care for the luxuries of life, and we fear poverty. When I shilly-shally, as I did but now in order to help you, I'm not true to myself. I should have been more independent, more fearless of misconception; and yet I wish Bud had not said that about—about the mine."

Luke studied the fire, and a long silence fell. The young man broke it at last. "I'll find it," he said through his teeth.

There was a rattle at the door, it gave a little and was pushed in. Dad Welcome stood on the threshold, vacantly smiling. His clothes were plastered to his body, water ran in streams from him, his beard hung limp. He carried over his arm a bundle of new and cheap clothing from the wagon; duplicates of the goods Luke had taken.

"Daddie!" June cried, running toward him. "Gracious, have you been out in all this storm? I thought that you had taken the trail; that you were in camp somewhere above."

Welcome mumbled and fingered his wet beard. "I've been hunting," he babbled, "hunting all around. I couldn't find—couldn't find—I think I hid something, somewhere, but the flood's all over the world, and I can't find anything. Nothing but the tree. There's a man up there, but I—I can't remember who he is. I think the gold would fill my wagon. I'm going to dress again and find it."

"Don't you know Coon, Daddie Welcome?" June asked, tenderly, as she led him into the room. "He gets this way at times," she said in low tones to Luke; "you know he isn't clear. Don't you know Coon?"

"Oh, sure," said Dad Welcome, "oh, sure, Coon Downing. You're the one that wanted the Fabulous. You'll get it. I'll see that you get it. I'm Boss!"

"Take him to the shed," June commanded Luke, "and dress him. Here, Daddie, drink this whisky. He will be all right when he warms up."

"Yes," said Welcome, "that's so, Coon—Coon! little girl in pants. Oh, yes, I remember her. She found a fortune."

(To be continued.)



Wars are only semi-occasional. They cannot be often, for they cost red blood and deplete the nation's veins—in full sight of us. But all the wars that ever were have not cost so much to any nation as mediocrity costs all nations. The financial cost of the one *looks* big, as a National Debt. The cost of the other *is* far bigger, as an incessant national waste. We don't notice the grocer's bill as we do a mortgage.

The irrepressible conflict between the man who Does and the man who Hinders—between progress and red tape—has been going on ever since governments began. For the simple reason that where you get one man fit to be President, you can find one hundred thousand fit to be good clerks, and a million not fit for anything.

Leaving the rest of the world's history to take care of itself, and dealing only with our own country, and its aggravations of Government-by-Pigeon-hole—the strangulation of common-sense, business and patriotism by dusty routine; the submergence of Presidents, Congress, Governors, and other creators and doers by the action (or usual inaction) of their underlings; the constant submergence of big men by the six-bit bookkeepers who do most of their work—all this has been growing worse from year to year, and costs us more in this country than a war of the first magnitude would cost. Its one advantage over a gun-war is that it doesn't kill off so large a proportion of fine lads. It simply smothers the Real Use of a lot of good men under the dust of every day. The average citizen looks upon Senators, Congressmen, Governors, Presidents and Cabinet Officers as of some real importance. They themselves realize that 999 times out of every thousand, they are mere validators of a policy of ease invented, practiced and maintained by their confidential clerks, without whom the figure-heads would seldom know what to sign, nor where to sign it nor what they are signing.

This American Circumlocution Office, the butt of ridicule for every clear-sighted person who ever came against it, had a fearful jolt with Andrew Jackson. It was still more seriously shaken up, shaken down, and disconcerted when Theodore Roosevelt fell upon Washington in an avalanche of American horse-sense. He knew what needed to be done, and how to do it. He even knew how to get

work out of the army of parasites that are a large numerical majority in any government—even ours. I shall never forget the change from old days when quarter to 4 p. m. meant the end of any real pretext of work in a government office; and a few years later when the host of salary-eaters had actually to work to the end of their absurdly incompetent hours. And how they hated Teddy for making them do it! He had also the faculty of getting Head Men who could not be entirely smothered by their clerks. He was not an infallible judge of human nature, as you and I are; but he got the best men he could—and he got on the average better men than any other President ever got—and for a very simple reason.

We are sharply reminded of this matter again, in its largest aspects, by the so-called “war” concerning national conservation, and particularly the saving of our forests. Our able newspapers are deeply interested in any quarrel—even if they have to make it themselves. Peace may have its victories, but they are not renowned in the sanctums. So we have been treated to hundreds of columns pro and con Ballinger and Pinchot.

God pity the Interior Department. National sympathy, and every large business interest of the West (as distinguished from the hog interests of a few people) will feel all one way.

The Secretary of the Interior in an Incident. You might take a straw vote in your own ward, and find out how many voters are aware of the full name of the present incumbent, and what he did for a living prior; or who was his predecessor, or his antepenultimate. Gifford Pinchot, on the other hand, is not an Incident, but an Event. The policy of which he is head, is an invention of good citizenship, of a quality both in brains and in patriotism which all the red-tape Secretaries since 1776 never did invent and never could have invented if they had all been present together in conference. But it is one of the most important things ever done in the United States. It doesn't appeal warmly to those corporations which desire to “skin the country,” as Roosevelt grimly but exactly put it. It does not cause the average busy business man to lie awake at night—since it is several dollars down beyond the end of his nose and of his habitual prophecy. But it has the sure dimensions which to the historian appeal as of the major things. More than a century we have been skinning the country ourselves, or allowing our smaller fellow-citizen to skin it under our noses. Few of us would have to plead guilty in person to this robbery of everybody's children and grandchildren—our own included. Most of us have been too sleepy to awaken up, as yet, to the opportunity to steal the two copper cents from off the closed lids of our grandmother, the Earth. If it had not been for a very peculiar and outlandish president, we should not have noticed it by even now. Pinchot is as unlike Roosevelt in

look, act, thought, and speech as it would be easy for the Almighty to make two people of His own choice—if He “went to it.” But he is also as unlike a routine, or political, or “business” cabinet officer or other government time-killer, as is Roosevelt himself. He is one of the men who “doesn’t have to.” A gentleman and a scholar, of independent wealth—neither office nor the things that go with it (whether salary or mud) have any rope on him. Nor is he a half-baked “reformer” anxious to work out glittering ideals. He has more business sense than any man who has ever opposed him—the difference being that his business is of the kind that lasts a thousand years and for the whole of the people. Whereas, that of others is for the most part for themselves. Pinchot is one of the best things that has ever happened to the United States; a token of that same hope which is the real life of the nation—that now and then we shall be able to find, in a republic, a real man who can be brought into public life at his own cost. Next to Roosevelt, Pinchot is the best friend the West ever had. His brains and his tact have been a real service to the whole nation, and particularly to the Western half of it, which no one can measure today, but which history in two or three centuries will write very large.

It would be unfortunate if an excellent gentleman who came from Seattle or somewhere, should have any friction with the policy that neither corporate greed nor red-tape stupidity will ever kill. It would be still more unfortunate if any weight of the administration should be given to the wrong side of this internal and everlasting fight between the Dead Letter and the Live Act. But whatever the temporal entanglement, there is no question as to two things—that the policy of conservation will be the policy of the United States forever, Amen—no matter who hinders it for the moment—and that Theodore Roosevelt and Gifford Pinchot will be remembered and written about, a thousand years from now, as the men who fathered that policy and made it stick—to the advantage of ten times as many million citizens as there were in the United States when that policy was begun. Now and then someone puts rails on a track and wrecks the train. But I have never known of anyone stopping a railroad. And the conservation policy is going to be IT, even after railroads may have been abandoned in favor of aeroplanes.

Since this was written, the impossible has happened—as Napoleon remarked it generally does. President Taft has thrown Gifford Pinchot out—having listened to bad advice. It’s a sorrow and a sin. President Taft has never made an appointment—he never will make an appointment—which will make good to the people of the United States for the dismissal of Pinchot. Anyone who knows anything of American history knows this.

Out here in the West we know Ballinger and we know Pinchot—

as Mr. Taft evidently doesn't either. It won't take us half a minute to choose. Pinchot is accused of telling the truth for our sake, without asking leave of Uncle Jimmie. He is fired—not for "insubordination" but for truth.

As for Ballinger—oh—war!

As for the American public—just notice what they'll do. Our memory is short—but it will carry Pinchot.

You may have observed that many meek, unprofane, and God-fearing citizens look with approval upon that epigram of the anonymous philosopher who says "Life is just One Damn Thing After Another." It's getting more so all the time. An earlier and less witty philosopher remarked that "Life is a Conundrum." Trash!—it is a rapid-fire, endless-chain *procession* of conundrums, tripping upon one another's heels. It is a steady file of sad tax-payers and citizens and incumbents of this mortal frame, constantly asking "Why?"

Probably the most frequent single question we have to ask is "Why is a Hog?" In his natural state on four feet he is the Noblest Beast that roams the Plain; good for man's consumption from the tip of his nose to the periwinkle of his tail; and in any shape—fresh, fried, salted, smoked, corned, or soured, or as "head-cheese." The accumulated fatty tissues of him grease the way for half the culinary machinery of the world. He fits his environment and serves his master as no other four-footed beast ever did.

There is no conundrum about the quadruped. The daily question is "why is a hog on two feet"—and the centipede hog, or the millipede hog or a city full of hogs, biped, is all the same conundrum.

Only a little while ago we were shaken up in our feelings and had to write letters and hold indignation meetings and jab our Congressmen and Senators to keep Niagara from being turned into a mere hole-in-the-ground by a greedy power company; and to keep brute quarrymen from blowing the whole face off the Palisades of the Hudson; and every now and then some similar atrocity and vandalism comes up which has to be fought. Pretty soon someone will be making a dam-site of the Grand Cañon of Arizona, or painting letters half a mile high along its side advising us to take Mr. Tutti-frutti's little liver pills. Nearly every city in America is disfigured by the bill-board hogs who for a few cents a day spoil landscapes for the tax-payer, citizen and visitor.

The latest thing to make us rise up on our hind legs and protest against the H. H. (alias Human Hog) is the attempt of San Francisco to save a few dollars on its water supply by spoiling the second Yosemite—namely, the Hetch-Hetchy Valley, which is as noble as the famous Yosemite; as important to the nation; as much a heritage

to all California and all the United States and all the world as the Yosemite, or the Yellowstone, or the Grand Cañon. But San Francisco instead of getting its water supply from somewhere else at a little more expense, desires to flood this magnificent valley.

I have already, years ago, expressed in my inalienably mild language the feeling aroused among patriotic Californians by a former attempt. San Francisco has returned to the attack. There is a strong disposition in Washington to grant this outrageous perversion of public interest for a single community. Relatively few people have thus far seen the Hetch-Hetchy. It is only a very few years ago since very few people had seen the Yosemite. What would you think if anyone were to propose to destroy the Yosemite—blow it down, or fill it up, or otherwise ruin it for public visitation? The Hetch-Hetchy is just as important—and when you see it, you will say so. It is time to get busy. Jab Senators and Congressmen; write everyone you know that has a pull in Washington. Protest against this, which would probably be the most atrocious, ignorant and brutal vandalism ever perpetrated in the history of the United States or in any part of America. Send to Brave Old John Muir, 302 Mills Bldg., San Francisco, for his interesting pamphlet on this matter—and get busy at once. The Greed Hog never sleeps.

When the foremost educator in America, the President Emeritus of Harvard College, put forth a list of books to fill a five-foot shelf, and to give the reader a liberal education—every library in America was at once interested. Even the newspapers woke up. No such dictum has troubled the face of the literary waters since Sir John Lubbock made his famous list of the "one hundred best books" a quarter century ago. The trade journals constantly advise us as to the "best sellers;" it is very rarely that we have an authoritative list of the *best books*.

The first question of a library is whether it contains the books listed by President Eliot. The Los Angeles Public Library has several copies of each. The second question turns from the material to the critical. President Eliot's list is made for an enterprising firm of publishers who will reissue these books (all exempt from copyright) under the title of "the Harvard Classics." The almost universal criticism that the Bible and Shakespeare are omitted has been answered by Dr. Eliot with the statement that everyone is supposed to have read these already; and they would take undue space upon the shelves.

The King James edition of the Bible is the foundation of any real education in the English language. Shakespeare is the foundation of any real education in English literature. Time was when New Englanders who buy books might be expected to have read already

the Bible and Shakespeare. But that day has passed, even in New England. Why Chapman's Homer should be omitted, while Dryden's Aeneid is included; why we should have Adam Smith's "Wealth of Nations" and not Bryce's "American Commonwealth"—these and other questions might continue to be quibbled over if those five feet of books were to be taken too seriously and too rigidly. No two college presidents or critics would agree on such a list. No scholar needs advice from any of them. The people who do need such advice, need that a man of Dr. Eliot's standing prescribe some books that they *must* read whether they like them or not, and some books which they ought to read and will be glad to. There are certain works which everyone should be forced to read at some time in their lives; but, on the average, nowadays, people will read only what they can swallow without a capsule. Andrew Lang has hit this off beautifully in his gentle sarcasm, "Books I Have Stuck In," frankly admitting his own inability to finish many of the things he should have read. If one of the foremost English men of letters today cannot culture himself from the orthodox sixty inches of books, what hope is there for the average of us?

But when we have made Dr. Eliot's shelf measure five feet and six inches—which is not a serious addition—and have added the Bible (which can be had in a beautiful edition one and one-quarter inches thick) and a few of the vest-pocket plays of Shakespeare, and perhaps an anthology or two—there is one book which none of these list-makers has touched, though it is the third most important in the world as a means of culture. The generic trouble with this making of lists of "best books" is obvious. Best for whom? For college professors, ministers, cowboys, street laborers, women's clubs, or which? It is much like making a universal bill-of-fare for Laplanders, New Englanders, Californians, Mexicans, Hawaiians. Some people in some climates might prefer a diet of humming-birds' tongues. People in other climates are addicted to tallow candles. Some people are carnivorous; and some are vegetarians—and some joined to idle breakfast foods.

There is no farmer and no miner and no "white-wing" who would not benefit his mind by reading Plato's "Apology" and the "Diary of John Woolman." But no matter how many such horses you bring to the water, the question is how many of them you can force to drink. Books cost money. Even Dr. Eliot's edition will come to at least \$8 a foot.

Next to King James and Shakespeare, the book which should be on every family shelf is—the Scrap Book.

It is a thesaurus of the individual's life; and has that advantage over all other books which are made by other people. It is the best possible family record—for photographs, memoranda, documents

and everything else. It saves the vagrant verse and the material clippings which you wish to copy. Just as the camera has ceased to be a mere tool of the professional or of the "fiend," and has become a recording clerk for the family; just as the card catalogue has ousted the clumsier forms of business, so the scrap book to those who know how to use it means more in the average household—more for culture and more for comfort, and more for convenience, and more for Love—than any other volume except the Book of Books.

Besides the fugitive savings of photographs, papers and clippings, the scrap-book enables one to keep in a small compass the cream of fifty feet of literature. One can have Keats's few best poems; and Tennyson's few best, and Poe's few best, (Dr. Eliot's list would indicate that there has never been an American poet), and at least Walt Whitman's "Captain, My Captain"; Lincoln's "Gettysburg Address"; Joaquin Miller's "Columbus"; the Declaration of Independence; the "Ancient Mariner"; "Alexander's Feast"; and something from Tom Moore and Kipling and Whittier and Longfellow and Scott.

The Los Angeles Public Library uses over 200 scrap-books. I have personally about twenty-five. There is nothing better to give a child than a scrap-book containing photographs, and room for such things as the owner may wish to add.

The Los Angeles Public Library has invented a scrap-book of its own, as cheap as any on the market, and far more durable. I hope it will be possible to offer this without profit to the library and simply as a means of culture.

CHAS. F. LUMMIS.





Founded 1895

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The Union Oil Company, through its manager, Mr. J. S. Torrance, has deeded to the Landmarks Club the beautiful historic ruins of the Mission Purisima, near Lompoc, on condition that the sum of \$1500 be expended by the Club to preserve these venerable monuments of history and architecture. With the buildings, the deed carries sufficient land to safeguard them and to make a public park. The whole gift is worth several thousand dollars.

These ruins have been long neglected and need immediate attention. They are so breached that every rain causes havoc which \$2000 would not repair. We must save them as a heritage for California and the Nation.

All members of the Landmarks Club (which is incorporated for just such things) should pay up at once at least their annual dues of \$1 per annum. All good Americans, wherever they live—all patriots, indeed, of any part of this our joint world—should help in this work. Membership in the Landmarks Club is open to all. The dues are \$1 per year, and there is no initiation. Additional contributions are welcome. There are no salaries—all moneys go to the saving of our historic monuments.

The Club has done more than any other organization in America to preserve the heritage of the future. Its "literature," illustrated, will be sent to anyone free, upon request.

Previously acknowledged—Dues, \$8802.50.

Landmarks Club Subscriptions for 1908-1909.

Allen, H. B., \$2; Burnham, R. W., \$2; Buell, E. C., and wife, \$4; Bicknell, John D., \$2; Bigler, Frank S., \$2; Bulla, Robt., \$2; Buck, G. H., \$2; Bodkins, John J., \$2; Bennett, R. H., \$2; Bridge, Norman, \$2; Boothe, C. B., and wife, \$4; Clark, Wesley, \$2; Conaty, Bishop Thos. J., \$2; Cunningham, Curtiss & Welch, \$2; Duque, J. L., \$2; Dunn, W. E., \$2; Davis, Chas. Cassat, \$2; Dow, H. G., \$2; Eldredge, Zoeth S., \$2; Fisk, John P., \$1; Faulkner, A. R., \$2;

French, J. B., \$1; Fleming, Arthur, \$2; Gay, Mrs. G. S., \$2; Gibson, Jas. A., \$1; Gothe, C. M., \$2; Griffin, Martin, \$2; Hellman, W. H., \$2; Holterhoff, Godfrey, \$2; Hubbell, Lora A., \$2; Hooker, Katherin, \$2; Hamersly, E. G., \$2; Healion, M. C., \$2; Hubbard, Mrs. Ella, \$2; Johnson, Jos. H., \$2; James, Geo. Wharton, \$2; Kays, J. W., \$2; King, F. W., \$2; Lee, Bradner W., \$2; Loew, Mrs. J., \$2; Lashbrooke, John H., \$2; Lewis, Mary Agnes, \$1; MacGowan, D. G., \$2; McBride, J. H., \$2; Marble, Mrs. J. M. C., \$2; Matthews, Chas., \$2; Meeker, J. Elizabeth, \$2; Meeker, Mrs. J. E., \$2; Meeker, Miss, \$2; Macleod, Malcolm, \$2; Mohr, M. C., \$2; Myers, Wm. R., \$2; Munk, J. A., \$2.00; Mossin, Mrs. J. G., \$2.00; Mitchell, Drusilla, \$2; McFarland, A. M., and wife, \$4; Nelson, H. P., \$2; Otero, M. A., \$2; Perkins, E. T., \$2; Poindexter, R. W., \$2; Pridham, William, \$2; Richards, J. T., \$2; Solano, Ella B., \$2; Sherman, Mrs. H. S., \$2; Stephens, Wm. D., \$2; Slauson, Sarah P., \$2; Story, Adella B., \$2; Stickney, Susan H., \$2; Smith, C. W., \$2; Vroman, A. C., \$2; Wells, A. G., and wife, \$4; Williams, Mrs. Fred C., \$2; Wolter, J. W., \$2; Woolwine, W. D., \$1; Wiggins, Frank, \$2.

Donations.

Allen, H. B., \$1; Bulla, Robt. N., \$1; Clark, Wesley, \$3; Griffin, Martin, \$1; Hamersly, E. G., \$3; Healion, M. C., \$3; Solano, Ella B., \$1; Hubbard, Mrs. Ella, \$3; Conaty, T. J., \$50.

SUNSET ON THE STRAND

By ADDISON H. GIBSON.

LOSE following along the path
 Of swift-departing day,
 The sunset rays weave strands of gold
 Where sapphire ripples play.
 With shafts of iridescent light
 The blue above is riven,
 And clouds of radiant beauty rise
 Like spires and domes of heaven.

In silence o'er the twilight sea
 The white gulls wing their flight,
 While, homeward bound, the fisherman
 Rows through the waning light.
 A jeweled robe the sunset flings
 About yon mystic dome,
 And soft sea-voices call and call,
 "O wandering feet, turn home."

Los Angeles, Cal.

THE SOUTHWEST SOCIETY Archæological Institute of America

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Chas. Elliot Norton, LL. D., Cambridge, Mass.

*By their consent, and subscribed by the Southwest Society.

The annual meeting of the Southwest Society of the Archaeological Institute of America was notable for the extraordinary progress reported as to the Society's work for the year. No scientific body in America has ever made such a record; and the Southwest Society, having now no other records to beat but its own, is actively engaged in beating that.

The present membership of 427 includes many of the foremost citizens of California and the Southwest. The quality of the membership may fairly be judged by the officers, as above.

The last six months of 1909 have marked more progress for the Society than any two years of its previous history—though already the pace-maker for other societies in this branch of the preservation of history.

The most important events of this six months were (within a couple of days of one another) Mrs. Jones's bequest of \$50,000 for a memorial hall, and the election of Mr. Hector Alliot as Curator. The latter action has not only given us a Curator of experience and of the qualities that kindle interest; but also one competent to, and willing to, catalogue the priceless collections gathered by this Society.

The report of the Treasurer shows:

From October 31, 1908, to November 30, 1909:

Received in dues	\$2602.74
Overdraft, Oct. 31, 1908	\$ 16.29
Salary of Curator	600.00
Transferred to Museum	300.00
Miscellaneous	135.19
Institute (A. I. A.)	1000.00
Museum Purchases	6.50
Postage	172.40
Printing and Supplies	97.25
Stenographer	50.00
Lectures	8.00
	\$2403.88
Balance in Bank Nov. 30, 1909	\$ 198.86
	\$2602.74

The report of the Secretary was as follows:

On the 20th of November, 1903, the Southwest Society was founded in Los Angeles as the fourteenth affiliation of the foremost scientific body in America. The thirteen other societies at that time had a total membership of 1178 living members. It should be observed here that the Institute carries its life members forever on its roster. The Boston Society, for instance, thus carries some sixty names of deceased citizens.

The next annual report of the Institute—the first in which the Southwest Society enters—shows (November, 1904,) the following very significant figures which I ask you to observe carefully, as an index of the character of this community:

SOCIETY.	YEAR FOUNDED.	LIVE MEMBERSHIP,	GAIN OVER	LOSS.
		1904.	1903.	
Boston	1879	225		17
New York	1884	218		14
Baltimore	1884	54	4	
Pennsylvania	1889	138	59	
Chicago	1889	79	4	
Detroit	1889	126		1
Wisconsin	1889	22		5
Cleveland	1895	51	0	
Connecticut	1898	72	0	
Missouri	1900	32	13	
Washington, D. C.	1902	132	14	
Iowa	1902	27	10	
Pittsburg	1903	77	10	
Southwest	1903	116	116	

That is to say, in its first year the growth of this Society was nearly ten per cent. of the total membership of the Institute.

In 1908 there were twenty-one societies with a total membership of 2200. In 1909 there were thirty societies in the United States (including six branches) with a total of 2298 members; and in Canada eight societies (including one branch) with a total of 508 members. This makes the grand total of membership 2806 for thirty-eight societies and branches. Twenty-five of these societies have been founded, and 1628 of these members added, since the Southwest Society came in. It is not too much to say that this growth has been not only posterior to, but very largely on account of, the extraordinary success of the Southwest Society. Up to the time of its splendid innovations, most of the Institute had not seen anything in America worthy of serious scientific attention; and the living spirits who are now in the ascendancy had been unable to establish societies outside the narrow bounds of the Far East. A society was founded in San Francisco a few weeks before the Southwest Society, but it died a-borning. It was only after the Southwest Society had passed the "300 mark," and vastly outstripped all other societies in

membership, that it became possible—upon the arguments of generous competition and local patriotism—to establish societies in Colorado, Cincinnati, St. Louis, Santa Fé, Kansas City, the Northwest, Utah, San Francisco, Rhode Island, New Jersey, and so on; and a splendid foundation in Canada—the latter within a year.

You will notice that in the first five years of the life of this Society, the total net gain of the Institute was 944—that the Southwest Society and those which followed it had made a net gain of 1010 members; and that all the Eastern Societies which were older, had in the same five years made a net loss of 66.

You will notice also by the following table that in six years up to and including 1909, the thirteen older and Eastern societies made a net loss of 66 in membership; while the Southwest Society alone made a net gain of 427; and with its successors the net gain for 1909 was 633.

SOCIETY.	YEARS	1909	SIX YEARS.	
	OLD.	MEMBERSHIP.	LOSS.	GAIN.
Boston	30	236	22	
New York	25	161	71	
Baltimore	25	53		3
Pennsylvania	20	113		34
Chicago	20	92		17
Detroit	20	77	3	
Wisconsin	20	40	23	
Cleveland	15	44	7	
Connecticut	11	66	6	
Washington	7	165		43
Iowa	7	72	41	
Pittsburg	7	66		
Southwest Society	6	427		427
Colorado	5	87		87
Cincinnati	9	41		41
St. Louis	3	125		125
Rochester, N. Y.	3	39		39
Utah	3	38		38
San Francisco	3	54		54
Kansas City	3	55		55
Washington State		104		104
Rhode Island		69		69
New Jersey		55		55
Portland		51		51
Canada		508		508

If anything is made plain by this official table, it is that the work of the Institute has been Americanized. The old Eastern Idea that the only antiquities and history in the world worth our studying were in the Classic Lands has been mollified. Since the activities of the Southwest Society began in the West, we have found that the inside of America is as important and as interesting, even for science, as are the classic lands. It is admitted throughout the Insti-

tute that this Americanization of the work has been chiefly due to the Southwest Society, and to the magnificent support given it by this patriotic community. You will notice that there are now as many societies west of the Mississippi River as east of it; whereas, before the foundation of the Southwest Society and its success in carrying the flag westward, a little society of seventeen people in Iowa, and one of 128 in Detroit, and one of twenty-eight in Wisconsin, was as far as the Institute had been able to come west. And of course you realize that in all the other societies our work has been a stimulus and help. Even the societies which have lost ground have not lost so much as they would have done but for the new vitalization of the Institute. The academic pump had run pretty dry.

Out here we do not need to depend upon Greek professors, no matter how excellent. We put the Western Idea into our science and into our scholarship. We have been asked scores of times by the Institute and by officials of other societies as to the "secret of our success." We answer that there are *two* "secrets." First, that we have a community such as does not and cannot exist in the East. And, second, that we "mix business with our science."

You will observe also that the Institute has far more than doubled its membership since the Southwest Society came in. That its gain has been overwhelmingly in the West; and that of all societies the Southwest Society has made the most wonderful growth.

Besides this, ours was the first society to work. Before that, all the rest of the societies were simply feeders for the Institute. It took a long, hard fight with the Institute itself before we secured control of our own revenues. We insisted that we should conduct expeditions, maintain a curator, and an exhibit, and in other ways make this a living entity of this community.

Now, the Colorado, Cincinnati, St. Louis, and Utah Societies are also doing real work—fired by our example.

Only those in the thick of the fight can realize how long and tiresome was the struggle for five years to bring about this Americanization of the work. Progress against provincial ideas (even academic-provincialism), is always an up-hill task. But we have won. These tables show it.

But this is only a small part of the achievement. Three years ago there was no consensus whatever in national science. No two universities, no two departments of government, were allied for this cause. It took a bitter fight, which lasted for five years; which ran against, and won over, all the ramifications of Congress, and resulted in the Lacey Bill to save American antiquities. It harmonized and systematized and brought into collaboration the chief museums and universities of the country, and the jealous departments of the gov-

ernment; and won out at last only by the direct and repeated personal interference, on our behalf, of that magnificent American, Theodore Roosevelt.

Today the Institute is a national corporation by act of Congress; the leading universities and museums of the country, the governmental departments of the Interior, and Agriculture, and the Bureau of Ethnology, are all pulling together with it. We have organized the School of American Archaeology on an even broader plan than the world-famous Classical Schools in Athens, Rome and Jerusalem. And we had this year more men in the field, and did more work, than all three of them put together. The Territory of New Mexico (which Senator Beveridge thought "too ignorant to be admitted to Statehood") has given us for this school the famous "Governor's Palace" in Santa Fé, with a fund for repairs and \$5,000 a year for maintenance. Mr. Jos. Scott and the secretary of this Society are the local members of the managing board of this school; and the latter is a regent of the New Mexico Museum. The plans for restoring the old palace to its historic aspect are being drawn by another of our members—Mr. Sumner P. Hunt.

The secret of large success is to put your money to work for you while you sleep, and to get other people to work for you also. No man can build up a great business alone, nor can any society. So far from being a rival to the Southwest Museum which this society has founded, the School of American Archaeology and the New Mexico Museum will be its allies. Through them, without a cent of expense except the freight, we shall conduct more expeditions, and secure more museum specimens, than we could get for \$3000 a year. This is a cosmopolitan community. The society and its work are in keeping. The museum which we have founded will be cosmopolitan also. We are pretty smart out here; but not smart enough to cut the rest of the world out from under us, nor to decline their help when we can have harnessed to our service a system of science, education and activity which reaches throughout this nation and over most of Canada, and down through Mexico, Yucatan and Guatemala.

But while it has been securing a national organization and co-operation, the Southwest Society has not been idle at home. It has maintained a Curator for nearly five years, and a free public exhibit for three. Beginning in a little room in the Pacific Electric Building, we have now space to show a small part of our collections. The present quarters are a gift from one of our most patriotic members, Mr. M. A. Hamburger, his donations amounting to \$4000. We have acquired (by gift and purchase and pledge) collections worth over \$80,000; and we have raised in subscriptions, from \$1.00 up, in cash or its equivalent, over \$60,000. You have observed that the

late Mrs. Carrie M. Jones has also made a bequest of \$50,000 to the Southwest Museum for a memorial building. Mr. C. M. Stimson has added to his will a bequest of \$5000, and deed to 150 acres in the Antelope Valley.

The Southwest Society was founded not only to keep this community in touch with scientific research the world over, but particularly to found and maintain a museum in this community for the whole Southwest. Two years ago this month the incorporation of such a museum was realized. The distinguished head of the U. S. Army, retired, Lieut. Gen. Adna R. Chaffee, is president. The collections acquired by the Southwest Society have been made over to this museum. The Society has also secured the most magnificent location in the United States for a public museum. Sixteen-and-a-fraction acres have been paid for at a total cost of \$30,000. The remainder of the hill at \$15,000 should be purchased without fail in order to make the site matchless. This work has been almost entirely in the hands of Henry W. O'Melveny, Chairman of our Finance Committee and of our Law Committee—the latter including also Jos. Scott, J. D. Bicknell and Chas. Cassat Davis.

During the six years of the life of this Society, we have secured a total of 522 members, including life and annual. We have paid a heavy toll to death; no less than twenty-three of our annual members having passed away in that time (besides three life members); and sixty-seven in all have resigned—largely on account of removal to distant cities or countries. Our total net membership at date is 427.

The bequest of \$50,000 from Mrs. Jones comes at the psychologic moment. This and the reorganization of the Executive Committee, now stronger than ever before; the election as Curator of Mr. Hector Alliot; the beginning of a campaign of publicity, and our advance all along the line—these mark the beginning of a new era with the Southwest Society. First of all, now, we must double our membership. This is work which should engage the thought and the support of every good citizen. Almost anything else in such a community is sure to be looked after—but our history and our culture depend absolutely upon the generosity of the people who care—and the promptness with which they care.

A campaign of publicity is already beginning. Mr. Hector Alliot will lecture whenever desired, and with colored slides. By publication and by correspondence the gospel will be spread. The Fourth Bulletin is at your disposal. A fifth is expected to follow soon, containing a further account of that magnificent exploration of the Pu-yé, for which the Southwest Society is primarily responsible and of which it will have the best fruits.

The Society has made the largest and most important collection

of folk songs ever made, having recorded by the phonograph over 400 of the old California and Southwestern Spanish songs, and over 200 Indian songs in thirty-six different languages.

The Spanish songs have all been transcribed by Arthur Farwell and other experts. Of these Spanish songs, Mr. Farwell has taken some sixty of the most beautiful, and has harmonized them magnificently. I am now engaged in translating them into singing verse in English. They will be then published in a folio which (it is admitted by musical critics who have investigated the matter) will be the most important addition ever made to our repertory of popular songs at any one time. It will do much for the Society in both popular and scientific recognition—for no society in America has ever made such contribution.

Every member should bear in mind not only to swell our membership, but that this city is full of collections of art and historic value which should be preserved in this museum. Bear it in mind to jog your friend on this point. Remind him that when he shall be dead he would not like his collections dissipated at auction, nor lost, nor burned up, nor given away by careless heirs. The only safe way to preserve his work is by having the collection in his own name in the Southwest Museum, to be preserved there forever as a possession for the whole public. His own children and grandchildren will be more secure of it than if he left it to them—for you know these heirlooms do evaporate. Another thing is to remind your friends to add to their wills bequests of money, land or other things for the permanent endowment of this great museum. The best in the world is none too good for us. Anything less than that would fall short of what our children deserve and our boast of progress calls for.

CHAS. F. LUMMIS, Secretary.



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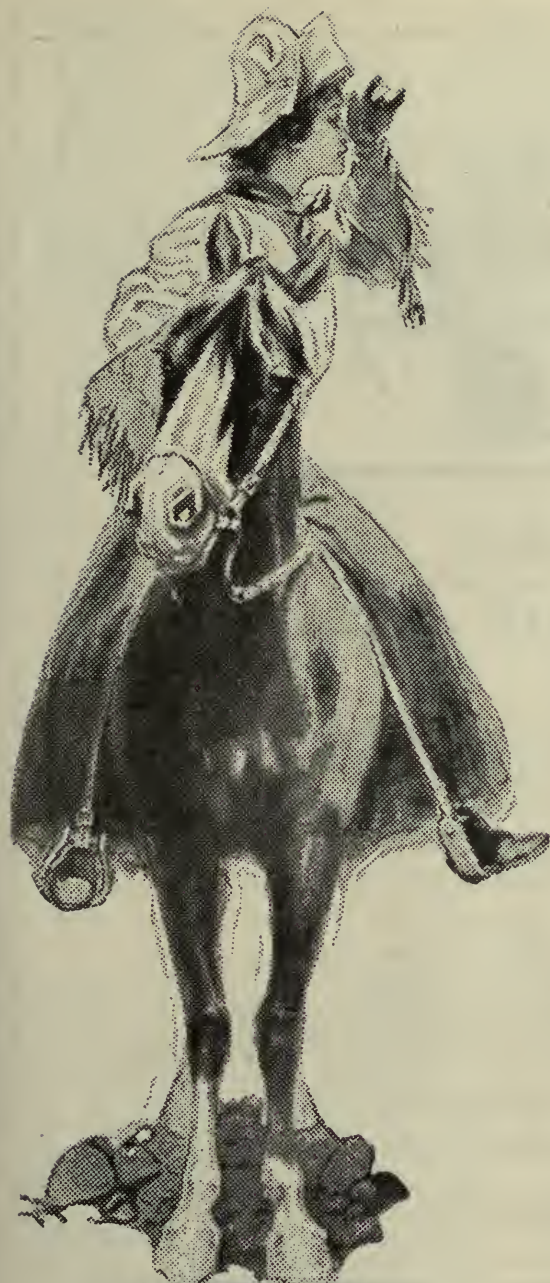
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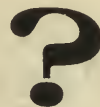
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All manuscript, and other matter requiring the attention of the editor, should be addressed to him. All letters about subscriptions, advertising or any other business, should be addressed

OUT WEST MAGAZINE COMPANY
312-316 Mason Opera House Bldg., Los Angeles, California

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Cash and Sight Exchange..	5,400,058.49

Total\$19,570,567.63

LIABILITIES

Capital	\$ 1,250,000.00
Surplus & Undivided Profits	1,727,876.49
Circulation	1,175,197.50
Deposits	15,417,493.64

Total\$19,570,567.63

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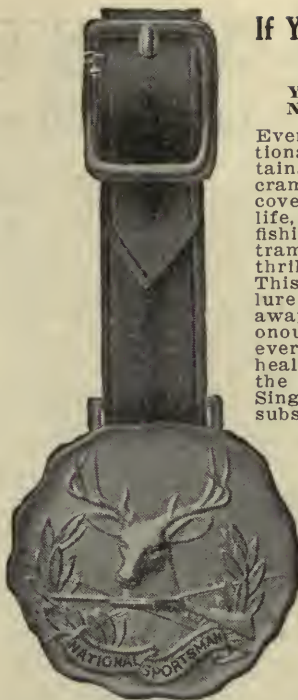
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NOTICE

GET AN

OUT WEST REPORT

Owing to the great number of letters received by the OUT WEST Magazine asking for information regarding localities, companies, and general subjects pertaining to the Pacific Coast, the Southwest and Mexico, it has been decided by the business management to open a department, in charge of competent persons, for the purpose of supplying reliable information and reports. The service is free and dependable—to all alike—and on any subject or locality embraced above.

An "OUT WEST REPORT"—a personal letter giving the desired information in detail so far as we have it or can obtain it, will be sent the enquirer—also literature on the subject where such is issued.

Persons desiring information regarding any particular locality will, by writing us, be supplied with an "OUT WEST REPORT" giving the information desired, also literature on the locality where any is issued.

Anyone desiring to find the locality best adapted for their particular purpose will, by writing and stating exactly what is wanted, receive an "OUT WEST REPORT," telling where it can be found and giving complete information regarding the locality, with literature on same if any is issued.

If information is desired regarding any particular land or mining company, an "OUT WEST REPORT" will give all the reliable information that it is possible to get on the subject.

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If a hotel of a particular class is desired, write us telling just what is wanted, and we will send an "OUT WEST REPORT" telling where to find exactly the place.

If uncertain as to just what is wanted, where wanted or how to get it, and it pertains to the Pacific Coast, Southwest or Mexico, write us at once for an "OUT WEST REPORT" on the subject.

An "OUT WEST REPORT" can be depended on—all information will be prompt, complete and reliable. We have nothing to sell, except magazines and advertising space.

This department service is open alike to our subscribers and others. It costs the enquirers nothing, and may save much by helping to avoid expensive mistakes.

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Address all letters of enquiry to,

OUT WEST MAGAZINE

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Los Angeles, California

NOTE—OUT WEST guarantees nothing more than the correctness of the statements in "OUT WEST REPORTS." It cannot guarantee that any particular investment will be profitable, or any particular place agreeable to the individual.

The department is conducted by the business management of OUT WEST,—not by the editorial staff.

ENCORE

TO A BIRD SINGING AT NIGHT.

By CATHERINE WOOD.

SINGING of rest to a world full of pain,
Dear little dreaming one, sing it again.
Welcome the dew from the winds of the night,
Sing to the desert a song of delight.

Sing of the blossoms to follow the rain,
Sweet white forget-me-nots dotting the plain,
Voice of the chaparral, sing it again.
Little soft sleepy one, sing it again.
Riverside, Cal.



THE ROAD TO KNOWLEDGE, BOU SAADA



Vol. XXXII No. 2

FEBRUARY, 1910

BOU SAADA, THE EMERALD CITY

By WALTER S. CRAMP.



SLIPPING on the edge of the grand Sahara, between mountains that never feel the gentle touch and joy of vegetation, the little town of Bou Saada sparkles like a deep emerald in a huge setting of oxidized gold. It was in the spring-time when I journeyed thither, but the wide plains and broken mountains did not respond to the loving caress of that fruitful season. Only here and there on the great plains, growing in spots less salty and bitter than others, tufts of *alfa* struggled to live, and they seemed to fear the earth to which they were attached, for only half of their roots sought the ground while the other half preferred to trust in what the air might bring. And through those desolate places the road to Bou Saada goes along like a dried river-bed, sometimes passing between mountains and other times losing itself in drifts of sand.



APPROACH TO BOU SAADA

I shall never forget the first sight of that little town which has been burnt by a thousand summers. I had taken the longest way to reach there, traveling by carriage from Algiers. There is no more picturesque country in the world than that of Algeria and as the roads are usually very good, a trip of three or four days is most enjoyable. But the new road to Bou Saada was not completed and the accommodations for eating and sleeping were lacking. Therefore, after passing the night in Arab stables and on straw mats which yielded to the unevenness of the ground, and which seemed afraid to touch my body, and after eating of food well cooked but served on unwashed plates, the sight of the Emerald City was as satisfying to the eye as a drop of water to thirsty lips. A huge smooth cloud above me made the heavens appear like a grey lake, but above the little desert town the cloud melted away into the golden light of a setting sun and no queen looked more proud than humble Bou Saada with such a crown. The houses, built on a sloping hillside, were still bathed in a rain of gold; but the thousands of palm trees in the valley below were beginning, thus early, to lose their form in the slowly creeping shadows of the mountains.

So deceiving are the distances in that country of pure transparent air, that it was nearly dark when I reached the edge of the town. As I drove through the narrow streets the little Arab children looked at me with fearful surprise. But the men gave me a kindly nod and from some I heard a whispered greeting. In a few minutes I was in a large square, where hundreds of Arabs and a few Frenchmen and soldiers were chatting away a short quarter of an hour before eating their evening meal. My arrival was a topic of passing interest and a few were curious to see the newcomer, for they followed me to the small hotel, where I was greeted by a thin, round-shouldered, grey-haired lady. As she showed me a nicely furnished room with a comfortable bed she unfolded a portion of her life's history. She told me that she was a widow and that she had lived a hard life at Bou Saada for seventeen years, at which, I suppose, I gave her the sympathy she sought, for she seemed satisfied with my interest and went away happier than when she first saw me.

A good dinner made me forget the tiring but interesting journey thither. The young girl who waited upon the table was a sad, timid creature, and she thanked me with a thin voice every time she passed me anything. This was pleasing at first, but after a few meals I wished that she would cease her appreciation of my appetite. But no, she kept it up during my stay in the same feeble manner, without modulation or variety, from the *hors-d'ouevres* even to the tooth-picks. However, I did not come to Bou Saada to study French life, and I

was soon out in the street mixing with the Arabs, whose simple life was fast making me admire them. Their language is not unknown to me and, as I passed among them in the streets, I read in their quiet faces surprise at my reply to their cordial greeting. The large square and a few of the main streets were lit up by only a few lamps, but I was fortunate to be in Bou Saada when the moon was at its full. The clouds of the afternoon had dissolved and I could easily see my way in the unfrequented parts of the town. It was impossible to get lost there and, as I like the surprise of discovery, I refused the services of a guide. To be alone, to



IN THE EMERALD CITY

feel the pulse of the people, to taste their genuine sympathy, to touch my heart with their hearts, to live their life; that to me is the joy of travel.

At one corner, the sound of music made me stop and listen. It came from a large, rectangular, one-storied building, with no opening but the entrance door. A few young, well-dressed Arabs were talking to each other nearby and, from what they said, I learned that Zeina would soon dance and that the Cadi's son had come from Ain Adjel to see her. I entered. The oblong room with its low ceiling was nearly filled with young Arabs, who were seated

in two rows of benches fastened to the longer walls. Near the door was a sign of civilization—a French bar! At the other end were the musicians, and a few dancing girls were sitting before them. Zeina was seated in their midst, and she appeared to be only about fifteen years old. A handsome Arab made a place for me alongside of him, and he told me that I was just in time to see one of the best dancers of the desert.

There was no ventilation in the room and the air was heavy with the smoke of tobacco, the fumes of coffee, and the heat and breath of the people. It is strange how these Arabs defy all laws of hygiene and yet live along. Everywhere I saw things that would make one of our Boards of Health gasp in horror. In this room I felt that the air was too thick to enter my nostrils, but I seemed to be the only one affected by that dense medium. After I had been seated a few minutes, a large, stout dancer made her appearance. She was not very attractive, and no one appeared to notice her. However, the audience was patient and there were no jeers, and when she had finished she sat down by the musicians without stirring any emotion whatever.

In a few moments there was a murmur of admiration and Zeina stood before us waiting for the musicians to play. Her name means "beautiful," and indeed she was. While I was trying to find words to express my appreciation of her charms, the youth beside me said, "She is an aurora, a pure pearl, a flower-bud of the rose, the iridescence of a rainbow, a bright star, a crystal spring." I thanked him, but Zeina was more than all that. These may express her beauty, but in that slender, graceful creature before us there was something that could not be seen but that could be felt. There was something in her soft large eyes that made the heart beat faster and the blood tingle, there was something in the curve of her full but pretty lips that told a story of great delight. Zeina was an incarnation of Love.

The musicians started to play. The little maid began to shuffle her feet along the ground, to extend her bare arms and to move her beautiful hands in that peculiar Oriental way of opening them and gradually uniting the fingers as if gathering floating silk threads. I never saw any audience so silent and so attentive. Each watched with all the power of his being the little creature as she turned her head, worked her hands, shook her breasts and undulated and convulsed her graceful body. There was something mysterious in the expression of her eyes and in the movement of her fingers that deeply impressed me, but I was not completely captivated as were the others, especially the young man beside me. I had seen many dancers and all had disgusted me with their grossness and vulgarity, but now this maid of the South, this flower of the desert,

more delicate, more chaste and more lovely than her sisters of the North, made me admire this dance of Love. For it is a dance of Love. And Zeina danced for the invisible lover with all her skill and power. His voice spoke to her in the music of the flute, his look was in the composite glance of all the eyes that regarded her lovingly, his passion breathed from the emotions of all those men's souls. And Zeina—I was glad to hear the youth beside me say: "In her eye are a thousand loves, in her hands are a thousand hearts! She has mine! She has mine!"

Yes, he was right. She had won them all; and even my marble



A STREET IN BOU SAADA

heart had a chip knocked off when she passed around a large tambourine. She gave me a very sweet glance of thanks as I threw in a piece of silver. The youth at my side gave nothing. He jumped down and, after speaking to her a few moments, they left the room together.

"Who is he?" I asked an Arab in front of me.

"He is the son of the Cadi of Ain Adjel," was his reply.

I did not wait to see the other dancers, for I felt sure that none could excel little Zeina and, bowing to the Arabs around me, I went out into the street. The evening was beautiful and as I walked

along thinking of Zeina and the Cadi's son I heard a mother singing her child to sleep. I stopped to listen. From time to time in that melody of love I heard the cries of her babe, which gradually grew softer and softer until both were hushed. "Ah," I said to myself, "we may have different customs, different ways of dressing ourselves, different colored skin, but the heart-life, the soul-life of all the world is the same."

As that sweet song died away I heard another, coming from the rivulet which gives Bou Saada her life. I went there. As I left the narrow road between mud walls, that enclosed many gardens, I could see the water that seemed to dance and mock at the tall, stately palms bordering its shores. Soon I stood on the bank of that stream and looking up and down and across, I exclaimed in surprise at the sight of such wondrous beauty.

The moon was high above the city and the stream, from where it appeared and lost itself in graceful bends, sparkled in its bed of rounded, shining stones and between crumbling shores of sandy earth, like a vein of silver. There was no wind, and the graceful palms, some high, some low, supinely unfolded their narrow and pointed leaves as if in quiet contemplation, as if in silent prayer. And as I stood there entranced by the lovely sight, I found that the last song I had heard came from a few Arabs who were resting near the stream. Such a melody I had never heard before, but I knew from the even rhythm that the men were chanting and, from a few words that were enunciated more clearly than the others, I detected that they were singing the first Sourat of the Koran. I stood there and heard them sing it many times, and when they went away, still singing, I walked to the spot that they had left and sat there. The rhythm of their chant was singing in my ears and I soon noticed another motive of melody, the song of the stream. And strange to say, both seemed to fit so marvelously, the one to the other, that I could not disentangle them, and I found myself singing these words with an emotion sacred and profound: "*Praise be to God, the Lord of all Creatures, the most merciful, the King of the day of judgment. Thee do we worship, and of thee do we beg assistance. Direct us in the right way, in the way of those to whom thou hast been gracious; and not of those against whom thou art incensed, nor of those who go astray.*"

I do not know how many times I sang that strain, but I was awakened from my unconscious worship by an Arab who called from the bank, "Hail to thee, my brother!"

Perhaps my response was cold or, as is most likely, my Arabic was badly pronounced, at least, he knew that I was a stranger and he asked quickly, "Where did you learn that?" And then immediately after, "Are you a Musselman?"



"THE ALLURING BANKS OF THE STREAM"

I shook his hand and then kissed my first finger, which is the Arab way of greeting, and replied softly and slowly, "I learned the words from the great book; the chant to-night in this stream. It may be that I am a Musselman. I really do not know."

He seemed impressed by my reply for he said, "It is thus truth comes. God help thee!"

There was a pause after this and, in the silence, the words of the Sourat formed on the melody of the stream. I think he heard them, for he squeezed my hand and said, "Amen." Then suddenly he left me and, mounting the bank, he cried, "Farewell! I go to Biskra."

Again I was alone. The beneficent moon was still pouring upon the earth her silvery light, the grand palms were resting motionless in the soft dry air, the brightest stars were twinkling dimly over the forest of trees, the sandy banks and the smooth stones made more tender the caressing light of the moon; and all, all reflected in that limpid musical and peaceful stream. I was alone and yet not alone for the voices of my being were singing, in unison with the stream, the words which my now silent lips had sung.

II.

The next morning the sun smiled upon Bou Saada, and she returned a loving glance. When I left my hotel the streets were bright and alive with Arabs young and old, some with burnouses of blazing red, of steel blue, of Nile green, of sombre black and of pure white; others, and they were more frequent, with simple gondoras, or long skirts, torn, stained and patched. In the large square the crowd was most numerous. It was market day and a wave of gladness flooded the enclosure. At one end the fountain played a merry tune; in the houses which bordered the square the people were laughing from the windows to friends below; happy children ran in and about the crowd; yes, and poor, sad ones, too, in torn rags begged for that with which to live. A Marabout in one corner had gathered a crowd and was singing to his listeners the story of the great Abd-el-Kader. And in the middle, divided up into many groups, buyers and sellers were disputing good-naturedly upon the prices of dried dates and figs; of coffee, sugar, salt, acorns, almonds and cheese; of second-hand clothes, knives, kitchen utensils and household furniture; of new apparel, of ornaments and of almost everything necessary to daily life.

While I was looking at a small circular looking-glass, set in a crudely embroidered red leather case, I heard someone whisper in French, "Do not pay what is asked."

I looked around and saw a little fellow with the hood of his unbleached burnous encircling a bright, inquisitive face. There was a twinkle in his large black eyes, full of playfulness, and yet there

was on his dark olive face an expression as if he feared that he had been too bold. But my "Why?" assured him that he had not addressed a person void of sympathy.

The point of his hood was moved in the direction of the seller as the boy said, "He is a Jew." Then his brow wrinkled as he waited to see how I received this information.

I bought the small mirror for one-sixth the price asked, and, as I walked away, I beckoned to the little fellow to come with me. He seemed glad at my invitation and accepted with a polite, "If you wish me to." I do not know whether timidity or politeness made him quiet, but now he did not venture information and only gave it when questioned. Being only fourteen years old, his life story was short, and I soon learned that his name was Mohammed, that he was one of four children, that he had finished school and was leading a life of enforced idleness, for there was very little prospect of work in that small town. His remark to a middle-sized, rather stout man, with full face and beard, and with a bearing of excessive dignity, made me ask the stranger's name. Mohammed replied, "My father."

I was impressed with the man's deportment and I imagined that his position must be of some importance, but the lad, with an air of equal dignity, informed me that his father did all the laundry-work for the hotel. I must have shown the laugh that was trying to force itself upon my lips, for he added immediately that he had an uncle who lived upon the income of his estate. The social status of Mohammed's family was therefore equalized. However, the Mohammedan is more charitable than we of the West, for, to him, all men are truly equal. We have the words "equality and brotherhood" upon our lips, but our hearts do not believe them. The little fellow wished me to meet this uncle, and I gladly told him to take me to his home.

Between two-storied mud houses, and upon narrow, dusty roads that would be nearly impassable in wet weather, we directed our way, sometimes meeting young and beautiful girls with graceful and erect bearing, who carried kneaded bread upon their heads ready for the oven; shepherds, leading their flocks to pasture; women, carrying upon their backs crushing loads of earth, stones, and brush for kindling. Signs of poverty were everywhere, but I saw no begging hand. The people looked at me with curiosity and some called Mohammed aside and asked him who I was. In one street the children ran from me, crying "*Chitan, Chitan!*" which really means "Satan, Satan!" Mohammed was shocked, and besought me not to listen to them, and all his calling to them was in vain. The reason for their fright, he explained, was the scarlet color of my face, which in my journey of four days had assumed

the appearance of a blister. I laughed away Mohammed's displeasure and, when we reached his uncle's house, he had regained his easy composure.

The outside was of plaster with no openings save the entrance, which was closed by a dilapidated door of unpainted wooden planks, warped into nearly half circles. We entered. The ground floor was reserved for the sheep and goats and, searching out the cleanest spots, we hurried to a stone stairway that led to the second story. As we mounted, Mohammed warned me that there was a step missing and, skipping to the top, he called to the family that a stranger was making a visit. But no one seemed to care, and, when I reached the top step, a large room divided in one corner by walls of platted straw opened before me. I saw the mother sitting upon the floor kneading bread in a large flat platter with a shallow edge; two little children, a boy and a girl, who were watching her; the father, who was indolently resting against a vertical beam; the daughter, covered with a red and blue blanket, who lay upon a straw mat and talked to a young lover, while he caressed her little fair hands. I was greeted by a glance from the family, while the father said without rising or moving, "You are welcome."

There was no furniture in the room—absolutely nothing, and even in the space divided by the walls of platted straw, which was the sleeping quarter, there was only a large mat. Mohammed told me to sit down, which I did very awkwardly.

"From where do you come?" the father asked me.

I looked at him and said that I was from the United States of America. He was a man of sixty, but his gray beard and wrinkled face gave him the appearance of a man much older. His expression was calm and his eyes bright and kind. The finely woven robe which he wore was rich and elegant, and a burnous in a heap near him (I learned from Mohammed later) cost nearly seventy-five dollars.

"It is a rich and great country," he replied, "but——" here he paused a moment and then said firmly, "the people are ungodly."

I came immediately to the rescue of the American people and said, with a little show of resentment, "We have many churches and we observe a day of rest."

"Yes," he said; "but gold is their God."

I noticed that he did not say "your," for that would have been personal. While I wondered how he had learned so truly our great fault, he offered me bread, milk, dates and figs. I thanked him and accepted a glass of milk and a few figs, which were brought by the little girl. This broke all formality between us and we entered into a very pleasant conversation. He told me that he had



EVEN THE BEGGARS ARE PICTURESQUE

travelled in Italy, France and Spain, and that he had studied the different countries and that he had read about America, but he said that as far as he could judge, he thought that the people in those countries feared the opinion of their kind more than the anger of God. He talked so conclusively that I found myself agreeing with him and saying "yes," when probably I ought to have said "no."

While we were talking thus the mother had finished kneading her bread, which is called "*kasra*," and which is made without leaven. She was a handsome woman with large black eyes made to appear larger than they were by a black stain with which they were encircled. She wore no veil over her face but her hair was covered by a small *hyak*, which was held by a chain of twenty franc gold pieces, around her head at the temples. A tattooed cross with equal arms was partly hidden on her forehead and there was also another on her graceful chin. She was now cooking the bread in a cracked earthen platter which rested on three stones. Her shapely arms wore ornaments of wide, solid gold bracelets at the wrist, and they moved with a languor that showed fatigue. Bracelets of gold also encircled her neat ankles. Her feet were wide but small. The two children who continuously watched their mother were little, dried things, all eyes and teeth. Their frail and delicate arms and legs looked too small for their large stomachs, which they showed frequently without shame as they twisted about on one spot. The lover and his fair sweetheart were unmindful of everything save what took place in their happy, rosy world. There was another son whom I did not see. He was at school, studying history and poetry, so the father told me.

When I left, there was the same indifference which greeted my entrance, and I felt that I had made no more impression upon their life than that which a stone makes upon the surface of a bed of quicksand.

My importance received a greater shock after I had visited a camel stable. It was a large rectangular enclosure with high walls. In one corner was a one-storied building where the drivers slept. A few date-palms shrank into another corner as if trying to avoid the dirt and filth. About half-a-dozen camels were re-chewing their meal, which they had eaten hours ago, and drowsily reposed in the shadow of a wall. Some men were moving about, apparently doing nothing. No one noticed me, and even the camels, when I went near them, chewed away as if I did not exist. On my way to the stable, Mohammed had been telling me stories of his uncle's wealth. Here in this stable he finished his praise by saying: "We really do not know how rich he is. One day I saw him completely cover a dress of my aunt's with hundred-franc bills."

He went no further, for at that moment a party of young Arabs



IN THE SHADOW OF THE PALMS

entered the enclosure. One of them, very handsome and stately, the son of the rich Cadi of Bou Saada, approached me and said that the stable belonged to his father and that I was most welcome. He took a little interest in my kodak and asked me a few questions about myself, which his friends thought were bold; and they told him so. As I had failed miserably to interest Mohammed's uncle in our country, I thought that in these young men I could find willing listeners. I told them of our high buildings, our hotels, our corn, wheat and cotton, and crowned my discourse by speaking of our wealthy men. My audience did not move a muscle and even Mohammed appeared bored.

The son of the Cadi had been waiting to ask me a question and



AN UNFREQUENTED BY-WAY

I was glad to think that he wished to know something about my great country. But no, when he had the chance he said, "Why did you come to Bou Saada?"

I told him that I was fond of his people and that I wished to see the beautiful country and the grand desert. That did not satisfy him and he was perplexed and, as I had no other reason to give him, I said good bye and left him and his friends.

They all said, "Go in peace," with a smile and frown on their calm, simple faces.

III.

The little stream, or *saki*, as the Arab calls it, drew me between its alluring banks. It was irresistible. The melody of the song, the light of its waters, the force of its beauty, the influence of its



ZEINA

smile, all made me think of it as something more than material, as something endowed with a heart, with life. It is not a mile long and its width is not more than fifty feet, yet, I spent an afternoon in its attractive bed. Everything was of silver the night before, but in the light of a blazing sun the banks were reddish gold; the stones light and dark brown, deep rose, milkish white and bluish gray; the stream itself a thread of light and the bordering palms verdant and flowering with the flush and vigor of our cherry trees in the early spring. The heaven itself was a magnificent vault of cobalt blue, gradually melting from gold to white, where the sun seemed to pause in his triumphal march.

But the stream had more utility than that of delighting the eye. As I picked my way across the stones and passed around a bend, I saw many women and girls washing clothes. They were leaning over the water with their backs toward the sun and their dresses drawn above the knee. I hesitated to pass by them but, as they did not notice me, I carefully threaded my way through their outstretched drying garments. I could not resist looking at their quiet faces, and they were not attractive. They were not old, but care and work had stamped upon them an age that was not theirs. But though their bodies and countenances lacked beauty, their eyes, circled with black stains, were magnificent. The girls were more delicate, and their youth infused them with vigor and life that made them charming. I thought that my presence hindered them from talking to each other, but after I had passed I did not hear one word. This surprised me when I thought what sins against silence the same number of women would commit at home. If I had not seen some of these women smile and talk in their homes, I would have said that they were sad and their spirits were broken.

The condition of the Arab women of the poor class is very hard. They are at the same time mothers, nourishers, cooks, servants and sometimes beasts of burden. But this same condition exists in Italy, Austria and Germany. The Arab men, for the most part, seek the sun in winter and the shade in summer and do nothing. I hope this will not be misunderstood. I am speaking now of the Arab of Bou Saada.

Further down the stream I saw some young men washing their burnouses. I was fortunate in seeing these garments in the different stages of cleansing. One was drying spread out upon the stones; another was being rinsed; another being soaped; but the one that interested me the most was being danced upon by a tall, thin youth wearing only a *gondorah*. His movements were quick and graceful and his naked feet did more than hands could do; rubbing, turning, and grinding the soaked garment with wonderful precision that showed great experience. From his lips came a

low, rhythmic song, to which the swinging of his arms and the stamping of his feet kept time. I asked his permission to take his photograph. His "yes" came out in one of the notes of his song, but as his body and members kept on moving the picture was a failure. My pride received another shock, for no one seemed willing to give me more than a quiet and genial salutation. Politeness was certainly a trait among these Arabs. I have seen their lips smile, while their eyes showed defiance. Feeling ill at ease among these young men, I passed along to where some boys beyond another bend were laughing and playing.



THE STREAM AT BOU SAADA

These little fellows were like most of the children in Bou Saada; thin, dry and poorly dressed with only a loose woolen shirt to cover their bodies and plain, round, flat caps (which were once red), for their heads. But like most boys the ones in Bou Saada, were nimble, mischievous, and always ready to eat whatever came in their way. The little faces of the ones in the *Saki*, with their beautiful white teeth showing in happy smiles, with their large, soft eyes sparkling in merriment, beamed upon me kindly, and I thought I detected a glance given among themselves which meant, "Let's scare him," or, "Let's show him what we can do!" Be this as it may, one of the little

fellows doffed his cap and took from it a living scorpion; the others did the same thing. From their peals of laughter, I knew that I had hidden my horror very badly; for the sting of these arachnoids is sometimes fatal, and my mind revolted at seeing these boys playing with death.

A scorpion is one of those living things which, besides giving fear, arouses in me the feeling of pity. It makes me ask the question: "why has life been imprisoned in that repulsive form?" Its long, segmented body is amply protected by its own tough case, but to give it added security there are two lobster-like claws in front and a venomous sting in the back which can be turned in any direction over the body. Eight eyes, located like those of a spider are ever watchful for a foe or victim, and the same number of legs carry it quickly either in attack or escape.

The ones these boys played with were partly black and white and were most repulsive. The urchins would take them by the sting and allow the poor things to struggle in the air for some place to put their feet. Sometimes an ejaculation told me that a claw had pinched one of the boys' fingers. Tired of tormenting the disgusting things, one of the boys said that he would eat one if I would give him fifty centimes, which is about ten cents in our money. His friends wrinkled their noses and raised their lips and expressed their repulsion by settling their heads into their shoulders and moving them from side to side. The offer was more repugnant to me than to them and I gladly gave a few centimes to each, requesting that they allow the poor tormented things to escape or else put them back into their odd cages. But before they put them back into their caps I examined one of them more closely and I found out why the boys handled them so fearlessly. I smiled when I saw that the sting had been broken. I do not understand very well the dialect of the desert, but I fancy they said to each other as I went away, "We did not fool him after all!"

As I continued my walk along the stream and thought of these strange playthings with which the boys of the desert amused themselves, I noticed that the body of water was gradually growing less. A little further beyond, the bed of the stream appeared only moist and still further beyond, it was perfectly dry. Whither did the water go? There seems to be a mystery about the little stream as unfathomable as that of existence. It came, showed its sparkle for a short time—and then disappeared. But in its short existence it gave life to many palms, flocks of sheep and a few thousand people. It was the very heart-blood of this seemingly tired city, and, without it, Bou Saada would gasp and die. So steady has been its flow for so many hundreds of years that the Arab there gives no more thought about it than he does to the force of gravity which

holds him to the face of the earth. It had an infatuation for me and I began to understand why Mohammed had used so frequently the figure of running water in the paradise of the Koran.

IV.

A few steps further and I was in the desert.

I have stood alone between the sublime columns of the Parthenon and have looked below at the city of Athens and far away at the classic Ionian Sea, that sea of blue, like precious lapis-lazuli. I have felt that there was something in that view, in that temple, in that city, which would last for all time, even until the death of the world. In that eloquent silence which seemed to rest everywhere around that glorious country like the silence of the forest, of the river, of the



THE CAMEL STABLE

mountain, of the stars, I felt that there was a virtue like that which animates the elements of the universe, a virtue straight, serene and unchangeable as a law of nature. The dust of the great poets, artists and philosophers is scattered, but I felt that their essence, their force, still lived and would forever appeal to the intellect of man.

I have rowed out to sea alone, on an ocean as calm and as motionless as a sleeping, dreaming lake. I have seen no land, no ship, no bird,—nothing but the stretch of waters that appeared to extend to infinity. I have felt in that solitude a soothing influence which made the voices within me hush and doze away. In the silence of the sea, I was conscious of something alive and yet noiseless; like the movements of a bird's wing, like the ripple of the water,

like the passing a meteor. The virtue in the sea animates the senses but does not go as far as to awake the soul.

There is no solitude like that of the desert.

Here the silence is like no other in the world. Obscurity comes with the absence of light. Yet nowhere do the voices within us speak louder; and nowhere do we hear them so distinctly as we do in the desert. And they are the good voices. The flesh suffers; the soul rejoices.

Away from the singing stream, away from the quietly murmuring city, I looked about me at the vast view. To the left was the road over which I had driven, and beyond, a mountain, bare and burnt. Next in the circle of my vision came a cradling valley in which no living thing dared to sleep for fear of dying. Then came an immense plain which, sweeping around to my extreme right, ended in mountains looking, so far away, like forms of air in air. At my right, a mountain, frowned as if tired of the unchanging view. All the country was lit up by a light which dazzled but which was without violence. In almost every view, in almost all pictures there is a center of light, such for instance as a canvas of Turner or of Rembrandt; but here in the desert the center was everywhere. Oh! what floods of light! What beautiful, nameless colors!

It is true that the gracious seasons become ferocious in the desert, and that they beat, torture and wound, but with all their violence they do not disfigure its beautiful form. I love to drink of nature's beauty anywhere, but here I was satisfied as I had never been before. For although the burnt mountains, the scorched ground and the nakedness of everything gave me a pang, yet the wonderful ever-changing colors gave me great joy. No pleasure is without pain. Vegetation may refuse to grow in the desert, but the stones live and make of the anger of the sun, smiles of rapture. I have seen them so white, so pink, so red, so yellow, that no garden of roses was more beautiful. I have seen the desert at dawn when the whole air was a sea of I know not what color,—what delicate shade of rose,—when the sloping hills of sand were banks of violet and lavender against mountains of amethyst. I have seen the eye of day peep over the horizon and the air tremble as if the world felt the emotion of hope. Yes, and I have seen that eye which, in the early morning appears childlike and playful, at noon, when the desert is a sea of gold, become an eye of—Oh! what shall I say?—love or hate? It may be love; for drinking of that sight and becoming inebriated it appears through an ocean of crimson at sunset, red and bleary; or it may be hate, and the crimson the mist of slaughter, the eye a bloody one. But, whichever it is, when the day is done, the desert melts into the incomparable sky and, in the shadow of the

night, amid the countless sparkling stars, it becomes the center of heaven.

In my first experience of the desert near Bou Saada, I became aware of something which I had never before experienced, either at Athens or on the sea. I threw myself upon a bank of sand and looked up into the heavens. How my mind did fly! Away, away, up there, nearly out of sight, I saw an eagle with outstretched wings. It did not move and appeared a thing of gold nailed to a ceiling of cobalt. I do not know how long I lay there gazing aloft, but there was the eagle immovable, drinking of the glorious sight, breathing an air more clarified and feeling no doubt the thrill of the sun's light, there it still remained as immovable as an unfixed truth. Was I becoming conscious of something higher, something grander?

In that profound silence, in that awful solitude my soul became



MY FRIEND MOHAMMED

strong. Most of the joys and afflictions which lighten and burden humanity had been mine. I had seen, heard and spoken; but, somehow, as I lay there, I felt that I had been blind, deaf and dumb. My virtues, which had become drunk with over-indulgence in conceit, showed themselves now scarlet, bloated and struggling. My good deeds crouched into a corner, while the evil ones strutted about like lords. I felt very sad, probably somewhat like those poor souls that inflict bodily pain upon themselves when under the power of fanaticism. How pitiful! for no affliction of the body can atone for a past deed. Something seemed to burn deeper and deeper and weigh heavier and heavier until in the light of Truth I came to the conclusion that a great many of us are but living Saharas; thirsty, hungry, and unprofitable deserts.

Everywhere infinity can be found, it is above us, under us and on each side of us, but there, in the desert I became conscious of its surety and I felt a joy unspeakable, incomprehensible, as I heard

a voice cry in those grand words of Mohammed, "Verily, there is no God but God!"

I jumped to my feet. Had I said it? In a moment I heard it again. Out in the desert had floated to me in that great silence the cry of the Muzzeim calling the faithful to prayer. Yes, the sun had set and I walked slowly back along the stream.

Redlands, California.

GOD'S GARDEN

By C. F. HARPER.

GOD planned one day for His children
A garden where all might play;
A land where the Lotus-eaters
Might dream through a cloudless day.

He ploughed His field with an earthquake,
And the mountains sprang up from the share;
He painted their tops with the snow-drifts,
Far flung in the purple air.

And down where the furrow was deepest
And the rocks all tumbled and worn,
Came the breath of the melting snow-flakes,
And thousand swift rivers were born.

And then for the valley's healing
The waters came rushing down;
Till the mesa was purple with lupine,
And gold with the poppy's crown;

Till the brown of the barren reaches
And the gray of the desert sand
Had blossomed in stretches of glory,
'Neath the touch of His merciful hand.

Oh, Land of the Lotus-eaters,
As you feast on the flowers below;
Look up to the hills, for the life of your land
Is breath of the melting snow.

Redlands, Cal.

THE SOUTH HOUSE, PUYÉ

By SYLVANUS GRISWOLD MORLEY.



THE South House at Puyé, the excavation of which was completed during the past summer, is located upon the top of the Puyé Mesa, a few feet from the southern edge. It is the southern member of a large community house, of rectangular ground-plan, which encloses a court, nearly an acre in extent. Unlike the other three houses surrounding this central court, the South House stands by itself, there being alleyways at both its eastern and western ends, which separate it from the East and West Houses, respectively. Judging from the amount of fallen stone in the other two corners of the court, there probably were no other entrances. This segregation of the South House, when the other three are continuous, might indicate that it dates from a later period than the rest of the building, and that it was built to close the open south side of the court. Such a procedure would accord well with the widespread custom observed throughout this culture area of building the community houses so that they surround interior courts.

The South House at Puyé (Pl. I.) is 218 feet long east and west, and 80 feet wide. It is composed of two contiguous parts, perhaps dating from different periods, which together contain 173 rooms on the ground floor. The western and by far the larger part is made up of fourteen sections of rooms, each section running through the



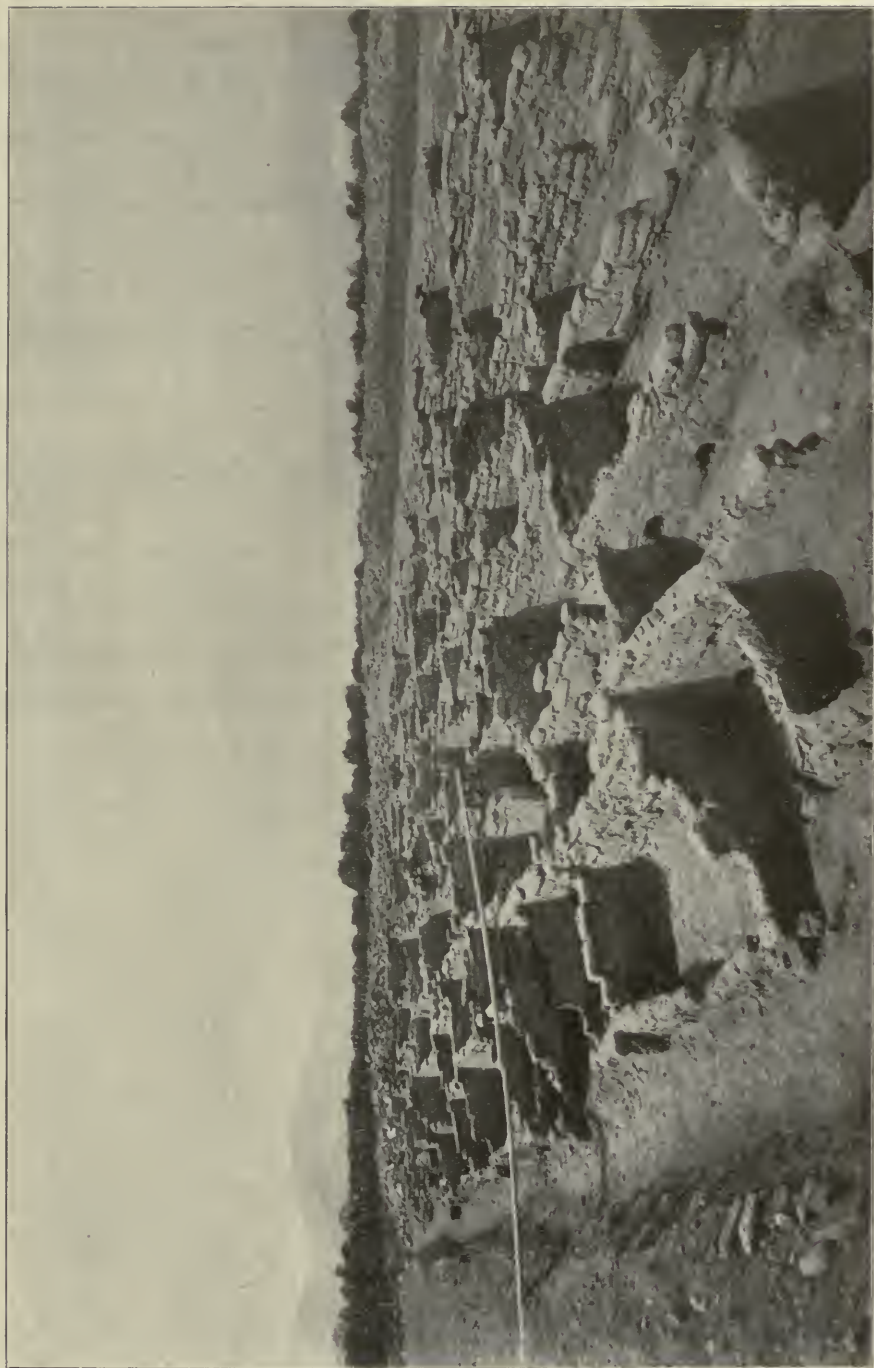
PLATE II.

building from north to south. The rooms into which these sections are divided have their long axes east and west. The eastern end of the South House differs from the western end, in that its sections, of which there are four, run from east to west, and the long axes of its rooms are north and south, or at right angles to those of the larger part (Pl. I). The manner in which this small east annex is attached to the larger western part of the building indicates that it dates from a later period of construction than the larger part. Two facts point to this conclusion: first, the western extremities of the partitions between its sections all abutt against the east wall of the larger part and do not penetrate it, and, second, it extends out farther to the east than any other part of the building, and was

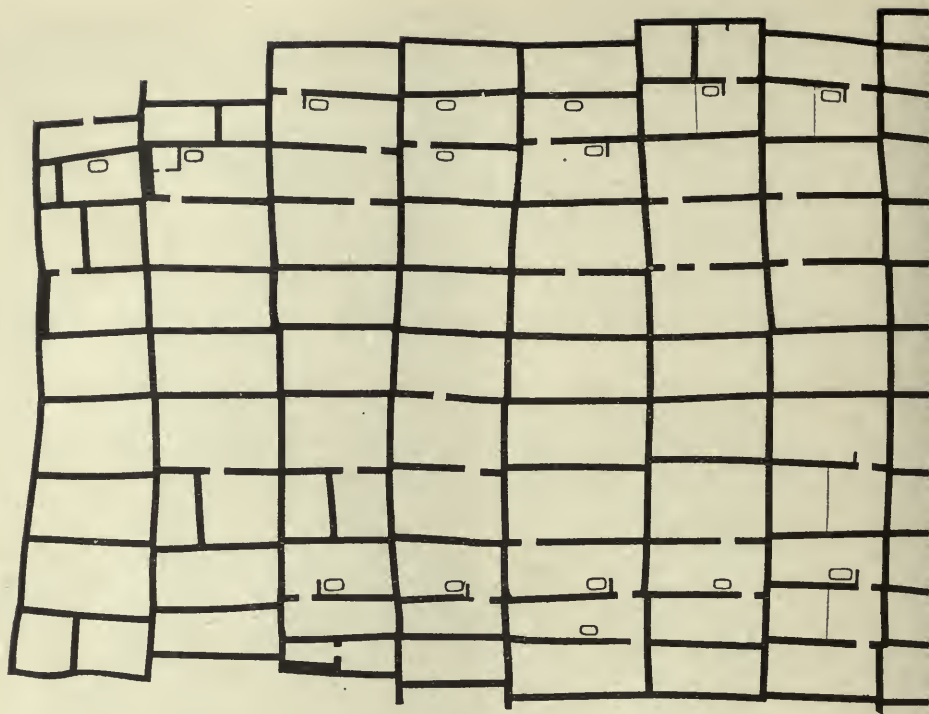


PLATE III.

quite superfluous so far as closing the court was concerned, since the part of the building lying west of it had already done that. Just how much time elapsed between the erection of these two parts is difficult to say, but of one thing we may feel reasonably sure, that the East Annex was built later than the rest of the South House. The building material used here as elsewhere through the area covered by the Pajaritan Culture is the volcanic tufa of the Jemez Plateau. This was roughly worked into building blocks usually about eighteen inches long by eight or ten inches wide and high. These tufa blocks were laid in a mortar of adobe, which was driven against them more securely by the insertion of rock spauls in the cracks of the masonry (Pl. II). The blocks were laid in courses without reference to the breaking of joints, which, when it is found,



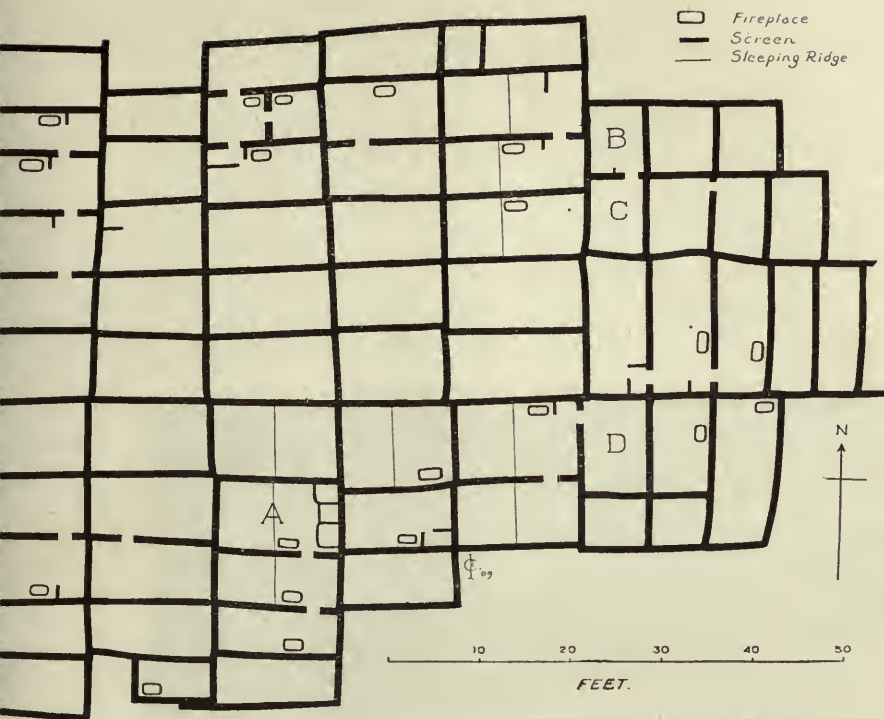
THE SOUTH HOUSE, PUYE (PLATE IX.)



seems to be rather more the result of accident than design. Exterior, as well as interior walls were doubtless plastered with adobe which was renewed from time to time as it wore off.

This volcanic tufa, quite aside from the fact that there was nothing else to be had, possesses three qualifications which must have recommended it to the Puyé masons as the best building material at their disposal. First, it occurs in greatest abundance in the immediate vicinity of the building site, the whole Puyé mesa being composed of nothing else; second, it is soft enough to be readily worked with stone tools, an important consideration since the builders were unfamiliar with the use of metal; and third, it is extremely light for its bulk as well as durable. These three qualifications, of abundance, durability and ease with which their building material could be worked, are chiefly responsible for the great architectural activity of the Pajaritans, the ruins of whose villages dot the entire plateau from Shufinne to the Cañada de Cochiti and from the Jemez Range to the Rio Grande River.

The question as to the original height of this building, and the number of stories of which it was composed, is troublesome. At the beginning of the excavation it was quite clear that the fallen masonry was piled highest along an east and west line through the middle of the building from one end to the other. This would in-



dicate that the South House was terraced from both its north and south sides, and that its several stories receded from each of these sides at the same time, until the highest was reached in an east and west line above the long axis of the building. This was corroborated during the course of the excavations. For it was found that the rooms along the court as well as the exterior rooms along the south side of the building contained much less stone than the interior rooms, which in many cases were filled with fallen building material to a depth of five or six feet. The presence of so much fallen stone in the interior rooms and its absence in the exterior rooms indicates that above the former there had been one or more superimposed stories. This must be true since the walls of the interior rooms are now standing in most cases to their original height, about six feet, and the stone found in them must necessarily have fallen from second or third story walls above them. Other facts point to this terracing of the superimposed rooms. All *fire-places throughout the building are located in rooms not more than three or four rooms distant from either the north or south sides. Indeed, the two or three interior rooms of every section show no signs of smoke on their plastered walls, and from east to west, from

*This holds true except for the few fire-places in the East Annex. Here the change in direction of the long axes of the rooms has produced a corresponding change in the location of the doors as well as the fire-places.

one end of the South House to the other, we have a zone, the rooms of which exhibit no signs of fires ever having been built in them.

Finally during the excavation of this building fragments of the same bowl frequently were found in adjoining rooms. The only explanation of this seems to be that at the final abandonment of this pueblo such bowls were left in second or third story rooms, and when in the course of time the building began to fall to pieces, they were shattered and the fragments fell into adjoining rooms at the time of breaking. It would be hazardous to say how many stories the South House originally had. We are certainly sure from the foregoing that there had been at least one superimposed floor, and probably the amount of fallen stone found in the interior rooms



PLATE IV.

would justify the assumption of another, if only composed of a single line of rooms, running east and west across the building. That there had been a fourth story, however, to this building, we may well doubt, if for no other reason than that there is hardly enough stone to have provided for the walls of three upper stories; and yet, more important, that the first floor walls now standing are not strong enough to have supported the weight of so many superimposed floors. The South House was probably an irregular pile, two, and in some places, three stories in height, which presented an appearance not unlike the modern pueblo or Taos.

It is impossible to study at first hand the method of roof construction employed by the Pajaritans in this building, as all roofs have not only collapsed, but the beams have for the most part rotted

away. In the course of the excavations, however, a few roof beams were recovered, which, judging from their position and length, must have crossed the short dimensions of the rooms. Also chunks of the adobe flooring of the second and third story rooms were taken out all over the building. These were smooth on one side and on the opposite showed the impressions of the cross sticks upon which the adobe had rested.

The partitions between the sections sometimes project out beyond the north and south exterior walls of the building, making buttresses (Pl. I) such as may be seen at some of the modern pueblos. At San Ildefonso, for example, the Indians say that these buttresses



PLATE V.

are built against the exterior walls to strengthen them. Such an explanation may well account for their occurrence at Puyé.

The rooms of the South House vary in length from twelve to sixteen feet, and in width from five to nine feet. In some cases the longer rooms have been divided in two by the erection of a partition (Plate I), but in such cases the partition is probably of later construction than the building as a whole. The rooms were probably about six feet high, but as no walls now reach this height it is impossible to speak with accuracy on this point. There is a considerable difference in the floor levels in some places, those of the interior rooms sometimes being fully eighteen inches higher than the floors of the exterior rooms of the same section. Floors were made of adobe, tamped down hard and covered with a final coat

of mud with which charcoal had been mixed. When this hardened it made a smooth black floor of considerable durability. The walls of the rooms were plastered with an adobe wash, which was renewed from time to time as it became smoke-blackened or scaled off. Sometimes these successive coats of adobe plaster reach an inch or more in thickness, so that when a cross-section is examined, frequently as many as ten alternating layers of brown and black appear, indicating as many renewals and subsequent blackenings of the wall finish.

Excepting doorways, the walls are pierced with but few openings. In a number of rooms, however, sometimes three feet above the floor, but more often only an inch or so from it, there are smoke holes or air vents (Plate VI). These are usually round, some six or eight inches in diameter. For some unknown reason the need or desire for these passed away toward the close of the period of aboriginal occupancy, and as they are now found, most of them are blocked up. The plugs used are either lumps of adobe plastered in, or shaped tufa forms like modern corks with the edges rounded off. When the tufa plugs are used they are held in place by adobe plastering. The holes which are not blocked up frequently have their sides plastered smooth with adobe and their edges rounded off. Another feature present in some of the outside rooms of this building is a ridge on the floor about 2 or 3 inches high. This crosses the short dimension of the room midway between the ends. One side of this ridge is vertical. The other reaches the floor level not by a vertical drop, but by a gentle slope, which flattens out into the floor imperceptibly. It has been conjectured by some that this latter side of the floor ridge served as a head rest, and that in it we are to see simply a primitive pillow. In accordance with this identification the name "sleeping-ridges" has been applied to them.

Perhaps the most interesting feature of the South House rooms is the fire-place, the chief use of which doubtless was for cooking. There are three essential parts to the fire-place as it is found at Puyé: (1) the stone andirons or "fire-dogs," (2) a stone against the back of the fire-place of the same height as the "fire-dogs," and (3) a screen built upon the side of the fire-place nearest the doorway. The fire-places are all of one type, differing only in detail such as the number of "fire-dogs," either two or three, and the character of the screen. In Plate III there is figured the commoner type of fire-place, with two "fire-dogs." Against the back may be seen the stone mentioned above. This latter, with the two "fire-dogs" in front, formed a three-legged support upon which the cooking stone rested. The fire was built below it, and the tortillas and other cooked dishes of the Pajaritans prepared on top of it.

The fire-places are usually about three feet wide and half as deep.

The bottoms are three or four inches below the floor level. When excavated all of them were found to be filled with fine white wood ash, which had bedded into a hard white clay. Below this level of ash the adobe of the floor is burned to a brick. In Plate III the screen appears just beyond the fire-place, between it and the door. This screen, which is found with practically all fire-places, is built so as to shield the fire from draughts coming through the doorway. It is found in two different forms. The rarer type, figured in Plate III, consists of a single slab of stone, two or three



PLATE VI.

inches thick, two feet high and projecting from the wall to the front edge of the fire-place, a distance of eighteen inches or more. The commoner form is given in Plate IV. It consists of a wall built of stone and adobe about two feet high and six inches thick, projecting from the wall to the front of the fire-place as in the other type. These screens no doubt deflected the draughts coming through the doorways and made the fire-places draw better. The fire-place figured in Plate IV has three fire-dogs instead of two. This variation is rather uncommon, and was noted in but few cases. The stone at the back of the fire-place for supporting the cooking stone

is here replaced by a flat stone which has been plastered against the back with adobe. This variation of the back stone occurs about as frequently as the projecting stone figured in Plate III. It allowed the cooking stone to rest upon it more firmly than did a single stone support. The location of the fire-places in the South House is exceedingly regular. They never are found in the exterior rooms on the court or north side, and in but two of the rooms on the cliff or south side. These two latter places are somewhat irregular, in that the rooms in which they occur are only half size, being formed by later divisions of larger rooms. Again, fire-places are never found in the four or five interior rooms of any section. This, coupled with the fact that the two or three interior rooms of all sections never show signs of smoking on their walls, is significant as to the position of the superimposed stories. Fire-places are not found in interior rooms because of the fact that it was above these rooms that the superimposed floors were located, and it was more or less necessary to have the rooms in which fire-places were built communicate through holes in their roofs directly to the outside so as to provide suitable ventilation.

The two zones of rooms containing fire-places, however, are quite clearly defined (Plate I). When present they are always to be found in the second, third or fourth rooms from the ends of a section, and in this position extend in two irregular zones, one along the north side of the building and the other along the south side.

Finally, fire-places are always built against the walls which are nearest the outside. That is, fire-places of the northern rooms are built against the northern walls, and fire-places of the southern rooms against southern walls. A few of the rooms containing fire-places (Plate I) have, in addition to the screen above described, an additional wall at right angles to it, and of about the same height. These two form a little vestibule, usually about three feet long by two feet wide, into which the doorway opens. Their purpose was to further obstruct air currents from interfering with the fires in the fire-places.

Aside from these vestibules there are almost no other constructions built in the rooms. One room, however (A, Plate I), in the eastern part of the building has three bins made of stone slabs. The doorways in the South House (Plates VI, VII and VIII), as in all Pajaritan structures, are small, usually not more than two or two and a half feet high, and fourteen or sixteen inches wide. The sills are about two feet above the level of the floors, and are usually made of heavy slabs of basalt. Basalt is not found naturally on the Puyé mesa and must have been brought from some distance at great labor, as single sills often weigh as high as fifty pounds. Sometimes instead of these flat slabs of basalt, metates, or grinding stones,

are used. A beautiful example of this latter type of sill is figured in Plate VIII, where the curve of the upper surface of the metate appears clearly. In a few places, as in the doorway in Plate VII, for example, tufa blocks were used for sills. In such cases the block has been slightly curved, as appears in the figure. The jambs of the South House doorways are usually plastered with adobe (Plate VI), and the edges neatly rounded. The lintels are tufa blocks, usually flat, as in Plate VIII, but sometimes concave, as in Plate VII. In a few of the doorways the lintels were made of wooden sticks plastered over with adobe, but this type is uncommon. Many of the doorways in this building have been blocked up like the air holes mentioned elsewhere.



PLATE VII.

This tendency of doing away with openings in the wall, both small and large, is marked throughout the building. For some reason there arose a desire to seal both doorways and air-holes. The partial blocking up of doorways, making them smaller by raising the level of the sill, is but another expression of the same idea. The location of the doorways in the South House is important, as indicative of the probable sequence of growth in the building. Barring the doorways of the East Annex to be examined in detail shortly, not a single doorway in the entire building is located in an east or west wall, or, in other words, on the ground floor there is no communication east and west between sections (Plate I). Now it will be remembered that in the East Annex the long axes of the

rooms are changed, and that the sections in this part of the building run from east to west, so that to have no communication between sections of the East Annex there must be no doorways in its north and south walls. This condition prevails except for one doorway in the south wall of room B. This is the only example in the South House of direct communication between sections. A possible explanation for this violation of such a well-grounded architectural principle is that the wall between rooms B and C, which continues out to the east end of the building, is of later erection, and that originally rooms B and C were one room, and similarly the four rooms east of them were formerly two rooms. This hypothesis is somewhat strengthened by the fact that rooms B and C, together, are about the same length as the rooms of the other two sections of the East Annex. The doorway in the west wall of room D (Plate VIII), if regarded as belonging to the room just west of D, is also an exception to the principle above stated. There is another explanation, however, for this apparent irregularity. It may be remembered that at the beginning of this article it was suggested that the East Annex is of later date than the rest of the South House. If this be true, at one time the wall through which this doorway passes was the east exterior wall of the building. At that period it is highly improbable the doorway in question had been built, and the eastern wall doubtless contained no entrances. Later the East Annex was built against what was then the eastern end of the building and a doorway was cut through from room D. However, still later, the need for such a doorway passed, and when room D was excavated its doorway was not only found to be blocked up, but was so completely plastered over that its existence was discovered only by accident.

A general view of the South House after excavation, taken from the southeast corner looking slightly north of west, is given in plate IX. Just back of the excavated rooms of the South House the court appears as a long, dark band, beyond which the fallen masonry of the West and North Houses may be seen as irregular piles of stone. The question finally arises: What were so many cell-like rooms for? Which were the sleeping rooms? Which the cooking rooms? Which the store-rooms? In short, what do we know about the house life of the Pajaritans? Since tradition is silent concerning such intimate details of this long-forgotten race, we must base our reconstruction of their life upon the results of archaeological excavation.

In the excavation of the South House it became apparent that all parts of the building did not yield specimens in equal number, that in addition to two fertile zones, there was one decidedly barren zone. This latter was composed of the three or four interior rooms of every section throughout the building from west to east. The rooms which yielded the best "finds" were, on the other hand, the

three or four exterior rooms of every section along the north and south sides of the building. The best explanation of this condition seems to be that this barren zone through the middle of the building is made up of the dark rooms which were under the superimposed floors. A glance at the map (Plate I) shows that the great majority of them had no doorways in their walls and that consequently they must have been entered by trap-doors in their roofs. These rooms, unfitted by darkness as well as insufficient ventilation for habitation, were doubtless used as store-rooms. The outer rooms north and south of them in each section are the rooms containing the fire-places, the sleeping-ridges and the doorways (Plate I). These are the rooms in which the Pajaritans lived. Here they prepared their meals and here, if our identification of the sleeping-ridge is correct, they slept. Trap doors in the roofs



PLATE VIII.

of these rooms opened directly to the roof; ventilation was perfect, and light plentiful. In the dark interior rooms was probably stored the food harvested in the summer and fall for use in winter. Such an explanation well accounts for the scarcity of specimens in these interior rooms. On the other hand, if they were filled with ceremonial objects, as are the dark interior rooms of the modern pueblos, this is the kind of material which the people would carry away with them when they departed, again satisfactorily accounting for their barrenness.

Most of the specimens taken from the South House are such as would be used in the early life of a primitive people—grinding-stones, axes, awls, bowls, water jars and cooking pots, the kind of material that could be readily duplicated.

Consequently when the abandonment came, these were left behind and the more sacred objects carried away to the new home.

WYOMING

(Apologies to Rudyard Kipling.)

By JEAN BROOKE BURT.

I.

DO YOU know those snow-capped Tetons? Do you know that peaceful lake,
 Where along the shores, the sentinel spruce trees stand?
 Do you know that crazy river, that is wisely named the Snake,
 Whose course so often changes through the land?
 It is there that I am going, with my rod and guns and ponies,
 To a little old log cabin that I know,
 To my gentle cañon breezes, to my squirrels and ducks and conies,
 For Wyoming calls me out and I must go.

He must go, go, go away from here,
 For west of the Divide he's overdue.
 Send the trail is blazed before you, when the wander-thirst comes
 o'er you,
 And those lonely snow-capped Tetons call to you.

II.

Do you know that sun-lit valley? Do you know that sparkling stream,
 Where the silver trout strike, anxious for the fly?
 Do you know those timbered mountains, where the trails are steep
 and mean,
 Where jagged peaks stand pink against the sky?
 It is there that I am going, to my land of Heart's Desire,
 To a gentle, lonely ranchman, that I know—
 To my valley bathed in moonshine, to my brightly burning camp-fire,
 For the West Wind calls me out, and I must go.

He must go, go, go away from here,
 On the other side the Ridge he's overdue.
 Send the trail is clear before you when the wander-thirst comes
 o'er you,
 And that valley in the Gros Ventre calls to you.

III.

Do you know those fairy aspens with their leaves of burnished gold?
 Do you know the Western bird songs, clear and rare?
 Do you know the joy of riding miles and miles and miles untold—
 With the pungent smell of sage brush in the air?
 It is there that I am going, to my tepee in the willows—
 Close to where the Little Beaver gently flows;
 And my dreams will be the sweetest, with my saddle pads for pillows,
 On the Big Flat where the vagrant night wind blows.

He must go, go, go away from here,
 On the other side the Butte he's overdue.
 Send the range is clear before you, when the camping-fret comes
 o'er you,
 And a little sun-shot cayuse calls to you.

IV.

So for some the wind-swept prairie, and for some the mountain
height,
Where the great gray-hooded Storm King makes his home.
And for some the fields of bunch grass, where the flowers grow so
bright,
And the little clear-eyed ponies graze and roam.
Did you ride the trail at sundown? Did you watch the darkness fall?
Have you heard the sly coyote's dismal cry?
Have you lain awake and listened to the bull-elk's bugle call,
And watched the stars come shooting from the sky?

He must go, go, go away from here,
To a frosty mountain dawn he's overdue;
Send the pack train is before you, when the long hike-fret comes
o'er you,
And the sunlight and the starlight call to you.

V.

Now the hunting trail is open, now the cinch and ropes are tied,
Now the smoke of camp-fires rises in the night;
Now the forms of tired hunters, talking softly side by side,
In the circle of the pine logs' dreamy light.
It is there that I am going, for the range and hills are calling,
And the old Out-fret is nagging at my soul.
To my flowering mountain meadows, when the evening shades are
falling,
And I'll have, at last, a camp-fire for my goal.

He must go, go, go away from here,
By a babbling, silver creek, he's overdue—
Send the cottonwoods are o'er you, when the noon heat is before
you,
And the Big West and the Blue Sky call to you.
Philadelphia, Pa.



THE TETONS

Music

Literature

Drama

Art



OST anyone who has ever dropped a lazy line into placid waters can tell a fish story of some sort, but to tell a *good* fish story requires a peculiar genius, or, as in the present case, two of them.

"Fish Stories, Alleged and Experienced, With a Little History, Natural and Unnatural," is a title which gives a pretty good clue to the contents of the volume fathered by Charles Frederick Holder and David Starr Jordan, and bearing the imprint of Henry Holt & Co. (\$1.75).

Some passages are meant to be taken with a pinch of salt, and yet those that are vouched for as actual experiences are quite as remarkable. Fish that climb trees, fish that sing, others that lose their lives by getting "out of their depth" in the sea, still others which go about with natural lanterns in deeps which the sunlight cannot penetrate; furthermore, those pleasant specimens which nature has equipped with a dose of strychnine, or something like it tucked away in their "innards" (in flagrant violation of the Pure Food Law)—these are just a few of the wonders picked at random from this entertaining record.

There is also some good live narration of the tussles with big fish at Santa Catalina Island and elsewhere, the kind of outing stories that make you want to pack your grip and go after some of those tunas, swordfish or hundred-and-fifty-pound sea bass. There is red blood in such description as "On the Trail of the Sailfish," and "The Hardest Fighters."

Incidentally there is some masterly English in such chapters as "The Grayling at Caribou Crossing," and yet one thinks of the volume less as a piece of literature than as mighty good reading. The illustrations from Professor Holder's photographs are glimpses of submarine life, snapshots of fish in their home surroundings, while the colored plates which illustrate the most striking incidents remind one of a quotation from Mary Austin, "I've seen things happen that I do not believe myself."

"The Biter." . . . "That name had been given him because he had dared to attack the existing conditions of the country and arbitrary laws. . . ."

This is the character about which Walter S. Cramp has woven a romance of which the warp is the philosophy of an independent,

thoughtful mind, while the shining woof is the description of our own Southern California with its tropical beauty and its cruel, parched wastes.

The desert-lover (and there are many of us now) will find phrases that express his moods for which he sought the word in vain. Here is one that rings true: "The desert is the heart of silence." Another line or two from "The Biter" suggests the serene attitude of the author toward some of the things we are taught to hate. "It was not Omnipotence but man who gave to flowers the name of weeds, to animals the name of beasts and to man the name of criminal."

There is much charm in the love story of this novel, and an occasional flash of epigrammatic wit.

"The Biter," published by C. M. Clark Pub. Co., Boston (\$1.50).

In "The Religion of the Future" Dr. Charles W. Eliot states clearly and briefly the creed of the average man of education today.

In a few words (less than sixty pages) he tells how the old be-



WALTER S. CRAMP

liefs of our fathers fail to satisfy the Twentieth Century man; what problems the new philosophy solves, and what it does not pretend to solve. It is a book to make one realize just where it stands in regard to the creeds of the churches. A few quotations show the authoritative style with which present-day belief is summed up.

"The religion of the future will not be based on authority, either spiritual or temporal. The decline of the reliance upon absolute authority is one of the most significant phenomena of the modern world."

"The new religion will not attempt to reconcile men and women to present ills by promises of future blessedness . . . such promises have done infinite mischief in the world by inducing men to be patient under sufferings or deprivations against which they should have incessantly struggled."

"The religion of the future will approach the whole subject of evil from another side, that of resistance and prevention. . . . The Breton sailor who had his arm poisoned by a dirty fish hook

which had entered his finger made a votive offering. . . . The workman today who gets cut or bruised by a rough or dirty instrument goes to a surgeon, who applies an antiseptic dressing to the wound and prevents the poisoning. That surgeon is one of the ministers of the new religion."

One is tempted to follow up these extracts with others; far more than the space allows, but I cannot resist the temptation to add this one:

"The fear of hell has not proved effective to deter men from wrong-doing, and heaven has never yet been described in terms very attractive to the average man or woman."

This small and very valuable addition to modern thought is pub-



MAUD POWELL

lished by Frederick A. Stokes Co., New York (bound in boards, price fifty cents).

Shall Our Literature Be Taxed? A tax on literature, that is just what it amounts to, the proposed increase in second class postage rates. It is undeniable that the magazine is the ladder on which the "new" writer climbs to fame. Incidentally it keeps the young writer alive while he is climbing. The fact that we have the best monthly magazines in the world is a pretty clear sign that the American public wants them. Nor are the host of lesser periodicals to be sneered at. It is in them that the unrecognized genius is given his first chance.

This applies to the young artists as well. Some of the truest

American art has been developed by the magazines, the work of the late Fred Remington being an example. Many famous artists who aspired to other fields, found a means of livelihood in magazine illustrating while they were laying the foundation for more permanent fame.

There is no doubt that an increased rate of postage on second class matter would put many publishers out of business, force the survivors to charge more for subscriptions, and narrow the opportunities of American writers and artists.

In this land of unequalled material prosperity, is it necessary to lay this heavy tax on our art and literature?



RALPH GINSBURG, VIOLINIST

MUSIC FOR THE MONTH OF MARCH.

February closed in a blaze of glory musically; in fact, it was one of the best months Los Angeles has yet known, as it included the first appearance this season of Mme. Teresa Carreño, the pianiste, whose recital was the closing event of the great Philharmonic Course, and during the same week the fourth symphony concert with the celebrated virtuosa as soloist, whole on the same evening the farewell recital of Mme. Schumann-Heink filled Temple Auditorium to its capacity.

During February Ralph Ginsburg, a local young musician, made his debut, showing that he possesses decided talent. He promises to win recognition as a master of the violin at an age when most youths are learning a profession.

During Lent the musical affairs usually grow less in number but greater in importance. On Tuesday evening March 8, Tillie Koenen, the famous Dutch contralto, will be heard in Simpson's Auditorium. Friday afternoon, the 11th, she will sing with the Symphony Orchestra at the fifth symphony concert, before departing for the North.

On Sunday, March 13, Mrs. Estelle Heartt Dreyfus will present a Lenten Song Vespers at 4 o'clock in the afternoon at the Woman's Club House, introducing a special Lenten program, with Mr. Opici 'cellist and Mrs. Robinson at the piano.

Tuesday, March 15, and Saturday afternoon, the 19th, at Simpson's Auditorium, Myrtle Elvyn, a Chicago pianiste, will be heard in two recitals.

On Monday, March 21, and afternoon of the 22nd, Maud Powell, the greatest of all woman violinists, is scheduled for two recitals.



PAINTED BY CHAS. P. GRUPPE
Courtesy of Kanst Art Co.

NOVEMBER POPLARS

By NETA MARQUIS.

ERECT brown poplars, slender and unleafed,
Like tall masts rise against the evening gray,
As if a company of wind-spent ships
Had come to anchor in a friendly bay.

When March returns, their rustling sails will spread
With eager swell and buoyant fluttering
To catch the breeze of earth's new wonderment
And ride the blue, aerial deeps of Spring.

Los Angeles, Cal.

THE SALTING OF THE SAND PILE

By PAULINE WILSON WORTH.



THE GIRL gazed out of the tiny window of her cabin in anxious expectancy. It was near the hour of her brother's return from the assayer and everything depended upon the report of that most important individual. When her eyes met with no reward she turned her attention toward the supper she was preparing. The savory odor from the brown beans which were bubbling away in the black iron kettle, and the fragrant aroma of the coffee were harbingers of a supper fit for a king.

The little cabin was a marvel of neatness; the white pine floor shone with a polish made by the frequent scrubbing with her own little hands; the lamp chimneys were as clear as crystal and one might see his image in the high polish of the stove. A row of geraniums on the window sill and a hand-made rug added to the cheeriness of the room, with here and there touches of inborn taste which make the difference between a house and a home.

The door opened and a strong, husky young fellow entered. "Why so happy, little sister?"

"Oh—just thinking of the things we will do when the Sand Pile pans out. I was over in New York taking vocal lessons and I could almost see the stunning dresses I was going to have, and you were there, too, and you were so proud of my voice, (and my gowns) and you had your automobiles—and all the belles were in love with you—and then I got to thinking about Dave—where was he? I don't believe I'd want to go unless Dave did."

"Wait a minute, childie," Bob laughed, "you never give a fellow a chance to get a word in edgewise—doesn't your breathing apparatus trouble you when you keep up such a stream of talk? You haven't even asked about the assay."

"Well, I was getting to that,"—she laughed, "how did it run?"

"No good," the cheery look vanished from his face. "Davidson says there isn't enough gold in the whole mine, to make a counterfeited twenty; but I don't believe it. I think it's there all right, and I'm going to hunt for it until I find it."

"Of course it's there! Why it is alongside the Homestake, and everybody is rich who has even one share of Homestake."

"I know, but Davidson says the Sand Pile is just outside the belt. I don't absolutely trust Davidson, I sometimes think that he knows we have the ore and he wants to keep us discouraged so we will abandon it; then he will take it up."

"If you feel that way, why don't you sample it and get a Denver assayer to report on it? You see, a Denver assayer would know nothing about the Sand Pile."



"WHO SAYS I SALTED THE SAND PILE?"

"Capital thought, sis, I will just do that. Here comes Dave, we will see what he thinks about it."

At mention of Dave's name the girl ran into the lean-to, which served for her bedroom, and brushed back the stray curls from her face, put on a fresh apron and came out smiling. Her color mounted high when she saw the handsome face of her brother's partner, and the "Hello Dave" was almost drowned by the noise she made fixing the fire.

"Supper is ready, you must eat with us, sit right down. Sis is a fine cook, Dave! The man who captures her will capture solid comfort—along the line of eating at any rate."

"The man who captures her will be most lucky in all ways," rejoined the man with a sincere ring in his voice, which made the girl busy herself with the pouring of the coffee, to hide her blushes.

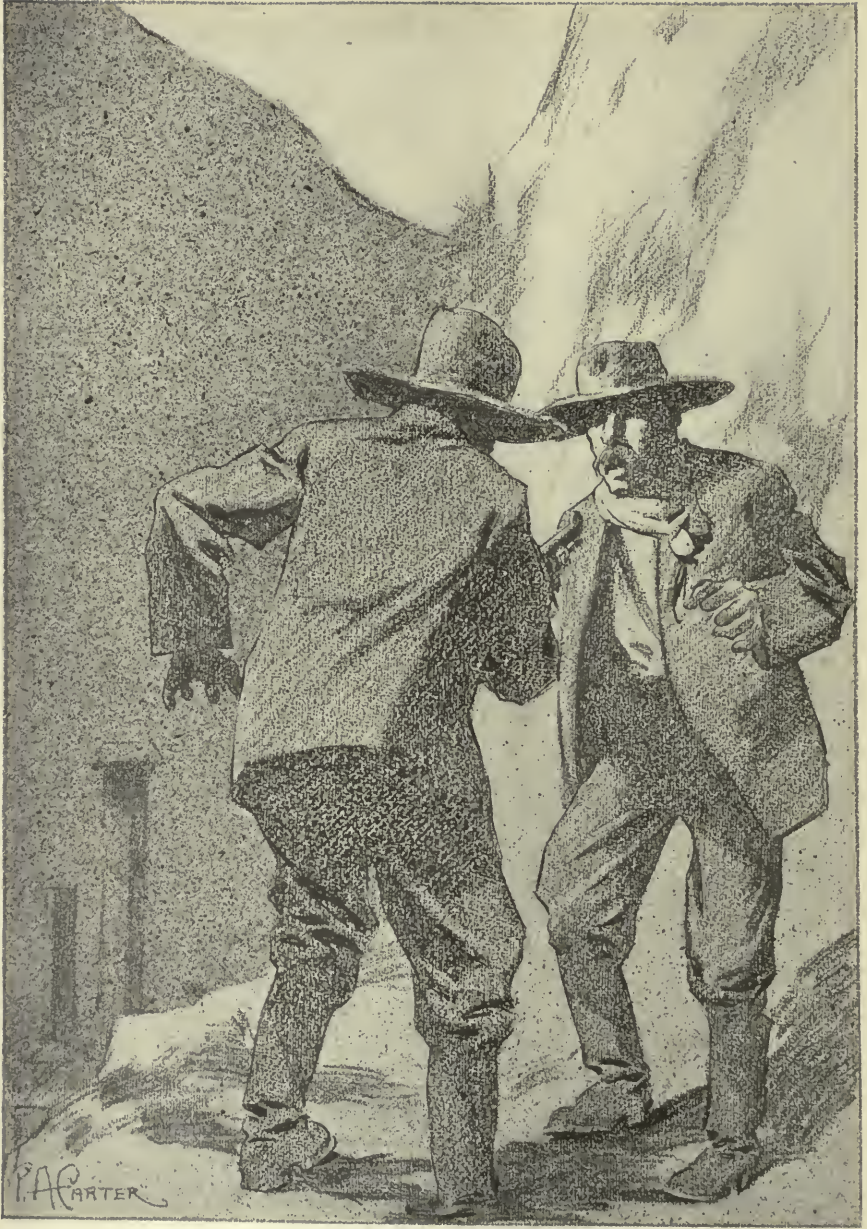
"Well, Dave, Dawson has given us another bum assay—says the Sand Pile is well named."

The man sat for some time before answering, the big wondering eyes of the girl fastened upon him.

"Well, of course we must expect all of those things, but we will keep on digging, at least until we satisfy our own minds concerning it. There are times when I get sort of tired of this search for gold. I get homesick for the farm. I can see it sometimes in the cool of the evening; the cows are coming home to be milked, the crickets are chirping, there is quiet everywhere, and there is peace. We don't have it here. Here is the everlasting boom of powder, the whirr of wheels, the pounding of drills and the awful noise of the mills. That is not all—there is the greed for gold that gets into a man's blood and takes things away from him that he should have, and gives him things that he shouldn't have. There is an unnatural, feverish excitement that keeps us going." He stopped abruptly, and the girl and the man stared at him, speechless. At length the girl broke the silence. "Why, Dave, I never heard you speak of your home before. Tell us more about it. You know we have always lived in the mines; father was killed in the Isabella, and mother always stayed in the camps because she had never lived any other place, and she said the people were so kind-hearted in the mining camps."

"They are kind-hearted." Robert Knox came instantly to the defense of his own people. "They will do more for each other than any other class of people—they will give more, sacrifice more and are truer in friendship than any other class."

"Yes, Bob, I admit that, but on the other hand, they will turn on you worse than any other class of people if you violate their laws, and while their laws are very loose in some ways, they are very severe in others."



"I WILL KNOW, AND YOU WILL TELL ME"

"But they are not so quick to judge," the girl broke in.

"They're not, eh?" Look at Jim Salisbury, the kid who stole a horse to make his get-away after salting his prospect! Do you approve of the way they treated him?"

"Well, he was strung up for two offences. He knew that the camp never would stand for wildcat schemes, and he also knew that horse-stealing would never go. He knew the unwritten law in the camps, which requires no judge or jury, the only requisites being a convenient tree and a good, tough rope. He got only what was coming to him. That is not as bad as they do in your cities where they send a man up for stealing a loaf of bread. A man wouldn't *have* to steal a loaf of bread in a mining camp—he could have the last loaf in the camp. He wouldn't even have to ask for it. All we would have to know was that he needed it."

"I know that, Bob, I am not knocking you people, I am one of you—I don't suppose I would ever be contented anywhere else for that matter. I admire the scheme of the camps in a way—in lots of ways; I was out in the world for a while and I grew sick of the sham, and talk about wildcat schemes—why the people even have them in their very social life. The more successfully a man can wildcat out there, the bigger man he is. Thank God, here it's man to man, and no coat of enamel counts."

The girl leaned forward her eyes bright with interest.

"I think I would like the farm, Dave. I hadn't thought much about it before, but one time when we lived in Cripple Creek, mother took us back to New Jersey where grandfather lived and I can remember what a jolly time we had. There were big trees and grass and flowers everywhere, but what interested me most was all kinds of vegetables growing. I had never seen vegetables except in cans and I pulled up a lot of them just to see if they were really alive, had roots and all such things!"

"That is what I have been doing too much tonight—pulling them up to see if they were alive and had roots, and I find that they are very much alive and have very deep roots. Good night, Bob. Good night, Girl. I'll see you in the morning."

But the girl followed him out. "Dave," she said, "what do you really, truly, think of the Sand Pile? Bob has gotten so moody lately, he isn't himself any more. If you really think there is not anything there, try to persuade him to go to some other camp or to do something else."

"I hardly know, Girl; sometimes I think there is something there and sometimes I think there isn't—it is always a lottery. Lots of the biggest mines have been abandoned at some time or other. Don't worry your head about it—we will strike it all right some

time. I sort of dread the time when we do strike it, I am afraid it means that we separate."

"Oh, but you would go with us, wouldn't you?"

"Would you want me to?" His face brightened instantly.

"Why, you have been with us so long, it seems like you sort of belong to us now——"

"I hardly dared to hope that was the way you felt about it. Well, I have quit over at the Homestake and I am going to work on the Sand Pile tomorrow. I think if we had put all our time in on our own prospect we would have struck it before this time. But we'll win yet.—Good night."

"Good night Dave—shake hands—you know, you told me that was what they did in the city."

When a curve in the winding trail hid him from view the girl looked around several times to make sure no one saw her, then she kissed the hand the man had so recently held.

The days that followed brought a great deal of excitement to the camp. A big strike in Phantom Gulch had brought in hundreds of people. The newspapers had done their share in bringing the rush by telling of daily strikes (much bigger than they really were), until the hills were thick with tents and there was not a foot of ground that was not staked. Eastern capitalists had come over the hill in automobiles and it looked as if everybody were going to go out rich.

The cabin on the hillside was a feature of great interest to the people, for the story of the girl who stayed by her twin brother so devotedly had also reached the papers. She was the idol of the camp, and many devoted admirers flocked about her. But her heart was all for the two men who were working night and day in hopes that the next big strike heralded would be that of the Sand Pile.

Robert Knox, after repeated tryouts, finally sent some samples to an assayer in Denver and awaited feverishly the results. When the letter came he tore it open, glanced at it and crushing it in his hand started out across the mountain.

It was late in the night when he returned, but the girl, who was accustomed to the eccentric way of mining camp life, thought nothing of it, and after placing his supper upon the table turned down the lamp and retired.

The next morning she was shocked at her brother's haggard face but her solicitous questioning brought only the answer that he had been working a little too hard.

Several days passed and new strikes all around put the camp into a frenzy. Robert Knox came up the trail with long strides and the girl seeing his haste, ran anxiously to meet him.

"Oh, Sis!" he exclaimed jubilantly, "put on your traveling togs—the Sand Pile is sold! You remember that man Porter, who was up here the other day? Well, he said if the Sand Pile could show up some good ore and a good assay, he would give us a hundred thousand dollars for it. She showed up all right and the hundred thousand is in the bank waiting for Dave's signature."

"Brother! do you mean that? Oh, goody-goody!—We will go away right off, won't we? Oh, I can see the cities and learn to sing.—Oh—oh!" and she threw her arms around her brother's neck in ecstasy.

"Here's Dave.—Oh, Dave, isn't it simply great?" She seized his hands and danced around like a happy child, dragging the embarrassed Dave with her.

"Where is the assay, Bob? Did you get it?"

"Yes, I got it but I have misplaced it, it's all right, anyway. Why you can see the free gold in the vein I uncovered last night. Porter got Dawson to assay some for him today, I took the samples for him. Dawson reports the biggest value yet uncovered.

"Dawson does?"

"Yes—I guess he was right all the time. As soon as we uncovered pay ore he could catch it all right."

"Well, why should we sell to Porter? If this is as Dawson says, why don't we keep it and develop it ourselves? We would realize lots more than a hundred thousand out of it."

"Nothing of the kind! Can't you see, man, that you haven't the ground you had? There are stakes all around you; if you tried to buy, they would suspect that you had struck it and would put their claims up to a prohibitive price. Sell? Why of course, sell, while you can—it may be only in pockets, the buyer has to take that chance when he buys it."

"Perhaps you are right. Bring on your papers and we will sign up. What do you think you will do now?" Dave Graham's face bore a look of pain and he waited for the answer as if for a sentence to be imposed upon him.

"Oh, Sis has it in her head to go out in the world a bit, so I guess we will try it for awhile. We will leave as soon as we get everything wound up here. What about you, old man?"

"I hardly know. This is pretty sudden. I may go back to the farm." He pondered the new conditions, then, "Bob, I don't like this plan of selling outright. I think if the assays are correct that we would have a bigger bunch of money by hanging on, and if they are not correct—well, I wouldn't want to see the other fellow skinned."

"Oh shucks, Dave, don't be an old woman! This fellow Porter has the assays and the reputation of the other mines in the camp

to go on. He is only taking the usual chances that any man does who buys a mine. For my part, I think a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush any time."

"How do you feel about it, Girl? You are by rights a third partner. You've kept up our courage and been our main stay."

"I say sell it. A hundred thousand dollars is lots of money in my eyes. I am so proud of Bob because he stayed with the mine in spite of Dawson's discouraging reports. I am proud of you, too—but isn't Bob the dearest brother any girl ever had? He is going to take me away, right off, just because I want to go. He never thinks of himself."

"Why do you want to go, Girl?" Dave Graham's eyes looked into hers with a deep searching gaze that seemed to stop her very heart-beats. She was so confused by the look that she could not answer him. When she came to herself again he was gone.

But there was an unrest in the girl's heart that had never before been there,—it was of exquisite pleasure and exquisite pain. She was living a new life in a new world but she did not know why.

The groups of men around in the various saloons and in the streets meant that something unusual had occurred. As David Graham approached they quieted down some, but snatches of their conversation such as, "But he has allus been a good sort," and, "I'm from Missouri," reached his ears.

His mind was on the girl and he walked absent mindedly to his cabin where, to his surprise, another group of men were gathered.

"Hello boys, is this a surprise party? You're welcome, whatever it is—come in."

The miners looked awkwardly at each other as if in search of a spokesman, but one man stepped forward and said—"Our errand here tonight ain't the pleasantest in the world, Dave. We've allus like ye and at first we wouldn't believe nothin' agin' ye. We've investigated the matter purty thoroughly, an' we're of the opinion as how we've got you with the goods on, so we've been appinted a committee to inform you that by mornin' we won't be expectin' to see you around the camp. Savvy? We give you this chance to make your get-away because we believe it's your first offence and we know it's the eyes of the girl that's done it. Guess you savvy all right, don't ye?"

Dave started in bewilderment; his hand was still on the door-knob, he turned it and threw the door wide open. "Boys, I don't know what you're driving at, but if you think I've stolen anything, there's the cabin just as I left it. You can go in and search to the limit."

Sure, that's a good bluff, Dave, but it don't go with us. We didn't believe it agin' ye at first, but we've got proof postive that

you salted your little old prospect hole up there and you've got to *git*. It wouldn't 'a' been so bad if it hurt only yourself, but every friend you've got in camp owns a claim near the Sand Pile. When your green tenderfoot finds out he's buncoed we couldn't sell our claims if they was gold from the grass roots clean down to Chiny! We don't want none of your kind around! We've got no use fer no damned wildcats in this camp!"

"Salted the Sand Pile! Who says I salted the Sand Pile?"

"We do," and the muzzles of six revolvers appeared simultaneously.

"My God! Do you fellows think I'm as low as that? Has my life in this camp ever given you the least reason to believe I would do such a thing? Why, I might hold up a stage where a man has a chance to shoot me in the back, or rob a bank where they had plenty to make up the deficiency, but I would never insult myself by salting a mine! You think I'd kill all your prospects to fill my own pockets, do you? Who started this, anyway?"

The men looked from one to the other, then drew away a few paces and conferred with one another. "It's a stiff bluff, I tell you," said one.

"His own partner same as owns up that he done it," said another. "Dawson is the best assayer in the country and he says the samples never came from the Sand Pile at all; that they was slick from handlin'. He went up and sampled it when there wa'n't no one there, and he said it was the same old assay, nothin' doin'."

"You know, Dave Graham worked on the Homestake, and there was always a lot of high-gradin' done there. That's where he got his ore. Anyways, we always knowed that the Sand Pile was out of the belt. 'Twas the love for the girl that done it."

Dave had drawn nearer and caught the last few words. "Boys," he broke in, "whatever this charge is, you will be good enough to leave out any allusion to the girl. The first man that mentions her again in any way will get all the lead in this forty-five emptied into him. She is too sacred for your lips. Now I think I understand. You believe that I salted the Sand Pile and sold it to Porter for one hundred thousand dollars."

"That's the idee!"

"Well, will you give me a half hour to talk with my partner?"

Again the men drew away a few paces and conferred. "Yep—we'll give you that much time."

Half way up the trail that led to the cabin Dave met Robert Knox on his way to town. "I suppose you know what has happened. Was the Sand Pile salted?"

"*You* ought to know!" Bob answered, doggedly.

"*I will* know and you will tell me." The cold steel of a forty-five

touched Bob's face. "Now you tell me what you know about this or you are a dead man."

"For God's sake, don't get reckless, Dave. I will tell you all about it. It was all for her sake. I couldn't bear to see Sis living up here all her life, and that glorious voice of hers lost for lack of money. She had such hopes, and I knew there wasn't anything in the mine to back them. The Denver assayer sent back a report the same as Dawson's, so I took the sack of ore we had saved and put it in the Sand Pile. I was sick of the life myself. Your little talk one night in the cabin made me restless to get away. I wanted a new life, I wanted—"

"Oh, I see, it was chiefly your own desires that you were thinking of. How do you think this will affect your sister, who has always worshiped you? Don't you know it will break her heart? Don't you know that she hates trickery worse than a cat hates water? How do you think *she* is going to stand it?"

"Oh—my God—I don't know! I didn't see it ending this way. The camp thinks you did it, Dave. Couldn't you, for her sake, let them continue to think so?"

Dave leaned up against a large rock that overhung the trail. Why shouldn't he? She had never cared for him more than for any other friend, while she worshiped her brother—he was all she had in the world. As for him, he could go out to new places; he could wander on alone. He had had dreams of a cabin of his own with white pine floors, geraniums on the window sill, and woman's knick-knacks about, but they had never become realities—they were purely dreams with only a glance and a smile or two to substantiate them.

"Bob," Dave pulled himself together with a powerful effort, "if you will promise me that you will let this one lesson be enough—if you will give the money back to Porter and live a clean life, worthy of her, I will do it. I'll go tonight, and that will end it."

"I will promise, I will promise by God, I will promise by all that I hold sacred that I will be a man. There is one thing more I'd like to ask, if it isn't too much, Dave. That you will keep me in your memory as your friend. You are about the finest specimen of manhood I have ever known or ever expect to know; you are the real stuff, Dave—will you be my friend?"

Dave ignored the outstretched hand, saying, "That is just one step too much, Bob; I am not doing this for you. Just remember that. Good-bye, and good luck!"

The men were waiting for Dave on his return and he met them without embarrassment. "Boys," he said, "I know your ways, and I appreciate your generosity in letting me off as easily as you have—you will find in the morning that I have vamoosed. That's all."

He went into the cabin and shut them out, and they went away remarking, "Game to the finish."

Once inside the cabin, Dave sat down and tried to think. His brain was in a whirl. He tried to connect the happenings of the day, but they all came but to the one end. He gathered together a few keepsakes and tied them up in a blue bandana and started out. When he had gone a few steps he turned and re-entered the cabin and taking from his pocket a notebook, he tore out a leaf and wrote: "*I salted the Sand Pile.—David Graham.*"

He stopped at the forks of the road and muttered to himself, "I must see her again, I must see her again," and with a quick movement he started up the trail that led to the cabin. There was a light in the window and he could see her sitting by the table, mending. He could tell that she was talking to her brother, although Bob was not in the range of his vision. He thought he had never seen her look so beautiful, nor the cabin so homelike and inviting.

"Oh, Girl, Girl," he almost sobbed, "I have never told you that I love you—I think you must have guessed it, though, for I couldn't keep it out of my eyes and voice. You don't love me, not even as a brother; because you give your brother a lot of love. I wouldn't do this for any man on God's green earth. I wouldn't do it for my sister, nor for my mother! You are the only person on earth that I would do it for, and I am giving you more than my life. I would gladly give my life right now for just one kiss. Oh, the dreams, dreams, dreams!" Realizing that he was almost babbling and that he had stayed there much longer than he had intended, he gave one long last look at the cabin which held all that was dear to him on earth, and started down the trail.

The lights were out in most of the tents and cabins. He walked through the town unmolested and started up the trail on the other side. Again he stopped and sat down upon a fallen tree. He fixed his eyes upon the cabin on the opposite hill, then, as though reasoning with his conscience, he said: "It isn't very long that I can look at you; it will soon be morning and I must be a long way from here by morning. This last look has got to do me the rest of my life; I guess they can't grudge me this little bit of comfort. Oh, Lord, let her know *some day* that I didn't do it. Clear me in her eyes, Lord! I don't care anything about what the others think, but I can't bear to have *her* think I would do it."

For hours he sat there, oblivious of the quickly passing time, until the crackling of twigs and the rustle of leaves caused him to straighten up with his hand on his gun.

"Who goes there?" he called.

"Dave," a frightened little voice answered. "Is that you?"

"Girl! Where on earth are you going at this hour of the night?"

"I was going to hunt for you. I didn't know anything about that trick until a little while ago. Then I knew Bob did it because I saw him take a sack of specimens out, and he acted so queerly. I told him that I was going to follow you, and he said I could never follow a better man. But he didn't know I was coming to-night. I couldn't sleep, so I left a note telling him that I had followed you, because I—because—"

"Because you love me? Oh, Girl, say it! Say it, if you can honestly say it! Oh, God, what a world it would be if you would say it!"

"Yes, because I love you, and I knew you loved me or you wouldn't have taken the blame. You have never told me that you loved me."

"I do love you, Girl; I love you more than I love my own soul, but I never dreamed that you loved me. Say it again, Girl. How long have you loved me?"

"Always—from the first time I ever saw you, I think." She crept up into the shelter of the strong arms that he offered her. "But mother always told me that if I loved a man, to make him think that I didn't, or——"

"Well, you succeeded all right," laughed Dave; "you certainly succeeded. I can hardly believe it yet. Shall we go back to the farm, where you can pull up as many plants as you please?"

"Oh, yes, and we will send for brother when we get there, too, won't we?"

"Girl, I told Bob tonight that I could never be his friend again, but I have changed my mind. He was only gold-mad. He is square at heart. He couldn't be anything else and be your brother. Are you willing to walk across this mountain with me? Remember, Girl, you are going with a man who was driven from the camp, and you are leaving everything you own in the world."

"Dave, I could walk across twenty mountains if it were with you. Oh, I love everybody and everything—except the mine. I am glad we are going to leave it all. But, Dave, if you leave now they'll never know but that you really did this thing. We must go back and tell them; we must clear your name. Dave, we couldn't be happy anywhere if your name weren't clean, could we?"

Dave Graham looked at the fair girl beside him long and earnestly. "You realize that clearing my name means ruining Bob's?"

"Yes."

"And still you'd have us go back?"

"A thousand times, yes. It was brother's sin, not yours; anyway I love you best and your name will be my name. Even if I

did not love you, even if I did not know you, I could never see any right in your taking the blame for another's wrong-doing."

"Girl, step behind me; some men are coming. I haven't left camp quick enough to suit them. Bob is with them. Maybe they are looking for you."

The men approached rapidly and when they saw Dave facing them they stared in astonishment.

"We thought we'd have to travel farther than this before we got our eyes on you." The leader stopped as if stricken of speech. Robert Knox spoke not a word, but leaned against a tree, his hands in his pockets and his eyes upon the ground.

"We've come to ask your pardon, Dave. Bob here tells us it was him that done this saltin' of the Sand Pile and that you didn't know nothin' about it. We're sorry we convicted ye on uncircumstantial everdence, and we want to ask ye to come back to the camp. Bob's leavin' as soon as we find the little girl. She struck out to hunt you; she never knowed there was such a thing as fear."

At this the girl rushed from her hiding place straight to the arms of her brother, who seized her and held her close, his body shaking like a reed in the wind.

"Little sister, you won't turn against me, will you? I did it because I loved you; Dave will tell you that. I never dreamed you loved each other. Oh, if I had only known!"

The men stole away one by one until the three were left alone. Dave held out his hand to Bob, who grasped it with a grip of iron. The first rays of sunlight peeped over the hilltops, turning the camp of tents and shacks into a veritable fairyland. The girl turned her face to the east. "Let us go," she said. "See, the light of day is breaking."

David Graham took her hand and held it tight. "Yes, Girl, the light of day is indeed breaking. Oh Girl, Girl!"

Los Angeles.



THE INEVITABLE CHANCE

By M. M. STEARNS.



ANNIGAN!" said the City Editor.

Lannigan wheeled his chair on one of its delapidated hind legs, left his typewriter, and walked across the big room to the railing that fenced off the City Editor's stall.

"Lannigan," said the City Editor, wearily, leaning back in his swivel-chair—not dilapidated—"it's this copy." His glance indicated the four pages Lannigan had turned in a few minutes before on the "Important meeting of the Business Men's Club held at 8 o'clock last evening at the Hotel Anthony."

"It's the same old trouble. Do you know, Lannigan, it's disappointing to have a man turn in dead copy like that! It's discouraging. Here you've covered a live story. These men are going to do big things for the city. This is the first outline of their plan—and look at that!" And he shoved the pages contemptuously with his hand. "It's dead. To read that stuff you'd think Los Angeles was as hopeless as Sandy Valley or Funeral Hollow. If you're going to keep your place on this paper, you've got to show some sign of enthusiasm, some life."

He turned, as the Night Editor came up with a question, while Lannigan still leaned on the railing. After the Night Editor had gone, the City Editor went to work at his desk. When a few moments had passed, he looked up at Lannigan with a curt nod of dismissal.

"That's all!" he said.

Lannigan went back to his desk, and after a few minutes of puttering, in which he pretended to be busy, covered his machine, switched off the shaded electric light, climbed into his big Eastern overcoat, and went down the dark stairs and out into the night.

The streets were almost deserted, save where, from the entrance to a Broadway theatre, the crowd was just pouring out into the yellow street-light, with big autos purring and barking as they started away. For a full minute Lannigan watched them, then he turned and made his way to a down-stairs café. Here, at least, was music, light, the chatter of voices.

"It's a lie—that's why!" said Lannigan to himself, after giving his order. "They all brag about this being such a land of opportunity! Tommyrot!" Then he caught a chance remark from the men at the next table, and ground his teeth angrily.

It was the same old story—how sick he was of it all!

"Yessir," the little man was saying, "you're right. They's no

doubt about it—not a bit. This is *the* coming section of the country. We'll live to see Los Angeles the first city in the land, you an' I."

He believed it, too, implicitly. There could be no doubt about that, either. "No, sir. Not a bit of it." Lannigan smiled. It was a series of just such statements that had brought him to this "land of opportunity" with nine hundred dollars in the bank, and a young wife to support. That was four years ago. There were two more in the family now, and the nine hundred had shrunk to five.

"The trouble with these knockers," the fat man was saying oracularly, "is that they want too darn much." Lannigan grinned. Was wanting the chance to earn an occasional dollar over bare living expenses too much?"

"—Prospectin'. O' course he was broke. These men that come west with the idea they're going to have money handed to 'em usually do—Not! But for them fellers as come out here and go to work, work hard, mind you, there's more chances than any other place in the world."

"Yessir," assented the little man again, "they's no doubt about it—not a bit."

"Look at these orange ranches!" orated the other comfortably, rubbing his embonpoint affectionately, "That's what shows! These fellers didn't go hunting over the hills expectin' to pick up gold in handfuls; they just camped down and begun ploughin'—an' look what they got now! Yes, siree, for the man who goes to work hard, and keeps his eyes open, there's no place in the world like California. Sooner or later your chance comes, if only you're waitin' for it."

Lannigan followed the talk no further. He knew most of it by heart, anyway. And what rot it all was! And yet the words haunted him—magic words: "Sooner or later, your chance comes!"

They haunted him as he walked home that night; they came to him again next morning, as he ate breakfast with one hand and, as his wife told him, read the newspaper with the other. They came to him as he read his own paragraphs of the preceding evening, now given "life" by the opening sentences inserted by the City Editor, and, in thinking over his coffee, he confessed to himself that the City Editor had been right. His copy was "dead."

"You're feeling better this morning, aren't you?" his wife smiled at him, and he had to admit that he was.

"You know," he said, "out here in California it's merely a matter of time. Sooner or later, a man's chance comes—if he's only waiting for it. Of course, that is," as he recollected other words of the conversation, and chuckled to himself at palming them off as first-hand. "if a man works hard, and doesn't go around waiting for somebody to hand money to him. You can't expect to pick up gold by the

handful." His wife looked at him a little wonderingly, but, glad to see him so cheerful, made no comment.

"Sooner or later," he said to himself again, when the City Editor handed him his assignment for the afternoon, a reported death in one of the inshore suburbs of the city. "But not this afternoon," he decided as he went over the few facts of importance, which took his possible suicide out of the hands of the local correspondent. "There's not much opportunity in reporting the suicide of a country barber." And he wedged his long muscular body more comfortably into the corner of the seat, to dream of "gold in handfuls" during the remainder of the thirty-minute run on the trolley.

"You couldn't blame Joe," said the blacksmith, as Lannigan came into the shop and sat down to wait for the next car back to the city: "he never did have no ambition since he's been out here—not since the first year or two, ennyways. When a man's ambitions goes, it's hard to keep goin'." With which philosophic deliverance he jammed his horseshoe back into the coals.

Lannigan had found little of general interest in the case; the man had come to California several years before, filled with high hopes of securing a fortune in land. He had found himself too late; the great areas of government acreage, of which he had dreamed, were taken. Unwilling to go into the outskirts of the civilization which he found on every side, he had at last started afresh at his old trade, barbering, in the little village shop. The pay had been poor, though sufficient for his needs; but the gist of the matter was, as the blacksmith said, he had lost his ambition. In a little shack he had lived alone on the outskirts of the town, with the grey hopelessness slowly eating into his soul. Then came a few days of a deeper despondency, and now—his name in the paper, once.

"If he was land-hungry, why didn't he cultivate all that land around his shack?" Lannigan asked of the blacksmith, idly curious.

"'Tweren't his. He jest rented the shack off old Skipworth—you know Skipworth." Lannigan nodded.

"Skipworth, he owns more orchards than any other man in the country!" volunteered one of the village youngsters, who had waited, boy-wise, to see the last of the "reporter from the city."

"Skipworth has allus struck it easy!" said the blacksmith, a little bitterly. "He's a hard man. Them kind allus strikes it easy."

"Does Skipworth own that empty forty next the shack, there on the right?" asked Lannigan.

The blacksmith nodded his head to show that he comprehended what land was meant. "I s'pose so," said he, "he owns land pretty much all around the town. Paid twelve hundred an acre for the Charlie Webster grove the other day—that's goin' some fer old Skipworth."

"It's funny he doesn't set that forty to oranges," commented Lannigan; "it must be worth a couple of hundred an acre as it stands, eh?"

The man of horseshoes nodded. "Two-fifty, mebbe."

"And in five-year-old-trees it would be worth a thousand?"

"Easy," assented the blacksmith.

"Well," said Lannigan, "here's my car at last." He rose and stretched, then went out to wait for the approach of the long red trolley.

In a flash the orderly little town, with its white, wide, macadam streets, its palms, eucalypts, trim lawns and one-story bungalows, its church and school-house, was left behind, and the long, straight rows of green trees, with the big yellow oranges spotting through the leaves, began winking past in monotonous beauty. Lannigan looked at the rich, brown soil, touched here and there with the darker, almost black, loam of the deeper deposits of the center of the valley, and sighed. Like poor Joe, the barber, he, too, had dreamed of riches in government land when he came west, but had found "all the seats taken," as Mrs. Lannigan expressed it. His nine hundred dollars would have been enough to begin on, if only—if only—he had found that coveted free land. Then the reporting job had been offered to him, in the midst of his search for a suitable homestead, and had seemed too good to let slip. The homestead could wait—the land offices were located in Los Angeles, anyway, and there a thorough search of the vacant districts could be made.

Lannigan sighed again, and moved his back to another position, trying to ease the ache in his shoulders. This reporting was not what it was cracked up to be—not for a man who loved the big, clean out-doors. That land-scheme was dead. There never had been any chance in it, anyway. He had come too late. This was no more a land of opportunity now than was—

The words of the evening before recurred to him. "Sooner or later, your chance comes." May be—Lannigan sat straight in his seat, shoulders forgotten. Then he sank back again. Of course not. There was nothing in it! The idea of an old piece of gossip recurring like that! Still—

He went over all the incidents of his trip. He had gone to the drug-store first, yes. Then to the barber-shop, yes. Then to the shack. Then to the undertaker's. Poor devil! One hated to look at such things! There he had heard for the first time how Joe had claimed to have "had no chance." Then to the barber-shop again, to learn more of Joe's ambitions. There he had heard of Joe's first occupancy of the tumble-down shack at the edge of the town. Skipworth's shack, at the edge of the vacant forty. Then the conversation at the blacksmith shop, where they had told him Joe did not own the

shack—Old Skipworth owned it. Yes, Skipworth was a hard man—it was odd that he had never broken up that forty acres. But at the barber shop they had told him—yes, when they were explaining that Joe had money enough to get along on comfortably, if he would leave drink alone—that he had paid no rent for the shack. Queer, that Skipworth should let a fellow use his land free, instead of putting it into oranges.

“Yes. Sooner or later—” it would bear looking into.

Lannigan rolled out of bed at the unheard of hour of eight-thirty the next morning—“the cold, gray crack of dawn,” he complained. And after breakfast he visited the county court-house, to look at the tax-lists. After half an hour of searching, interspersed with partly audible comments of displeasure from various haughty clerks, he found what he was looking for—southwest one-quarter of southeast one-quarter of section 33. He looked again, to make sure that range and township were right. Then at the little square, which he had noted vacant the day before. The land stood in the name of C. G. Skipworth. That settled it. Dejectedly, Lannigan went down to the newspaper office, to work up a Sunday story on which he could collect “extra space.”

But with Lannigan ideas always died hard. Before going to work in the afternoon, he went back to the court-house, and this time looked through the records of deeds for the Skipworth forty untitled acres. He found what he wanted at last, the record of Skipworth’s deed. The name of the grantor was Meach. The deed was dated 1887, but had not been filed until 1901. The discrepancy sent the blood pounding in Lannigan’s ears. Further search failed to reveal any grant to Meach.

Lannigan was already overdue at his desk, but he went directly from the court-house to the land office. The familiar little room, with its wide counters, its few clerks and its many searchers, which he had not seen for nearly four years, affected him curiously. He was tempted to go away with his quest unfinished—he would then keep his dream! How many dreams had been shattered here in the past! That quarter-section he had found at the foot of the mountains, far up the Pomona valley—he had been sure that it was open for occupancy—even the attendant in the land office had thought it vacant at first—until the chief had pointed out that the second forest-reserve act had not been noted on that particular map.

Leaning on the counter, waiting to get the attention of one of the clerks, Lannigan looked over the faces crowded together in the little quadrangular space. The old land fever was strong on him; it was a contagion, this hope of sudden wealth, of prosperity, of a home. That narrow-nosed fellow—from New England, he might be—asking questions of the clerk—he was going to succeed. He was here

to rough it, and would go to an outlying section at the edge of the desert, and succeed. That overdressed woman next him, turning the leaves of the big ledger so nervously—she was gambling; the land-fever had touched her with its magic spur for quick gain. Those fellows in the corner with notebooks, their hats pushed back on their heads—they were merely lawyers, looking up titles. This little chap with the eyes too close together—he must be a real estate shark, if his clothes and diamond spoke truly—a shyster, most likely. That Swede with his family—they were the real thing; if he had money enough to start, it would be smooth sailing with him; perhaps out Barstow way on some of those great, fertile uplands.

At last one of the attendants came to Lannigan, looking inquiringly. The newspaper man named his range and township, quickly, as one does in a crowded place.

“Map or —”

“Both,” interrupted Lannigan. And the long books of township maps, with accompanying ledger of entries, were pulled from their shelves under the counter and placed before him. Elbowing himself sufficient space, Lannigan opened the great volumes and turned the dog-eared pages. This was the township he wanted. There was section 33. The map showed no patent for the south eighty of the southeast quarter-section. But that proved nothing.

He found the corresponding section in the ledger, after some searching. Taking a piece of scratch-paper from his pocket, he drew the section, dividing it into forties. Then he started in checking off the occupied land, as he had learned to do from the government employees.

“Northwest quarter-section—patented.” He checked it off. “South half of northeast quarter—by purchase;” he checked it off. “South eighty of southwest quarter—homestead, 1885. East half of southeast quarter-section, final homestead, 1887. West half of southeast quarter”—Ah—“Meach, Josiah, filed in 1884.” Lannigan ran his hand along the entry, to the space where the final homestead should be recorded. It was blank. Meach had never proved up on his land.

Further search showed that the north half of the eighty in question had been patented later, under the purchase clause, but the forty acres, on which stood the dilapidated shack of Joe the barber, was still open to entry.

Lannigan turned the page quickly, almost afraid lest some bystander should see the result of his search. Forty acres of government land, worth at least two hundred dollars an acre, open for entry! He had heard gossip of a similar case some months before, but had refused to give it credence. Evidently old Skipworth knew of the vacancy, and rather than trust any of his satellites with the

occupancy of the land, had filed a "fake" deed from the first occupant, Meach, and had intended to get possession of the acres through payment of taxes on his assumed ownership. But clearly he had no title—the land was vacant, vacant!

To ask for papers and file his application for homestead, took only a moment, but, when the clerk read the description of the property, he looked at Lannigan in amazement.

"You must have made some mistake," said he. And he worked over the ledger himself, while men at the right and left edged close to see and overhear this stroke of "crazy luck"—the very thing that each one had from time to time dreamed for himself.

"It looks all right," dubiously admitted the clerk, at last, "but you know you have to swear there are no squatters on the land—their occupancy gives them thirty days in which to file, you know. You can't just file on this land without being sure it's vacant and open to occupancy. Have you —"

"I was on it yesterday. That certified check is all right for the fee?" And Lannigan pushed the slip across the surface of the map, to spike hard this chance, that had come to him, "sooner or later."

"That's just the way!" complained the City Editor when the City Hall Man, who was a close friend of Lannigan, told him the news. "Just as soon as a man gets well broken in to what we want, he makes some dippy strike and quits. Lannigan has been turning in the best copy in the office this last week. His stuff has life in it."

Los Angeles, Cal.

TO SAIL THE SEAS

By R. CLAIBORNE PITZER.

TO SAIL, the seas where vague horizons fade!
Restless the waves that wandering go by,
Restless the clouds that billow in the sky,
Restless the long winds of the Northern Trade.

All things go down in infinite parade
Into the deeps where mysteries may lie;
The vagrant winds continuously fly;
Nomadic clouds ride past in cavalcade.

Where cloud and wind and wave go urgent down,
And ships and seamen, following, are lost,
Gather the hopes of riches and renown.

The shoals of dreams that beckon you and me,
They go, and we, where murmurous waves accost
The straining vessels pitching out at sea.

New York.

THE FABULOUS

By R. CLAIBORNE PITZER.

CHAPTER XIII.

NEW ARRIVALS.



T'S GOING to snow," Welcome prophesied when he and Luke had returned to the cabin and the fire. He squatted on his heels before the blaze, spreading his hands open to the warmth.

"Oh, I guess not," said Coon, "the clouds are breaking, Luke says. We'll have good weather before night. Help me with the bench, Luke. Feel better, Daddy Welcome?"

Luke complied and they placed the bench by the fire, all three seating themselves there, with Welcome in the center.

"Yes, thanks. It was pretty good of you to think of me and have a nice fire going where I could warm up. I've got grub in the wagon yet. We can eat hearty. Most of my outfit's under canvas 'bout twelve miles up Cub Creek. I trailed that far, packing the horses, and camped, and then the rain came.—Ever seen rain this early in the year, Coon?"

"Yes, but not often. It's usually snow."

"'Twill be this time, too. The wires got crossed at first, maybe. We'll have heaps of snow before morning. We'll have to camp in the cabin a week or two."

"I'm glad you are here," Luke said, with a sigh of relief. "You've quite simplified the situation. I was beginning to worry. We can fix up sleeping quarters in the shed hay-loft for you and me, can't we, Dad? We can bring hay here, too, for Coon's bed."

"Yes, a good idea," said Welcome. "It'll be pretty nice, won't it? I ain't had a bed-fellow for thirty—forty—years. I'm terrible old. Last man that slept with me, he—he—he—. Funny!"

"But Daddie," Coon said, "what made you take the trail so soon? This year you left the ranch without saying good-bye, and I expected to find you here. I haven't thanked you half enough for the books. It was to see you again that I rode over the river with Luke."

Welcome chuckled and dug Luke in the ribs with an elbow. The other elbow had evidently moved Coon's way, for both the young persons suddenly flushed and grew silent while they watched the fire. In a moment Luke rose to examine the sky again.

"I half believe Welcome is right," he said from the doorway. "The rain is diminishing to a drizzle, but the air seems to be growing colder. A grey cloud, like the one we noticed early this morning, is over the sky again. It's a bad business, and yet I can't find it in my heart to be sorry to-day. Shall I ride down now and see whether Saw River is fordable?"

"It won't be," Coon returned. "Isn't Cub pretty high? You can see it now?"

"Yes; but it could be forded on horseback, I believe, though it is quite swift."

"You can't get across Cub," Welcome said, "can't get across it, or in it, or under it. I tried that. There's something under there somewhere that I felt like I wanted. I came up on purpose to get it. But it's gone; it's buried or washed away, or something. There's been several little landslides farther on. I guess it was one of them that did it."

"I believe he must have had a *cache* in this gulch," Coon reflected. "Did you, Daddie? Did you bury the goods you didn't sell last year? That's it! He used to do that, and the next spring he would dig them up and re-peddle them. I hope the hoard wasn't very valuable, Dad. Don't you remember exactly where it was?"

Welcome shook his head. "In Cub Creek," he dreamed. "Heaps and heaps of things I had there; things I'd been gathering together for years. There was whisky, getting older all the time, and clothes and luxuries and everything a young man needs to live well; everything gold can buy. But I can't place the *cache*. It was somewhere. I'll remember after while. Don't bother me. Let me think."

"Take warning," Coon said in a low voice as she joined Luke. "Poor old soul, he doesn't know it, but that lost store-hole of his must have been a magpie hoard, a miser's cellar, full of odds and ends and worthless merchandise. But there is little more reason used in gathering the bank-accounts of ordinary men, than in this lost *cache* of an unsound intellect; this is merely an abnormal development of your gold-hunger, Luke, and of the materialism that money-grubbing represents."

"I think it rather an unsound but instinctive attempt to provision for the future," Luke rejoined. "Would you have us take no thought of the morrow? I think not. The man, who in this present civilization must provide for his family, assuring them a continued support after his possible death, must take thought of the future constantly. In some ideal community it might not be necessary, but in this century it is imperative. A man is justified even in dishonesty, if by dishonesty he can provide for those he loves. The horror of poverty—you know nothing of that. It is the specter that haunts all men; we see not ourselves but those we love in its clasp; we know what it is; its work and ruin confront us every day, and every day we fear that in the future our own will be in its slavery. If I want the Fabulous—and I do—it is not merely to lead a selfish and riotous life. I keep in mind the future. So with these other young fellows. I can find it in my heart to sympathize.

with Dow's dishonesty. I think, or rather I almost know, that I would be tempted too."

Their eyes met and Coon looked down into his; there was a sparkle of something more than mere interest in her own pupils. "I don't believe you," she said with a catch in her breath. "You wouldn't be dishonest—not now? Possibly you were at one time. If you secure the Fabulous will you hold only that which will be honorably yours? I—" she turned her eyes away—"I hope that you get it," she added, "if it is rightfully yours; if you are the sole heir; if in intention you have not been such another as Dow."

Luke took her hand, which she did not withdraw. "Your hope makes me more uneasy than I was," he said after a moment, "and of late God knows I have not been easy in my mind. I didn't give the matter a second thought until after I met you, but since then it has become insistent, and my reveries cannot pass it by. It—haunts me. I want to tell you, and yet I'm rather afraid. You have so misunderstood me! I'm a scoundrel! Worse than Dow!"

Coon looked at his troubled face and her hand turned in his until they stood with clasped palms, looking out upon the grey world.

"Uncle Dan's first wife died soon after she separated from him," Luke resumed at length; "and down in Denver, before he went on his last and fatal trip, he—well, he—"

Coon withdrew her hand. "You know he married again?" she asked, not in surprise, but with something like relief on her face. "He left a widow, and you tell me of it?"

"Yes, a widow and a baby. The letter informed us of that. Dow Scammel knows it now. I tried to forget their existence, but I can't since meeting you; that's the long and the short of it. If I get the Fabulous I'll try to find Mrs. Musgrove and her child; and I'll—I'll see that they have—decent living. They can't be poorly off if they are alive, for Uncle Dan shipped them that first twenty thousand dollars that he took to Buster. But lately I've felt rather guilty, as if I were trying to cheat them out of their share of the Fabulous. I'll see that they get it, if I can find them."

"If they get their share," Coon said, "they will own the Fabulous. What share is yours, may I ask?"

"Well, if I find it—?"

Coon turned. "Daddie," she said, "suppose you were married, and suppose too that sometime you died out here. If I should then find that *cache* of yours, would the good things in it be mine, or would they belong to your family?"

"Oh, findin's are keepin's everywhere," Welcome said. "They'd be yours, Coon; yours, sure pop! You can't get around that."

Luke laughed at June's discomfiture. "Welcome is about right,"

he affirmed. "Findings are keepings the world over. If I find——"

"Then Dow has as much right to the mine as you have," June flashed. "I'm quite disappointed, Mr. Winne. I hoped you had a truer sense of right."

Luke bit his lip. "And Tracey has more than the same right that Dow and I have?" he asked in an ugly humor. "I suppose I'm aboriginal, Miss June; I come from Chicago, you know. If I had been born out here, now—Or if I had inherited a big bank-account, half a county of land, and large herds of cattle—But my father was merely a minister."

"It's too bad you didn't sit under him oftener," Coon retorted. "Perhaps you did? It was a good place to learn conservatism and greed, no doubt."

"At least," Luke said with trembling lips, "my father never hung people for their mines—I beg your pardon," he cried, contritely. "I have a devilish temper. I beg your pardon, humbly. I didn't mean that; I knew better than that."

June turned a pale cheek. "You told the truth," she said. "That is why I hate money." She moved away and rejoined Welcome. Luke took place behind her where she sat.

"I asked you to forgive me," he repeated. "I didn't mean a word of it. Oh, if I only dared say what I did mean! If I could only explain myself, you would understand. I think everything—I mean I don't believe your father was actuated by any motive but honest indignation. Please forgive me."

June did not answer. In a moment Welcome looked up, chuckling.

"You ought to've kept remarks till after the church," he said. "Miss Coon's got a temper, and she don't know whether to scratch or cry. But it'll be all right. You trot along and say prayers or something till she simmers down."

June neither moved nor spoke. After studying her beautiful head for a moment, Luke turned on his heel and followed Welcome's advice so far as "trotting along" was concerned; though he did not say his prayers. Instead, he filled his pipe, put on a rain-coat, and went into the drizzle. He paced the mud with heavy strides, walking to and fro until he had beaten a path before the cabin, and his face grew longer as he walked. Each time he passed the door he glanced in, hoping to see June smile at or beckon him, but she retained her seat beside Welcome, and the low murmur of their conversation came out indistinctly. Luke refilled his pipe several times, while the drizzle changed to a light fall of icy rain, that grew into hard sleet.

On the crest of the bare hill above the cabin, a man on horseback appeared and halted. He shaded his eyes from the sleet and looked down over the sheds, corrals, and crumbling stables to the smoke-

wreathed cabin. Then he turned, waved one arm northward a moment, and beckoned. A second rider joined the first, and a third came galloping. They stood in a huddled group, earnestly talking, with horses' heads close together. A spy-glass seemed to pass from hand to hand, as they studied the cabin; and then the third man retreated the way he had come. Despite the distance, there was something familiar in this latter figure, and watching him over the knag of the hill, Luke felt that were he but near the group, he would recognize at least one of them for an acquaintance.

Winne observed the two motionless riders with a growing uneasiness. Shortly they were joined by three horsemen, and the five put spurs to their animals and trotted down the slope toward Cub Creek. Luke hastily entered the cabin, shut the door, threw his rain-coat aside, and caught his revolver from the peg where it hung. He snapped the old shells from the cylinder and reloaded it. Looking up, he saw that June and Welcome were standing and narrowly watching him.

"Going?" Welcome inquired.

Meeting Luke's gaze, June turned away as if indifferent.

"Men are coming," Luke said. "You haven't a revolver, Dad? I'm afraid they are crooked. I saw six."

"The rustlers?" June asked, coming to Luke's side. "Let me have your revolver, please."

"Possibly the rustlers—Let you have—— But of course not. We're in a ticklish position. I may need this."

"I don't want to bury you," June said, sharply. "If they are thieves and you resist, they will kill you."

"Very well, then, they will. It's my business to protect you just now, whether you wish it or not."

"It's not necessary to commit suicide. Give it me." She laid hands on the revolver, but Winne refused to surrender it.

Horses splashed in the mud and water of the old road.

"Give me!" June feverishly repeated. "Oh, Luke! let me have it! Don't you see I can protect myself better than you can protect me? I may need it!"

Luke loosened his hold on the revolver and Coon thrust it in her shirt. The door shook under a series of heavy thumps.

"Hello!" some one shouted; "hello! open up!"

Coon nodded, and Luke, with a beating heart, obeyed. A big, greasy man stood on the threshold, a man whom Luke recognized as Dow's doubtful messenger; and beside him was Josephus. The others remained on their horses.

"How-de, Winne," said Josephus. "Cozy quarters, I must say. This is a pal of mine, named Pickett." He entered the room with Pickett at his heels. "Hello, Welcome." Josephus nodded to the

old man. "*Buenas tardes*, sonny. *Hace un tiempo espantoso*, eh? *Mal tiempo*; bum, bum weather, eh? Oh, you're white? Smudge, for a dollar? How are things, Dad Welcome? Haven't seen you for years."

"How are you, Paradise?" said Welcome. "Yes, 'tis bad weather, all right. How's the world using you?"

"Fine, Daddie. Hold on; where are you going?"

"Why, I don't like your neighborhood," Welcome sad, frankly. "You remind me of toads. I'm going home to camp and forget you."

The two outlaws laughed loudly. "All serene," said Paradise. "Good luck with the pots and kettles. Let this *hombre* pass, boys," he called; "he's loco. Old Daddie Welcome, the pedler."

Welcome shuffled out without a glance at the couple he was deserting, and Luke drew nearer June, where she stood to the left of the fireplace.

"So, you are Little Paradise?" Luke asked. "I have suspected it. I suppose you know this isn't a very healthy neighborhood?"

"Delightfully salubrious, son. A good deal healthier than the Buster trail, for instance, where Tracy and Red Murphy are spouting war-speeches, and much pleasanter than Pactolus City will be when Clayton draws his bloody dagger and vows to pot Little Joey Edom, *alias* Paradise. Quite a healthy neighborhood."

Picket advanced. "Say," he growled, "you're Luke Winne? Gimme your pocket-book."

"Not with pleasure." Luke handed it over, and Pickett carried it to the table and drew out the papers and slim supply of bank-notes. Paradise retained his watchful position in the center of the room.

"You there, Smudge," he ordered, "step out from behind Winne so I can see you. Don't try to get gay or you'll go out."

Winne moved to June's side, still keeping himself between her and the outlaws, but allowing her to be seen. "Smudge isn't a fool," he said. "We are not going to resist."

"It's not here," Pickett announced with an oath, pushing the papers and money aside. "Nothin' but a little cash an' piles of po'try—all about June. Listen here: 'Sonnet, to June: I love the very desert where you ride, I crept by night 'n' found your glove'—"

"Stop!" Luke roared. "If you read——"

The men shouted, and Paradise leaned against the wall. "Ho," he finally gasped, "cut it out, Greasy; we haven't time now. Put 'em in your pocket; we'll read 'em in camp tonight. Lovely, Mr. Winne; I'm enchanted. The honor of consorting with a poet! I'll send the bunch to June Downing first chance I get, eh? She'll ap-

preciate them. But we haven't time to be sociable. You have something we want, Winne; where is it?"

Luke forgot his mortification. "I don't know what you mean," he faltered.

"Yes you do. A little old map of the Fabulous Mine. Dig now, quick, and get it. I don't stand for shilly-shallying!" The man's voice was metallic, his face threatened.

"I haven't it," Luke said, helplessly. "On my honor I haven't it!"

"Where is it?" A dangerous burr was in the outlaw's voice.

"I haven't an idea worth repeating. I guess, however, that it is at the Downing Ranch."

Pickett cursed. "Put him out," he snarled. "It's in his clothes somewhere."

Paradise motioned his lieutenant back. "I'm working this game," he lisped; and Pickett retreated. "Is it in the cabin, Winne?"

"I have said that I thought it at the ranch. I have no idea other than that. You may murder me, but I can't say anything further."

Paradise considered a moment. "Smudge!" he called. "Where is it?"

"I—I—can't say," June faltered.

"You've got it on you then. Bring it here."

June did not move.

"Leave him alone," Luke said, interposing his body. "Quarrel with men, you scoundrel!"

"Oh, don't, Luke, don't!" June gasped. "Stand aside. He won't harm me."

"Pickett," ordered Paradise, "yank that young fool out and search him. He has the map. Winne, I've got you covered."

"You—" Luke began; but June pushed him aside and in her turn stepped to the front. She threw her sombrero aside. "I am June Downing," she calmly said. "I can't give you the map."

CHAPTER XIV.

THREE CAPTIVES.

Surprise struck the rustlers speechless; Pickett gaped with open mouth, and Paradise stood round-eyed. June's hand was concealed in her bosom, and she unflinchingly faced the men. In a moment Pickett stirred.

"Well?" he said interrogatively to Little Paradise, "she's got it?"

Joey Edom nodded frowningly. He stepped to the door and beckoned. "Arkansaw," he called. A man on horseback rode near and bent from the saddle. Paradise whispered in the fellow's ear, giving curt orders, it seemed, which caused Arkansaw to depart at a gallop. The leader took off his hat and bowed.

"You've put me in a quandary, Miss Downing," he confessed. "I

was once something of a gentleman, and so—. But the long and short of it is, we must have that map. We know exactly what it means. We can't take it, of course, so all I can do is to put an alternative to you: Give us the map, and we will take you with us until morning and then release you without having harmed either of you; or we will tie Winne up here and take you; we can't tie a woman. Refuse us the map, and it will be necessary to take both of you with us indefinitely until you see fit to give up, and until we think that we can safely release you." He turned to the door again. "Foucher," he called, "you and Sawtooth McGuire ride to the stables and find the horses these people were riding. Saddle them and fetch them here." The two men obeyed.

"But of what good would the map be to you?" June argued. "You can't use it. You wouldn't dare take up a claim where we could send a posse after you."

"I can sell it," Paradise smiled, "or trade it, or do half-a-dozen things with it. Have you made up your mind?"

"I assure you we haven't it," Luke said. "If we had, I would gladly give it, for I know that neither you nor your friends could use it. If a man had the map he would confess himself an accomplice of outlaws. Even the man who told you of the mine would not dare use the knowledge you are trying to secure for him."

Paradise shrugged. "Put on your slickers," he ordered; "it's snowing. Wrap up as well as you can, Miss Downing, but don't delay. We're in a hurry. You still refuse?"

"If I had it I would not give Dow Scammel the map," she answered, quivering; but I haven't it. I gave it to Smudge this morning before coming here. I am sorry I did—I—" She half turned to Luke, and seeing his troubled eyes, her confidence returned. "No," she clearly added, speaking to Luke, "I am not sorry. I did right." Then, to Paradise, "Dow shall not get either the map or the mine."

Paradise laughed. "Well, yes," he said, "Bug Dow told us, it's true, but he couldn't very well help himself. He's a prisoner of ours just at present. We ran into his camp without meaning to, and we had to take him along to keep him from telling Tracey and the boomers in which direction their horses were moving. I found your Uncle Musgrove's letter in Bug's pocket, Winne, and that gave me the clue; the rest was easy. Now I intend to get the map; what else I'll do with it is my business."

"Downing is a prisoner of yours?" June asked, with lowered eyebrows.

"Exactly; it was either that or murder him; and I really don't like to murder people. Odd, eh? One of my idiosyncrasies. I don't know when I've shot anybody except a Chinaman. Blood isn't my

favorite drink; I don't gnaw skulls. Sad to say, I'm a failure when it comes to melodrama. But Pickett here, eh, Greasy?"

Pickett growled an inaudible rejoinder, and went to the door.

Luke took Coon's arm and led her aside. "Tell him everything," he urged; "please. It's absurd not to. Don't mind me; I won't suspect you of ill-will to me. Already I know too much not to be told all. You worry me, Coon. You must not cross this man. It's dangerous. He will actually carry out his threat. Tell him why you gave the map to Smudge, and what Smudge was to do with it; there must be a reason. I—I won't hate you if I learn it."

Coon flushed. "I did right," she said, "and yet, I'm ashamed. You would not understand; nor would this man. He wouldn't even believe me. He could not. And if I told, Dow would know where to search, and would get the mine."

"Let him have it, then, or Pickett, or Tracey, or any one. I won't have you risking yourself in this way for merely a mine. It's nothing to me. I don't care—believe me, I don't care for it now. Let it go. I'll never forgive myself for telling you of it. Please, June!"

She shook her head.

"Well?" Paradise asked. "Here are your horses. Have you decided?"

"Yes," Luke cried, "she'll tell you everything. Smudge has it. She'll tell you why, and what he's going to do with it. You'll have to believe her."

"No," June said, immovably, "Mr. Winne is mistaken." She touched his arm. "Luke," she said under her breath, "I can't! Oh, I can't! It means so much!"

"I know the map by heart," Luke offered in desperation. "Give me a pencil and paper and I'll draw it. I'll pledge myself to make it correct in every detail. I'll show you exactly where the Fabulous is; only don't interfere with Miss Downing. If a reproduction won't do, take me with you, but leave Miss Downing here. I'll lead you to the place indicated on the map. I'll surrender everything to you, absolutely. But you must not interfere with Miss Downing."

Paradise gnawed his thumb. "Eh, Pickett?" he asked, and beckoned his lieutenant to a consultation.

June clutched at Luke's arm. "Luke!" she whispered, "Luke! What have you promised? I—I'm superstitious. If Dow gets the mine—Luke, you shouldn't have promised!"

Luke's heart throbbed. "I don't care who has the mine," he said, emphatically. "Or if I do, it's not for the sake of the gold. I haven't given up hope, however, I haven't forgotten what Tracey said. I intend to be the victor. You will let me try? Don't answer, please. Forget I asked it. Let me do as I think best, won't you? I must draw him the map unless you tell at once."

June stubbornly shook her head. She did not speak; she refrained from looking him in the face; but she did not seem displeased.

"I'll tell you," Paradise said; "we'll partly accept, Winne. We won't leave Miss Downing here; we would hardly dare do that; she would have a hornets' nest buzzing in no time. But if you will lead us, with the best of your ability, to the approximate location of the Fabulous, I will promise not to interfere with the liberty of either of you any more than is necessary for my safety. And as soon as we have found the mine I'll set the two of you quite free. For the matter of that, even if Miss Downing had given us the map it would have been necessary for us to take you along for a time. We don't want people bothering us for a few days. After that the whole district may buzz without harm. Is my suggestion satisfactory?"

"It will have to be."

"Your gun?"

"I haven't one at present."

"Miss Downing?"

"I prefer to keep it," June said. "I don't intend to use it to gain freedom. But I—am a woman."

Paradise nodded. "Keep it," he said. "All ready? Which way, Winne?"

Luke helped June to her saddle. "First, up Cub Creek," he said, "almost to the Divide."

Paradise whistled. "And so across the Buster trail?" he laughed. "Very well. Foucher, ride after Arkansaw. Have the herd go on as directed but bring the prisoner and any pack mules we have over into Cub; we'll turn prospectors, and cross the trail to-night. Much riding, Winne?"

"About two days, I think."

"Then it's somewhere near the head of Cub Creek. 'Nuff said. All ready, boys? 'Rah for the Fabulous!"

The sleet had turned to a light fall of snow; the air was cold and cutting; underfoot mud and water made the trail slippery, and at times deep cuts full of black and tumbling rivulets interfered with their progress. Cub Creek still roared in the bottom of the gulch, but it was slowly decreasing, the torrent was neither so nauseous nor so thick with mud. Overhead stretched a grey evening sky. As they rode, the snow grew heavier in the air, though it melted on the wet soil wherever it fell.

Once on the trail, Paradise paid little or no attention to his captives. He rode some distance in advance, while two of his men were even farther deployed as scouts; fat, unwieldy Sawtooth McGuire rode directly in advance of June, and fat, unweildy Pickett closed the rear. Generally the slope was gentle, and the way clear

enough to permit of the horses going abreast, and then Luke rode beside June; but at times he was compelled to fall behind while the animals picked their way across some rugged bit of ground. Little was said; for the most part each was occupied by thoughts not altogether unpleasant, to judge by their faces; and now and then the young persons exchanged glances that were more satisfactory and more speaking than commonplace words.

"How badly loco is Welcome usually?" Luke asked June, with lowered voice. "Do you think him sensible enough to be able to notify any one of our predicament?"

"Generally, yes. He was worse than usual to-day. I am hoping that he is ahead of us now, hurrying to overtake Bud and notify the Buster trail camps. But it is possible that he doesn't understand we are in trouble; or he may go back to the river and try to get word across to the ranch. We may hope he will do something; but we can't depend on it."

"June," Luke said, bending toward her, "tell me, it won't make any difference with your friendship if I don't get the mine? And success seems very doubtful now."

"No, none; I'm your friend. Don't talk about that; it makes me nervous."

"It's not too late to tell Paradise about the map. Or, at least, it's not too late to tell me, June? I believe in you despite everything," he hastily added.

June caught her breath. "I'm thinking of your relatives," she murmured; "Mrs. Musgrove and her child. It is their map; not yours."

Pickett spurred his horse and joined them, falling into line at June's left hand. His pig eyes burnt yellow, while good-humor and some other emotion glowed on his face.

"Say, Winne," he said, looking across at Luke, "I've got your pocket-book here. Excuse me for readin' them verses; I don't blame you none; if I c'u'd write 'em maybe there's a—maybe there's a girl somewheres I'd as soon as not have read 'em. Want them again?"

"Yes," Luke said, and stretched a hand.

"Sorry to hold out your money," Pickett pursued, fumbling in his coat, "but bus'ness is bus'ness. Here they are."

June interposed a gloved hand and took the wallet. She looked at Luke with laughing eyes. "How many girls are celebrated, sonneteer?"

"One."

June thrust the wallet into an inner pocket of her corduroy coat. "I'll have something to read by the camp-fire," she observed, rearranging her waterproof.

Luke contentedly laughed. Pickett, however, was not so well pleased. He bit his thumb a moment.

"Huh," he said at last, malevolently, "I've heard of your scrap-books, Miss June. There's lots of po'try there that somebody copied out and showed to the cowpunchers. Them poems has been circulatin' all over the district. I read 'em last winter, farther north. Heaps of men have writ in that book now. You're the next, pardner, but your mush ain't a circumstance to some of Tracey's. I remember it goes——"

"That will do!" June snapped. "I hadn't heard of this before. You will oblige me by telling me who read that book and who copied out the verses?"

"Can't give a pal away," Pickett said with his tongue in his cheek.

"I know," she flashed; "there's only one man base enough."

"Bug Dow? Huh, some of the mushiest stuff was his'n. I could write more sensible myself—Ain't cold, are you?" he added, solicitously. "Because if you are I've got a' extra coat on, an' I'm so blame' fat this weather's hot to me."

"No." June turned to Luke. "Don't believe all that literally," she implored. "I have a scrap-book, and Dow doubtless read and copied it some time when he was drunk and in a sense irresponsible, but——"

"Are you going to put my verses there?" Luke asked, not good-naturedly.

"If I do?" she challenged.

"I don't care," he said. "Publish them in the *Weekly Clarion* if you want to. I've heard of girls doing things like that. But I know you are joking," he added, bending toward her and peering under the sombrero.

June dimpled. "They don't go in the scrap-book," she promised, "nor in the *Clarion*. But they're mine to do what I please with, aren't they?"

"Write parodies on 'em, like you done to that Englishman's poem," Pickett advised. "I read that, too. That was great. The whole camp of us read that and like to've busted, laffin'. You'd make a fine writer for the magazines and newspapers. I've thought a heap more of wimmen since I read that parody. You give it to Scammel, remember? An' he passed it on to the punchers. I reckon it's gone down the line about as far as Mexico by now. Paradise said he was goin' to mail it to an English newspaper, along with the original poem by the eye-glass man. I reckon he done so. Say, I'll bet it hit him hard to see it all in print." Pickett threw back his head and ha-ha'd.

Paradise joined them. "Mr. Pickett," he said, "will you be so

good as to take my place at the head of the procession? And if you want to laugh there, make your bark a trifle louder and faster, so that any one hearing it will presuppose it a coyoté. And Mr. Pickett, just see to it that you don't speak to Miss Downing again unless she opens the conversation herself."

Pickett snarled wolfishly. "You're got nerve," he said. "Think you're the whole cheese? I ain't doin' no harm; but if I am you ain't got no kick comin'. Huh?"

Paradise twitched. "I gave you an order, Greasy," he lisped.

The two men remained tense for an instant, until Pickett with a mumbled oath spurred his horse ahead.

"Miss Downing is under my protection," Paradise called after him. "It will be well to keep that in mind. They're none of them scoundrels," he added, turning to June, "but I won't have you annoyed in the least, by me or any one else." He raised his hat and made as if to fall back.

"Wait a minute," June said. "Thank you for interfering. He is insufferable. But I want to ask about some verses of mine; a parody on a love-letter in verse. I was foolish enough to show both about. Did you dare send them to England?"

Paradise spread his hands. "You published them," he suggested.

"Thank you; I've learnt a lesson. I suppose he will hate me;—and I liked the man. If he was a fool at the first, I was worse than a fool at the last. He will say I have no honor, and he will be right. He trusted me."

Paradise shrugged. "Don't do it again," he suggested; and fell back to Pickett's old position.

Luke rode sullenly. "Who was this Englishman?" he demanded.

"No one whom you know, Luke," June sweetly said.

"But I think I should know."

"Do you? I'm not sorry that you heard about the scrap-book. Now you know another side of me, and not a pleasant side. I'm afraid that you won't be my friend any longer?"

Luke took her hand. "I'm not an idealist," he murmured. "It's the real woman I want to know. I want to find your faults. They bring me nearer to you. The more faults I find, the more human, the more near, you seem to me."

June withdrew her hand and did not reply, neither did she grant him a glimpse of her eyes. They went on in silence until the early night threatened darkness.

"Tired?" Luke asked at length. "Cold?"

June shook her head negatively.

A sudden turn in the gully brought into view a train of perhaps eight mules, well packed, and walking head-to-tail northward along

the slope. Three men accompanied them, but at sight of the outlaws and their prisoners two of the riders turned back, while the third broke into a trot and proceeded, the mule-train following behind him in well-drilled order.

"There's Dow," Luke said, indicating one of the approaching men. He caught a glimpse of June's face. "June!" he cried, "you are tired? You—but you don't care for him?"

June turned a smiling countenance. "I don't know what I care for," she laughed. "Do you?"

Dow Scammel rode up under guard of the accompanying outlaw, whose rifle was in suggestive prominence.

"Fall back here, Arkansaw," Paradise called.

Dow touched his hat to June, and nodded to Luke; his face was black.

"A nice, pleasant situation," he said between his teeth. "They picked me up east of here, where I was camped by my lonesome near Liver Ridge Creek. How did you two get in this mess?"

"They caught us at the old cabin," June said, "we were under shelter from the storm." She more carefully adjusted her long waterproof. "We were out riding," she explained, "and the flood came and cut us off from home."

Swirling snow-flurries eddied down the gully, and a gust of wind whistled past. June bowed her head until the breeze was gone. "We've been meeting those flurries for an hour," she complained; "they drive the chill straight through one." She shivered.

Dow was white to the lips. "Let me see," he said, slowly, "the last time was back in the old days, when you and I joined the round-up together, Coon, and punched cattle all day. You said then that that was good-bye to Coon, and that the next time you did that it would be with your husband. You were thinking of me then, I believe?—Mr. Luke Winne, would you mind reining in your horse and falling back a trifle? I want to ask you a question or two."

"Certainly," Luke returned. His voice was hard. "I have a question to ask you also."

June caught Luke's bridle. "You will stay here," she ordered. "Ask your question, Downing."

"I refuse,—here."

"Then I'll answer it," she said. "I put on these clothes at the cabin, because my habit was wet through. And because, if I remembered what I said years ago, I do think it necessary to be always consistent. Mr. Winne is my friend; please remember that."

Dow laughed, rather, he barked. "We'll see," he said, grimly. "We're all prisoners now; but wait, and I will have a few explanations of a more satisfactory sort given me."

"Not a word," Luke said; "not even explanations to a cur! Now, answer my question, Dow Scammel: You say you are here a prisoner of Little Paradise and of Greasy Pickett? After you stole my letter, you sent to your father an envoy who called himself Palmer, or Parker. How does it come that if you are now Pickett's prisoner, this same Pickett was so recently your friend and messenger? Ah, Mr. Bug Dow, answer that!"

To Be Continued.

THE GOAT HERD

By JESSIE DAVIES WILLDY.

DOWNWARD to the brush corral,
From the hillsides brown and gray,
Thro' the sage and chaparral,
Winds the herd at end of day.

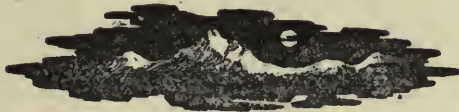
Shrilly sounds the herd-boy's call,
To the nimble-footed flock.
Swift they leap the cactus wall,
Skipping from ravine and rock.

Bleating soft, they browse along,
On the grass and low mesquite;
Comes the mock-birds' even-song,
From his yucca-white retreat.

From the dry arroya's edge,
Sunset shadows fall afar;
High above the rocky ledge
Gleams a small, pale, twilight star.

Downward to the brush corral,
White-fleeced goats, and young José;
Through the sage and chaparral
Winds the herd at end of day.

Colorado Springs, Colorado.



THE COLONEL OF BLUE GUM FOREST

By LILLIAN H. SHUEY.



OUR quiet Japanese servant took away the plates and brushed the linen while we sat at the table. There was a cloud in the air foreboding an unpleasant family council. Harry, just out of the High School, toyed with his napkin ring. Janet, her clasped hands laid firmly on the table, lifted her handsome head proudly. Mother, though with sadness in her eyes, sat with her usual gentle dignity. On the sideboard, where I had tossed it, lay my Social Science degree, just acquired from the leading university of the West.

"Give us your opinion, Rob," began mother; "shall we rent our house and move into some cheap flat, or shall we take a few boarders?"

Janet shrugged her shoulders. "O, mama!" she exclaimed, reproachfully.

"Just give me time," I said, impatiently; "one can't fall into a fine position in a minute."

"But," began mother, sadly, 'how long can we wait? Janet should have two more years at the seminary. I wouldn't tell you before, Rob, for fear you would leave the university, but there is very little money left, not enough to keep us two months. Before your father died I promised him to do just as I have done—to keep you three at school at any cost. When the Centre Street Bank failed last winter, we lost nearly all, instead of half, as I told you. I thought it best to keep up appearances and let no one know of it. And, Rob, even if you get that place in the bank, it will not sustain us as we are used to living." She sighed deeply.

"I'll not go to school any more; I'll work," said Harry, firmly.

"No, no," protested mother, "your father intended you to finish with a law course. It would be such a grief to me to change his plans." She rose, sobbing, and left the room; we knew that she had gone into the library, where father's picture hung, for she usually fled there when distressed. Janet broke down.

"This is awful, Rob," she moaned, flinging herself on the couch; "why, we need at least two hundred and fifty dollars a month for the house."

"And I'm offered eighty next fall," I answered bitterly.

"Well," said Harry, "we'll rent rooms; Janet can cook, and I'll shovel gravel, or anything."

"I can't, I won't," sobbed Janet, "I'd be dropped by every one in my set."

I was suffering, too, thinking of dainty Marian Craig, who wore

my ring (just for a trial, she sometimes said teasingly), the most alluring, elusive bit of feminine loveliness in the world.

"O, poor mama!" Janet murmured, sitting up, "she is so patient! I'll try; I'll lock the front door and do what I can."

"I'm with you, Janey," said Harry, "but I don't care who sees me work. I know what's worrying mama. She's afraid she can't send that money every month to Uncle Joseph. She's been doing it ever since father died; we ought not to give it up. It's as little as we can do, considering; you know he was in the Civil War while papa was in school. When the war was over, he let father take all the money the family had, to come west. Uncle Joseph stayed and took care of grandpa and grandma till they died; then he had to stay for years at the old farm till he could sell it for little or nothing."

"And when he came out here, eight years ago," I interrupted, laughing, "he wore a suit his mother made him, and his old army overcoat."

Janet sat up, smiling feebly.

"Wasn't he a sight?" she said. "One day he walked right into the parlor without collar or coat, when we happened to have very fastidious company. Mama had to introduce him all around. He wasn't in the least disconcerted, himself."

"And he used to smoke that old clay pipe in the front yard," I broke in.

"But he kept the garden nice and trim," went on Harry, "and he taught me to make kites, and weather vanes, and wooden soldiers."

"I remember he was a crank on trees," Janet added. "He wanted mama to dig up the vines and flowers around the house and plant trees. He said we could raise our own stove-wood."

"And if we don't keep up that allowance," I said, "he'll be back again."

"Then you're up against it!" broke in Harry. "But I don't care, I like Uncle Joseph."

"He was always preaching to mother about her extravagance," Janet ran on reminiscently. "He wanted us to discharge our servants, and said we'd come to want to pay for it."

"He was a true prophet," I said.

"O, yes," she went on, "and he meant well, too, but he was a nuisance. He'd answer the door-bell ahead of the housemaid, and papa tried so hard to make him remember to dress for dinner. It worried mama, and we simply had to dispose of Uncle Joseph, somehow. You remember how it was, don't you? Papa had loaned a man some money to take up a homestead 'way down in the California Valley somewhere, and he finally had to take the land for the money. Mother suggested that he give it to Uncle Joseph. Uncle objected, said he'd served out his time living alone, but one day he got sud-

denly interested and went off. Father said the place was in a dry belt, and he didn't want uncle to work, anyway, so he sent him fifty dollars a month. He could well afford it then, eight years ago."

"Why, does mother send that amount now?" I exclaimed.

"O, I don't know," said Janet, "I think you'd better find out, Rob. Mother doesn't realize how little she has."

When I came in that evening, mother came to my room.

"Janet says you've been talking about Uncle Joseph," she began. "I want you to write to him. I have been sending him twenty dollars a month since your father died."

"Yes, we'll stop it."

"No," she said, "only omit the payments till you get into a position. Your father always felt that we owed him a debt of gratitude. We sometimes felt sorry we sent him away off there; we once asked him to come back, but he wouldn't. He gets an army pension, but you know that isn't enough to keep anyone."

I wrote at once; I also intimated to Uncle Joseph that when I could get my talents recognized, things would be different.

I went to see Marian, but she remarked that I was very dull company; to which I agreed.

"Mother and I are thinking of going to Fresno County, this summer," she said. "We visit the Van Tassel vineyard—it's a famous estate, you know—and when I come back perhaps we can announce—" She hesitated, and I could not finish; our marriage was impossible.

"About the date," she murmured. I sat perplexed. Suddenly she glanced up with a curious, startled look.

"Rob, you are in trouble."

"I think I need a vacation," I said, evading her glance. Her pride was in her eyes.

"Then take a long one," she returned. I wanted to snatch her hand, to kiss her, to assure her of my love, but she glided to the door. "Good night," she said tauntingly, and went out.

One morning Uncle Joseph's answer was in the box, and I read it at the breakfast table.

My Dear Nephew and All:—

When I get settled in a place, I'm pretty hard to pull out or I'd be down to see what I could do for you. I reckon it's rather hard for you folks to feel poor, so I'll try to get along without those payments for a while. Jack-rabbits are thick this year. I'll tell you what you'd better do: lock up your house and come down and camp with me all summer, or as long as you like. My cabin's been sproutin' a room or two, and there's hay for beds. Don't bring any servants; I have plenty. Drop me a line ahead, and some of the folks round here'll meet you at Darcy.

Yours truly,

UNCLE JOSEPH.

"Servants!" cried Janet. "That's another dig at us; he's getting

joke. We could give out that we have gone to the country for the summer," she added, with a note of joy in her voice.

"Then no one will know of our trouble," said mother, with half-tearful animation, "but I'm almost ashamed to meet Uncle Joseph, when we haven't asked him home but once since we sent him down there."

"It makes me think of Joseph in Egypt," laughed Harry. "I wonder if I can't squint my eyes and make his cabin look like a king's palace. Anyway, I can help him shoot jack-rabbits."

"It'll simply be a hiding place for the present," I said soberly. "We can rent the house as it is till I can get into a situation."

"Have you heard from that scheme of being secretary to the governor?" asked Janet.

"Not time yet," I returned with all the brightness and buoyancy I could assume.

The truth was I had heard from everything, and every big hope had collapsed. In the country there would be no danger of meeting any of the dignitaries who had turned me down.

Usually the preparations for our summer's outings were elaborate. Hats and suits for various occasions filled the trunks and flattened the family purse, but getting ourselves up to take refuge with our uncle was different.

"Uncle Joseph will be preaching at us again if we look the least bit up-to-date, and we desire the good will of our captor," I said.

We sent our baggage by freight, and one morning we lined up in review on the porch. Janet's skirt sagged behind and her hat was a horror. She was smiling at Harry.

"Hall, you look like a plumber's assistant," she said.

"And Rob looks like a Sunday supplement hero," he retorted.

To avoid being seen by friends, we took a trolley line and caught our train out of town. At a junction we changed cars. Harry went to the dining room for lunch, but the rest of us clung to our seats.

"There might be someone we know out there," said Janet nervously. Harry came in smiling.

"I met Billy Craig," he said to me. "His sister Marian went down yesterday. You missed it."

"I suppose she's going to see Marie Van Tassel," said Janet. "I wonder if it's true about Paul Van Tassel and Marian."

She was watching me, and I turned my face to the window, seeing nothing.

Travel-weary and dusty we stood on the platform at Darcy, the western sun staring straight at us.

Darcy was a small, treeless town, with a shed-like store and a big, square hotel painted a glaring white. The only sign of life was a tall man who labored across the street.

"Your name Arsdale?" he panted. "Well," he returned to my assent, "come right over to the hotel and set in the parlor. They'll come up for you when it gets cooler; they sent up for your freight."

"I beg your pardon," I said; "we're here to meet Mr. Joseph Arsdale."

"It's the Colonel that give me the orders," said the fat man.

"Go on," said Janet, nudging me, "mama will faint."

We were shown into a large, cool room, where rockers received us hospitably. Presently a neat girl came in.

"Your tea is waiting," she said, and showed us into a dining room where a table was laid for four.

"It's some jolly mistake!" exclaimed Harry. "We might as well make the best of it," and I was rejoiced to see the color return to mother's face. When I went to the office the landlord shook his head.

"There's nothing to pay here," he said. "Colonel Scott arranged for it."

"But," I protested, "I came to see a man named Arsdale."

"I don't know anything about it," said the man; "perhaps he's working for the Colonel."

I found Janet in a room off the parlor, putting what Hal called a "weather-proofing" on her face. Mother was lying down. We were discussing our reception when a loud voice startled us.

"All ready—the Colonel's auto."

We found a splendid big machine waiting, the chauffeur dusting the seats.

"This is a surprise," said I. "Why should the Colonel be so kind?"

"You'll have to settle that with him," was the cheery reply. "You ought to be pretty thankful he did; it's mighty hot."

"This is the best luck yet," said Harry, getting in. Mother and Janet followed, with exclamations of pleasure, and we started. We were on a smooth, level road, and the chauffeur had a friendly eye.

"We wish to see a Mr. Arsdale," I began.

"I understand," he said.

"Is it convenient for you to take us there?"

"Yes, right on the way," he answered; "no trouble at all."

"Pardon me," said my mother, "does your employer, the Colonel, does he know Mr. Arsdale? He is an army man, too."

"Yes, ma'am," said the driver. "The Colonel knows everybody; he's been here a long time, and he don't throw up his old friends since he got to moving on a fine boulevard, no speed limit."

"I don't see anything around here that indicates high rate of living," I said doubtfully. "The ranches are unimproved."

"Well," he returned, slowing down to conversational speed, "some people never figure ahead much, but Colonel Scott was different. He

had a quarter section not very far from back water. People said he was crazy when he planted 150 acres of it to gum trees, 1000 trees to an acre. He struck luck; he had a wet, warm winter on top of it, and then he began cultivating between the trees in the spring, and he never stopped cultivating till the trees got tap roots down to lower moisture. He had a cabin on the corner, a windmill and a couple of old horses, and he kept on cultivating, and now, great Caesar! what do you think that grove stands for? Every tree's worth eight dollars, at the very least. Figure it up yourself—eight times one hundred and fifty thousand. That's going some! About a year ago people began to think out the scheme, and now they doff their hats to him, and instead of 'an old fool' it's 'the Colonel.'

"How interesting!" exclaimed Janet.

"He ought to be Major General," said Harry.

"Well, about a year ago," continued our entertaining chauffeur, "he sold ten thousand trees to a trolley company; they're taking it out, making roads through the forest, and the Colonel went to fixing up his vacant ten acres. He put in a gasoline pump, and it's as green as old Ireland with alfalfa now. He built a fine house and he's got horses and rigs and servants—lives like a lord. He's known clear to the Sierras since he began to cut timber. The swells of Fresno come down to see him. Sometimes I'll have three or four auto drivers to entertain in my rooms in the garage, and there'll be a dozen guests in the big house. They have fishing and golf, and hare hunts, and music till they get tired and go home. And, say, I mustn't forget to go back to the evening train. The Colonel said he expected some high-ups today, but they don't startle me any; I'm used to them."

Janet punched me. "If you could get to be his private secretary," she whispered.

"I'm going to strike him for a job helping in the hay," Harry was saying to mother. The chauffeur heard.

"Don't you be afraid to ask," he said. "The Colonel's all right. Do you see that dark spot 'way yonder? That's the grove. Now I'm going to show you speed."

I held my hat, and words were blown away.

As we neared the forest we realized what a magnificent thing it was, aside from the value—a great body of dense shade, an emerald of coolness in a vast, heated plain.

"There's a windmill on that west corner," said our driver, slowing down. "It's to pump water for the birds; the forest is full of them, it's a regular tavern for strange songsters, and, whewee! but they sing!"

"O, there's the Colonel's house," cried Janet excitedly. "Towers and balconies! How pretty they look against the dark eucalypts!"

As we neared, we saw water spraying on the lawn, and bright patches of color, like flowers. Suddenly we stopped before a rude, unpainted cabin, the door wide open to the dust and heat. I silently helped out mother and Janet. Harry stared stupidly, and the auto slid away.

We turned to the house. Uncle Joseph stood before us. My first glance took in the long beard, overalls, and that inevitable old, army overcoat. A clay pipe was sticking out of a side pocket.

"Welcome to my humble home!" he cried, trying to be dramatic. He first got hold of Harry's hands. "Little Hal!" he said, "you've grown up. I'm proud of you; you're like your dad."

He held mother's hands in silence; they looked into each other's faces with seeming pleasure.

"You look so well, and younger," she ventured.

"You must grow younger, too," he said, giving his right hand to me and his left to Janet.

"Handsome than ever, both of you!" he exclaimed heartily, but his twinkling glance ran over us. "I see you are prepared to rough it. Come in!"

"Uncle Joseph, wasn't it kind of Colonel Scott to send his machine?" Janet was asking. "Will he charge you for it?"

"No, I guess not," drawled Uncle Joseph, laughing, "for the Colonel and I made many a charge together in the army—to my credit."

We crowded into the miserable cabin. There was a bunk, a rusty stove and a bare table. On a shelf were nicked dishes and piles of newspapers. Janet and mother took the only chairs, and Harry and I sat on the bunk. Uncle Joseph was looking at mother with an almost worshipful expression.

"You've trusted me more than I deserve," he said, "to come down here. I kinder thought you'd have to sometime. I hope you'll get used to things; they're not quite up to what you had a right to expect, but we'll fix up tomorrow. You're tired, I guess, all of you. Now the Colonel, over to the big house, he sized up the situation, and he's asked us all over to dinner. I darsn't refuse, it wouldn't do at all. I'll just step over and tell them you are here." He strode out with a backward, anxious look at mother.

"Dear me!" cried Janet, "I'm not dressed fit to go to a place like that."

"We look like beggars," I said in profound misery.

"That's just what we are," put in Harry.

"Where shall we sleep?" sighed mother.

"On the hay," cried Harry. "I'll fix you a dandy bed in the tent."

Here we discovered that our hand baggage had been left in the

machine. But before we could act a stout, cheery looking woman appeared.

"I am the housekeeper," she said. "Please come with me."

We were led between rows of feathery pepper trees to the front entrance, up the stairs, and assigned to two connecting rooms, where we found our suit-cases. Through the open windows the breeze brought the pleasant odors of eucalyptus and new-mown alfalfa. Janet hovered over mother with brush and comb, and got fresh waists out of the bags.

"Our cases are hopeless," said Hal, plying the whisk broom. "We couldn't look worse."

I opened the door to the tap of a maid.

"Dinner is served," she said, "and the Colonel waits in the parlor."

We followed, our spirits rising somewhat with the excitement of the moment.

"I never expected to get into high society on a camping trip," whispered Janet.

Throwing open the folding doors, the maid left us. I took mother's arm and led off with as much ease as possible, hoping that Hal and Janet would rise to the occasion. I imagined myself already the Colonel's secretary and director of his house-parties.

The Colonel was tall and wore a black dinner suit; he stood with his back to us till we stopped, embarrassed. Suddenly he turned, showing an expansive white shirt-front, and extended his hands to mother.

"The Colonel, of the Blue Gum Forest," he said. But we saw the radiant face and snowy beard of Uncle Joseph.

"Don't you know me?" he cried. "The title is mine—I never told you of it."

I felt mother sinking in my arms, and we put her in a chair. Harry went into a spasm of laughter, but the rest of us were shedding tears of gladness.

"You must forgive me for this surprise," exclaimed Uncle Joseph, "but you never came down, and I was too busy raising trees to come up."

We shook hands over and over till we grew calmer.

"Tell us how you got this wonderful forest started," I said.

"Well, I brought some money with me, that I was quiet about—like my title"—he explained, "and your father kept sending me more. I put it all into trees and planting. Now ten acres built this house and put sixty thousand in the bank, which are my wages as caretaker. There's a million on the ground. Sit down and I'll tell you." He drew chairs around mother. "You see, it's your property, as much as mine, and we're going to organize ourselves into a company

to handle the Arsdale forest. Rob, you will have to be secretary." Harry grinned and Janet laughed hysterically.

"Like the other Joseph of old in Egypt," murmured mother, trembling with excitement.

"It's a colossal joke on us," I said, "but why are you known as Colonel Scott?"

"It was this way," explained our Uncle Joseph. "When I first came here some of the townsfolk saw my army coat and sword; no one asked my name, they just called me 'the Colonel.' When I began to plant trees they called me 'the crazy Colonel.' I went by my middle name of Scott to save myself from being called 'crazy Arsdale.' I took the postmaster into my confidence; he kept my monthly letter under cover and cashed my checks. In the last two years the fame of the forest has brought me company and friends, the best in the land. For instance, among my guests are the Van Tassels of Fresno County. Last winter they spent a week or so here, and had with them a pretty little girl named Marian Craig."

"O," I gasped, "what next?"

"I recognized on her finger an Arsdale heirloom, a ring, which my mother gave your father. With a few sly questions, I got the story of it from Miss Van Tassel. So lately I wrote to Miss Craig, and got her consent to come down here on her way to visit her friends. I wanted to surprise her as well as you, and she came yesterday with her mother."

He took me to the door and showed me a white figure in the dusk under the pepper trees.

Marian was a light-footed little madcap, but when I captured her she yielded prettily.

"Why didn't you tell me you'd lost your money?" she murmured. "Why, I shouldn't have cared. I would have understood your manner. And it made me angry to have you so stiff and indifferent and cross, you dear old stupid!"

"Come to dinner!" called the Colonel. We had to go in, and "the light shone on fair women" and one brave man—Our Uncle Joseph, "the Colonel of the Blue Gum Forest."

Oakland, Cal.

"LAND OF GOLD"

By JESSIE DAVIES WILLDY.

SWEET drowsy seas of poppy-gold,
A-dreaming lie.
Beneath soft clouds of golden haze,
And flaming sky.
Beside the shimmering Western sea,
At set of sun—
The Land of Gold is all a gleam,
When day is done.

LIFE IN A NATIONAL FOREST

By CHARLES HOWARD SHINN.



THE American people are beginning to understand that the forest system as it is, and as it will be, represents perhaps the most important constructive movement in statesmanship that this country has ever seen. It appeals magnificently to the imagination and no less to the hard, business, "horse-sense" of "the man on the street." It is planned on a large scale—none too large, however, for it aims at

immense things. It extends into many states and territories—none too many, for its work is needed everywhere, although in some states the forests and the vacant lands came almost to an end long ago. But these, the elder ones of the great sisterhood, are beginning to have state foresters, using such smaller areas as the commonwealth can obtain by gift and purchase, and teaching the people the enormous work that may yet be done by planting in neglected corners and on all the roadsides, by extending the park systems, by reclaiming the swamps and even the sands of the sea.

Everywhere, too, this central forest system of America helps the people, by conservation and regulation, by a steady increase of all those resources which are so intimate a part of that which forestry has come to mean in these modern days—namely, more timber, more water for irrigation and power, more playgrounds for the millions of our people, and, above all, a more scientific control and continuous interlinked development of all that these items imply and contain.

Southern California, especially, among American communities, taught by her intensive horticulture and her own pressing needs, has gladly accepted the forest doctrine. She sees clearly just what is involved in the great cause to which so many thousands of men and women in America are devoting their lives. And the leadership of all the communities in the country that, like Southern California, want more orchards and gardens, more timber-clad slopes, more water for irrigation, and for power, better laws, and wiser regulations controlling these things,—is a leadership that has made the Forest Service idea invincible in every crisis, and is carrying it on to new victories.

It is the merest incident of the game that while the American forest system is coming to its own and is profoundly affecting for good the daily lives of many communities, it is also being called

hard names here and there, such as "an aristocracy," "a robber of plain people," and "an incubus on national progress."

But there is nothing better than the plain and square telling of the public exactly what is being done, especially when great issues are at stake. It seems to me that the story of life in the National Forests might be printed and that any one of those forests might be used as an illustration, a concrete example of how a forest really deals with the settlers, the mill men, the tourists, the investors who wish to employ capital and open up new sources of wealth. Thus the reader, vaguely conscious of a struggle centering about the forest idea, can more fully realize the nature of the National Forests and the place they are taking in the social and industrial order. Then he will know better how to "line up" when the whole problem is under discussion.

This is not an argument, it is merely a simple and unadorned narrative, and although I am myself a forest officer, I have seen enough of the other side to give due and ample weight to every adverse criticism. Let it be said, to begin with, that I believe in the Forest Service and in the men who have created it from small and fragmentary beginnings. Gladly and fully do they recognize their responsibilities to the American people for one of the most important trusts ever placed in the hands of a group of men in modern times.

California has many forests, and is well contented with them. In March, 1909, the total acreage in National Forests in this State was 27,968,510, distributed among twenty forests. It must be understood that in all cases the area given for a forest is the total within its boundaries, which include more or less private land. For instance, much of the best grazing land, about all the agricultural land, all the best bodies of timber (often in tracts of ten or twenty thousand acres) have long ago passed from the control of the Government.

There are really two Californias, you know. The first is everywhere known in song and story, and reports itself in thousands of statistics. It lies by the ocean, it occupies the fertile valleys, it belongs to the great inland islands walled in by levees, it has conquered the rolling hills, the broad plains, the fine champaign country that belts the mountains. It is the widely advertised California of the abundant gardens, great orchards, fruitful fields—a peopled land fair to look upon, gridironed by railroads, full of villages, towns and cities. Some of it is level, but most of it slopes up to mountains or down to streams and the wide Pacific. Notwithstanding its infinite variety of soils, climates and horticultural possibilities, it now has one all-pervading characteristic—it has been

conquered, or nearly so, by the home-maker and the farmer. It is neither "northern" nor "southern," but much of both.

This California is the California familiar in books, magazines, newspapers, commercial reports and the daily talk of men. It goes so far up into the mountains at the head of many a lovely valley in both Coast Range and Sierra, that it seems at times to hasty observers to represent all that there is or can be of this great land by the Pacific shore. Indeed, it claims as all its own many wide areas of the Sierra foothills where the grape, orange, fig, olive and other semi-tropical products thrive in perfection.

When forestry began to take shape in California there was very little left for the forester to work with but rocks and brush—land unfit for cultivation, with some forests, and mere fragments of for-



A RANGER'S CABIN

ests in vast ravines or on the heights of the Sierras—silent, immense, lonely wastes, snow-wrapped all winter long. There the forester has found and is developing with unrelenting, unhasting energy, another and no less wonderful California above the level of the valleys, above Los Angeles and Riverside, Newcastle and Oroville, Porterville and Sonora. It lies higher than what we have hitherto called the Sierra foothills, and really is lifted up on the shining shoulders of the finest mountains in America. We would not be Californians at all, if we did not believe that!

This, the new-found California, higher in the main than any of the mother-lode towns of the mines, is truly that wild California of Clarence King and Dr. Sudworth, of John Muir and Stewart Edward White. It is where Dr. Gally's grizzly bear walked to the edge of the pass, sniffed the sage brush of Nevada and turned back into his forests. I think that happened up there south of Tahoe.

where the state line crosses by Job's Peak. This is that land in which Bret Harte's "Outcasts of Poker Flat" were lost and snowed in until John Oakhurst, the gambler, in order to leave more bread for the young runaways, went out and faced white and silent terror, and "passed in his checks." Now a great deal of that land is the forester's—green, fertile meadows, superb coniferous forests, vast cattle ranges, Alpine passes and eternal snows.

What a realm in which to test, work out and put in shape new forest methods adapted to these conditions; not the forestry of the levels and lowlands, but forestry adapting itself to new needs, and on an enormous scale of operation! When the time comes that the waste spaces must be planted with trees, we shall need them by the tens of millions every season.

I write from a cabin in Township 8, Range 22. You will remember that the Haliburtons and all the other nice people in Hale's "Brick Moon" lived away back where townships and ranges were the only distinguishing terms. My cabin is three thousand feet up; and yet east, north and west are higher ridges. The one to the west is but a single barrier, shutting out the winds and fogs of the San Joaquin, but the ones to the east and north rise into immense snow peaks. The rich slopes of slate, granite and volcanic soils are almost everywhere covered with heavy undergrowth, chiefly ceanothus, manzanitas, Fremontodendrons and scrub oaks. Larger oaks and pines form the main forest. By the abundant springs and streams that run to waste are willows, poplars, ashes, azaleas, dogwoods and other beautiful trees.

Here and there are pioneer mountain ranches in sheltered places where only a few acres are fenced and the rest of each private holding is used as open range. Very few of these ranches can yet be called profitable in the agricultural sense. They are homes, especially in winter. Some of them are steadily improving until they are little Edens; some are abandoned and go back to the wilderness. Some of these thinly settled areas are in the National Forests and the young men brought up under such conditions make some of our most effective rangers.

I anticipate a question about "intensive horticulture" just here. Is not a large area of a National Forest adapted to the home-makers?

No one can say what the future will give us in the way of better communication, of course, but many years will pass before home-seekers will be able to make a living on any of the Government lands inside of any of the present National Forests with which I am acquainted. Many private tracts are for sale, partly improved with little houses, some fencing and, often, old orchards. A great deal of possible orchard and vineyard land is now for

sale for a sum less than the clearing and improvements have cost—and these lands, when taken up, represented the pick of the region.

The forester comes into a land like this and gives himself over to its fascinating problems. At first it seems a chaos of conflicting interests, and he may have sincere doubts whether in the long run the higher welfare of the commonwealth can be secured by the forest system. He sees that it limits, controls, directs many lesser human activities; that it is open at times to local criticism; that it cannot move much faster than the community does. Then he begins to seize hold of a broader hope; he studies the people, the whole region, the social life and industries, the resources of the entire district. He tries to steady, equalize, balance, develop and create everywhere, until the forest shall stand in the minds of all men as the visible expression of the best ideals of all the related and adjacent communities. He comes to see and know that it is possible to have a forest system which can be so sane, genuine and intelligent that all men will recognize its value, will look up to it as in those wonderful medieval cities of artisans and burghers, men looked upon the cathedral as the central fact of their existence.

The forester says: "We must take these mountain-bred boys from homes of pioneers, and train them to become forest-men of an increasingly useful type. We must make homes for them, organize and educate them, give them high hope, eagerness, enthusiasm; the divine power to drive through difficulties, to face dangers with a laugh, to win results with no undue pride, to "get there every time" in perfect unconsciousness that it is worth a second thought when all's done.

In forestry, above all other human business, the nation takes up something that makes for permanence. We do not measure from year to year, nor from decade to decade, but for periods of hundreds of years, all interlocked and held together. We work up here on our trail systems, but behind the few miles we can build or mend in a season we see the network of trails of fifty years hence, when more than half a million people are likely to camp in our forests and uplands every season. We test a few species in little nurseries, and make that the beginning of thousand-acre plantations. We experimentally burn a few square yards of chaparral, saving the tree growth, and look forward to the establishment of forests again, where they once grew before the Indians' classic methods (Piute forestry) changed miles of timber into wastes of chaparral. The forest areas, thus reconquered, will not only help to lessen the coming timber famine, but will store and conserve more water and power for the coming thirty millions, who will inhabit that other, better-known California of gardens and farms.

Forestry aims at so much that must be considered "in the long run" and "by the large",—if the meaning of that old New England phrase still survives in common speech—in Lincoln's great words, it must be "of the people, by the people and for the people," or it is foredoomed to failure. But those of us who are in the midst of it have come to know that we are blazing the way, and that the track broadens on and on. We know that our work is needed, and is understood by the American people, and in their service the American Forest System finds its reason for existence.

North Fork, California.

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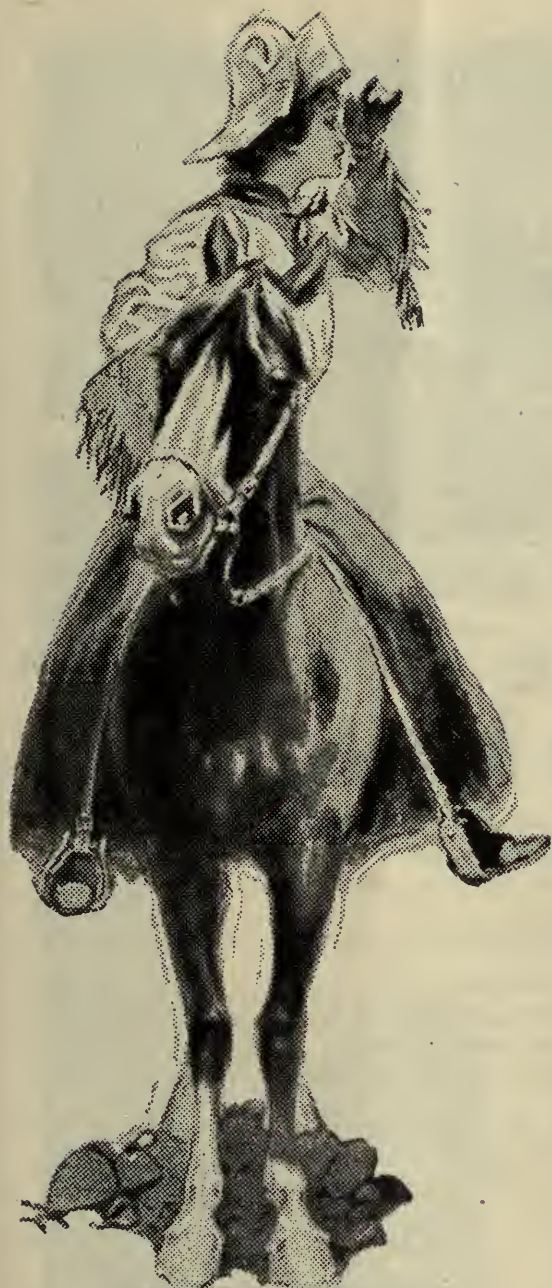
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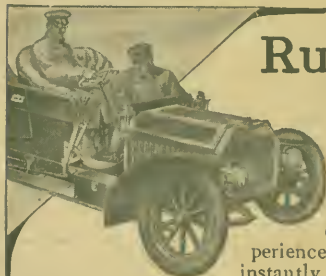
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business January 31, 1910

RESOURCES

Loans and Discounts.....	\$11,635,859.14
Bonds, Securities, Etc.....	2,534,650.00
Cash and Sight Exchange...	5,400,058.49

Total\$19,570,567.63

LIABILITIES

Capital	\$ 1,250,000.00
Surplus & Undivided Profits	1,727,876.49
Circulation	1,175,197.50
Deposits	15,417,493.64

Total\$19,570,567.63

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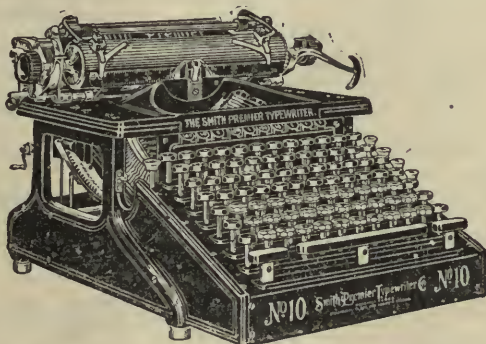
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OUT WEST MAGAZINE
CLASSIFIED DEPARTMENT LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

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4.4% PER ANNUM is a very common thing when you invest your money in California Oil Stock. The OJAI VALLEY PETROLEUM COMPANY is paying dividends now of 12% per annum on money invested and we would like to send you our prospectus with all particulars. Send us your name and address if you are interested. California oil stocks are paying over one million dollars per month in dividends—don't you want some of this? T. M. B. Oil Company, 505-506 Delta Bldg., Los Angeles, Cal.

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SEEDS, containing twelve varieties in separate packets, with directions for culture in the East. It includes the charming "California Poppy," so eagerly sought after by Tourists; the delicate little "Baby Blue Eyes" covering the ground with a carpet of sky-blue flowers; the magnificent "White Daisy"; the lovely "Shooting Star"; the "Scarlet Larkspur" and seven other varieties equally as choice. For many years I have made a study of the California Flora. I collect annually seeds and bulbs of over seventy of the choicest species; these I have fully described in my special illustrated booklet, which has the unique feature of being the only catalogue published of exclusively California Wild Flowers. A copy will be mailed free upon application.

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NOTICE

GET AN

OUT WEST REPORT

Owing to the great number of letters received by the OUT WEST Magazine asking for information regarding localities, companies, and general subjects pertaining to the Pacific Coast, the Southwest and Mexico, it has been decided by the business management to open a department, in charge of competent persons, for the purpose of supplying reliable information and reports. The service is free and dependable—to all alike—and on any subject or locality embraced above.

An "OUT WEST REPORT"—a personal letter giving the desired information in detail so far as we have it or can obtain it, will be sent the enquirer—also literature on the subject where such is issued.

Persons desiring information regarding any particular locality will, by writing us, be supplied with an "OUT WEST REPORT" giving the information desired, also literature on the locality where any is issued.

Anyone desiring to find the locality best adapted for their particular purpose will, by writing and stating exactly what is wanted, receive an "OUT WEST REPORT," telling where it can be found and giving complete information regarding the locality, with literature on same if any is issued.

If information is desired regarding any particular land or mining company, an "OUT WEST REPORT" will give all the reliable information that it is possible to get on the subject.

If a new location is desired for reasons of health, let us know what is wanted or required, and an "OUT WEST REPORT" will immediately put you in touch with a suitable location.

If a hotel of a particular class is desired, write us telling just what is wanted, and we will send an "OUT WEST REPORT" telling where to find exactly the place.

If uncertain as to just what is wanted, where wanted or how to get it, and it pertains to the Pacific Coast, Southwest or Mexico, write us at once for an "OUT WEST REPORT" on the subject.

An "OUT WEST REPORT" can be depended on—all information will be prompt, complete and reliable. We have nothing to sell, except magazines and advertising space.

This department service is open alike to our subscribers and others. It costs the enquirers nothing, and may save much by helping to avoid expensive mistakes.

Always get an "OUT WEST REPORT"—then you are sure.

Address all letters of enquiry to,

OUT WEST MAGAZINE

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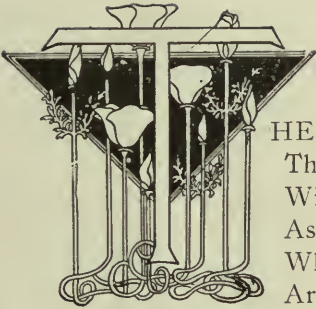
Los Angeles, California

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The department is conducted by the business management of OUT WEST,—not by the editorial staff.

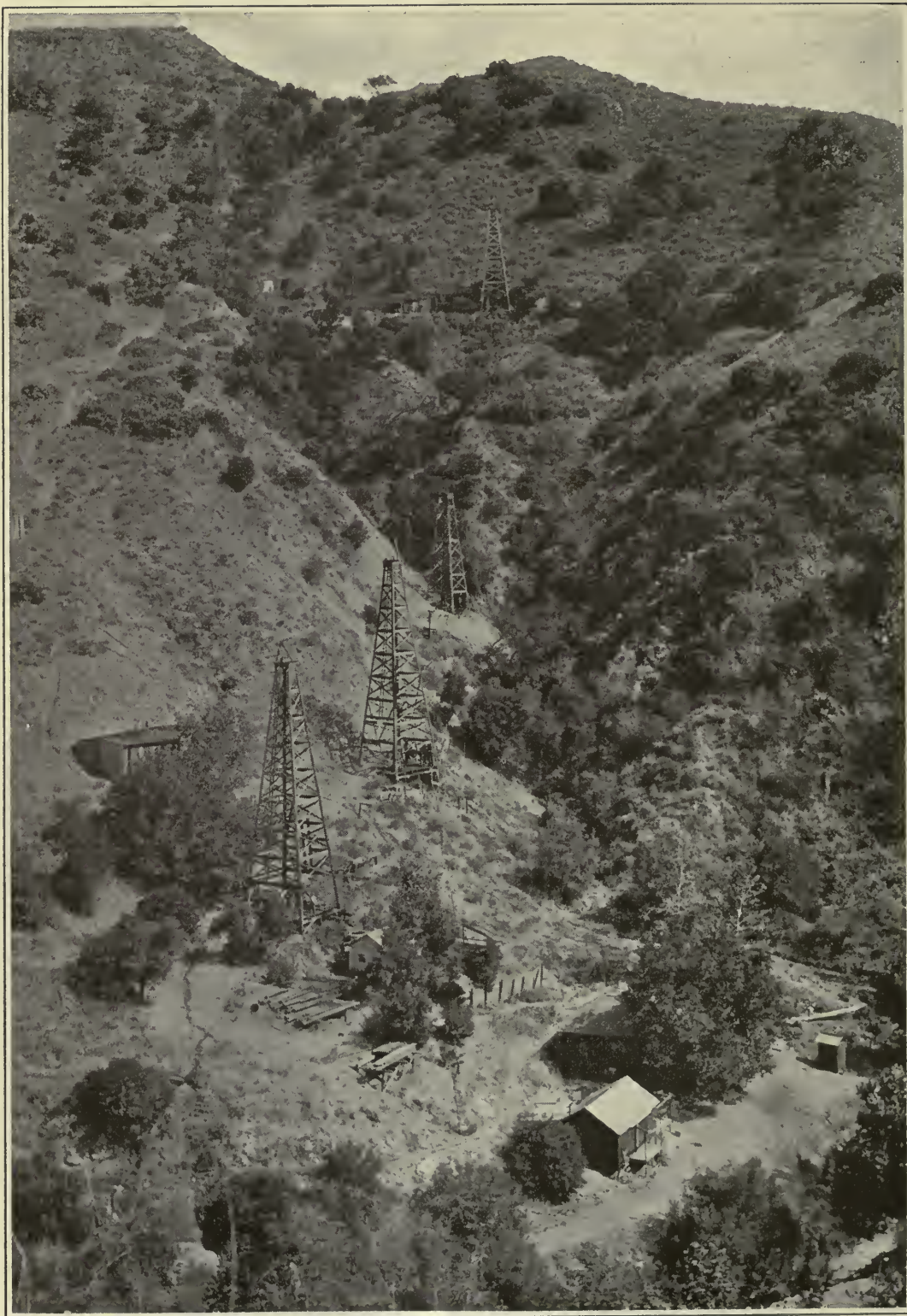
JOY

By NEETA MARQUIS.

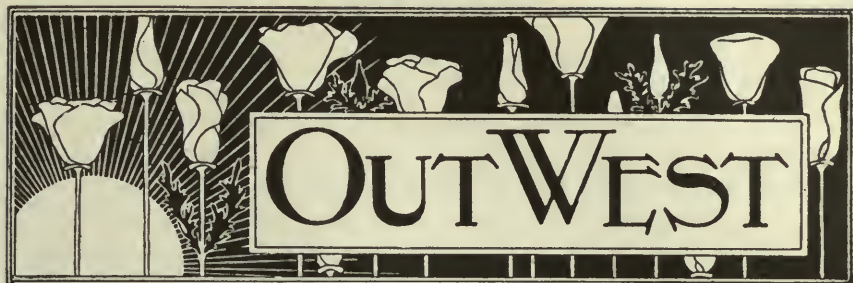


HE sunlight's play through leaf-green canopies;
This young sweet life that stirs the heart of things
With waking memories of elder springs
As filled with joy; the blooming almond trees
White in immortal vestment,—lo, all these
Are symbols, as the butterfly's new wings,
Of soul, and youth, and every faith that sings
Of that first heaven which broods beyond the seas
Of mortal consciousness. For me there lurks
A keener joy in yonder grass's sheen,
In dappling shades beneath the blowing bough,
Than all the maze of artful human works.
Ah, how it stills my needless tumults now
And rests my heart,—this sunlight through the green.

Los Angeles.



BROWNSTONE WELLS, VENTURA COUNTY



Vol. XXXII, No. 3

MARCH, 1910

BETTER THAN GOLD

By C. L. EDHOLM.



RHAT the oil production of California is more than twice as valuable as its gold output is a statement which will be read with surprise and incredulity by the average man. Yet it is a fact that the Golden State has developed an output of the black, unsightly fluid which represents double the value of the shining metal that first made it famous.

This does not mean that gold production has diminished. On the contrary, new and improved methods of handling low grade ores have steadily increased the amount of gold obtained per ton and have greatly enlarged the area of profitable mining fields, while eliminating much of the element of risk.

But in spite of these ingenious devices for producing more gold, its black rival has carried away the honors and promises to maintain the lead. While the complete statistics for 1909 are not yet available, a careful estimate places the oil production in California for that year at between fifty-six and fifty-seven million barrels, about one-fifth of which is refined. To be on the safe side, we will take the lower figure as a basis of calculation. At the price of sixty cents a barrel for the fuel oil, (which is a price well within the average) that would mean a value of \$26,880,000 for the unrefined four-fifths. The remaining fifth, which was the raw material for gasolines, burning oils, distillates and lubricating oils, besides an amazing variety of by-products, would be valued at \$1.50 per barrel at a very conservative estimate. This gives the sum of \$16,800,000 for the refined product to which add the \$26,880,000 giving a grand total of \$43,680,000.

The production of gold in this state for the same period is estimated at about \$21,000,000.

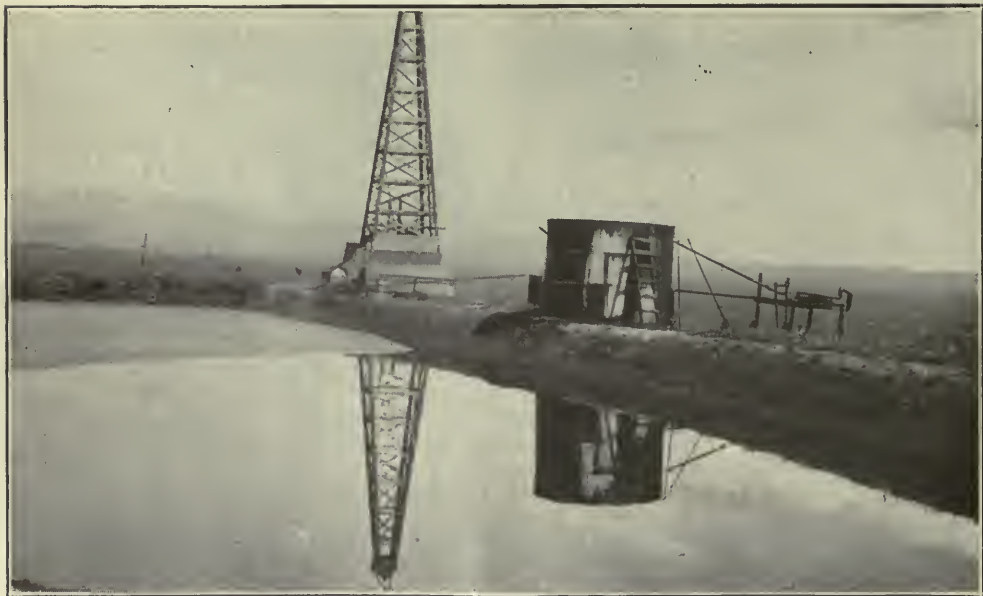
Oil Industry makes this claim: "While the statement that the oil produced last year was worth more than twice as much as the gold, is in itself an important one, the absolutely true statement that the value of the oil produced will be nearly fifty per cent greater

than the combined output of gold, silver, lead and copper, is 'extremely more so.'

But this is not all: the present price of oil is far too low in proportion to other fuels with which it competes. Two and one-half to three barrels of oil will do the work of a ton of ordinary coal, yet the coal costs \$6.00 per ton in San Francisco, at shipload rates. Add to this the fact that oil can be handled at a fraction of the cost of loading and transporting coal, and it will be seen that the cheap fuel has every advantage over the more costly one which it supplants. This must lead to a constantly increasing demand for petroleum, which will tend to raise the price, even with the large oil areas now being developed.

What the underground riches of the oil-fields amount to is a problem that has been studied carefully by the U. S. Geological Survey, which computes a deposit of ten billion barrels of the liquid wealth yet awaiting the California producer. This means that at the present rate of production it would take about two hundred years to exhaust the supply in Nature's reservoir.

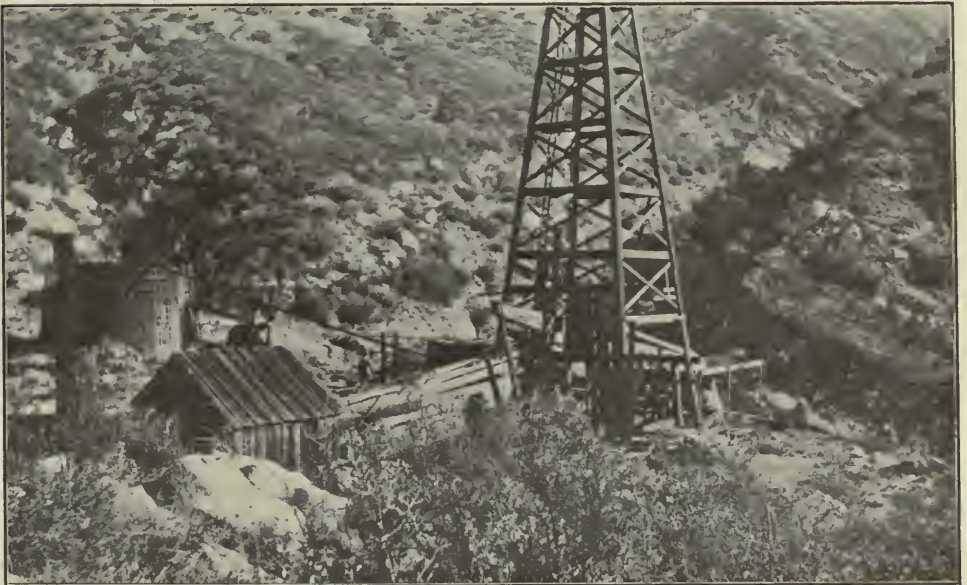
With authoritative statements that the supply is inexhaustible in our time, will come the installation of oil burners in increasing numbers. While oil production in Pennsylvania, Ohio, Texas and Louisiana has declined, the important California fields show no sign of exhaustion. Even Kansas and Oklahoma combined have had to take second place, as California has beaten them in oil production to the extent of ten million barrels.



LIQUID WEALTH

Yet with all this enormous output there seems little danger that oil men will find their supply in excess of the demand. A few items will show that, on the contrary, they will have to keep busy to fill orders. Japan is stated to be in the market for ten million barrels at the present time. The Western Pacific Railroad has just closed a contract for three thousand barrels a day, with prospects of increasing this order. The Salt Lake is another non-producing road which is buying oil, while the Santa Fé and the Southern Pacific are endeavoring to produce sufficient for their constantly increasing needs.

Two other markets for fuel oil are Mexico, where efforts are being made to remove the tariff barrier to this cheap fuel for rail-



250-BARREL WELL, VENTURA COUNTY, CALIFORNIA

roads and mines; and the U. S. Navy, which promises to be a consumer of immense quantities of California's leading product. Already the Government has ordered the erection of six storage tanks from Naragansett Bay to Colon, and there is a good prospect of oil taking the place of coal in propelling our battleships.

The one requisite for fuel in the navy is efficiency; cost is of secondary importance; and the tests made by the monitor Cheyenne have been satisfactory for speed, ease of handling, reduction of cost and general efficiency.

The use of fuel oil in the navy will serve to steady the market, as great quantities will be stored by the Government, and the producer can always find an outlet for his commodity even in times of congestion.

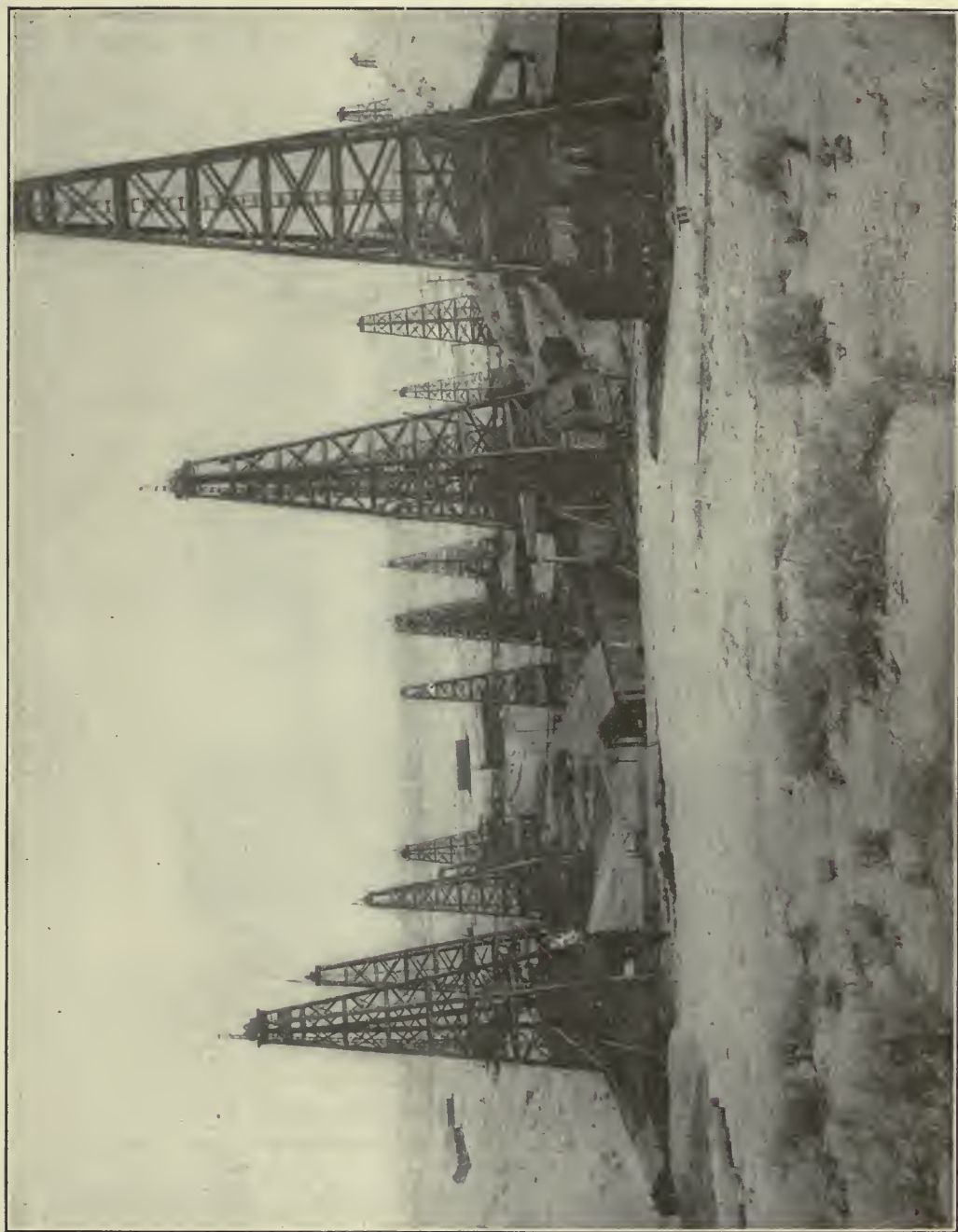


KENTUCK WELLS OF UNION OIL COMPANY

The use of oil for roads is not only a great benefit to the oil man, but to the country at large. The agricultural industry will be the great gainer, of course, as oil roads mean increased profits to the farmer from many sources. To haul his produce over good roads means a saving of time, (often a vital point in securing top-notch prices) a saving of labor and a saving of wear and tear on the vehicles, all of which would aggregate an enormous sum. Add to this the fact that he is no longer isolated as in the past, but can enjoy the society of his neighbors, and it will be seen that the farmer owes much to the oil man.

The introduction of automobiles and auto trucks into the rural regions is another certain result of the oiled roads, and the auto-truck, by the way, will compete with the railroads for short haul business, affording an additional profit to the agriculturalist. This in turn will mean a still greater demand for the products of crude petroleum, gasoline, distillate and lubricants, so that the oil producer in benefitting the country at large will himself receive additional benefits.

This applies as well to the development of manufacturing industries, which have been handicapped in the Southwest by lack of cheap fuel. With the unprecedented output of oil, more and more factories will compete with the eastern plants, and both consumer and producer will be the gainers. The smelting business is already a consumer of fuel oil and the invention of carbonite, (a product of petroleum) by Professor T. S. C. Lowe promises to render the



IN THE McKENNICK FIELD

iron deposits of the West commercially valuable. Again I quote from *Oil Industry*: "This oil product . . . is the nearest absolutely pure carbon ever artificially produced. It is pure as a diamond and is named 'carbonite'.

"The process of converting the oil differs somewhat from that of coke-making from coal. The high heat from the ovens gasifies all the oil, and the processes which this hot gaseous compound has to be taken through to make what will be a fixed gas, or a combination of elements that will remain in a gaseous state under ordinary variations of temperature and pressure, cause a precipitation of the heavy hydro carbons in the form of tar and lamp black, heretofore waste products. An admixture of these tarry sub-



OIL, THE RANCHER'S FUEL

stances and the lampblack, charged back into the highly heated ovens, drives off the remaining volatile portions, and there is left the new form of carbon called carbonite, having an analysis of over 98% fixed carbon in its crystal form—the diamond."

Thus in the manufacture of low-priced gas from heavy oils even the waste is converted into a most valuable product. Mr. Allen G. Nichols sums it up as follows:

"A factor which has received but little attention up to the present moment is the making of gas and the manufacture of coke from crude oil. It has been demonstrated that from 100 barrels of crude petroleum, costing say \$100, can be taken enough distillates by refining to pay the cost of the raw material. Enough gas can be

manufactured to pay the entire cost of refining and there still remains a residuum amounting to three tons to weight of coke or carbonite worth from \$15 to \$20 a ton, as clear profit of 50 to 60 per cent to the refiner. This carbonite industry is an infant, but oil carbonite has no superior for the manufacture of electric carbons, as an abrasive, or as a high-grade fuel.

"Through the open door of development of this coke manufacture will enter great industrial enterprises of blast furnace and steel



—Photo by Dr. Walsworth.
SUMP HOLE REFLECTION

mill, for we have iron ore in plenty which has never been utilized because of scarcity of coke, while we are buying thousands of tons of iron and steel annually of the East."

The use of fuel oil in locomotives has been not only a saving to the railroads in dollars and cents but has marvelously increased the efficiency of the systems, and made possible the construction of the world's largest locomotives, in use in California. I am indebted to Mr. H. B. Guthrey in his report to the Los Angeles Chamber of Mines, 1909, for the following:

"It will be readily apparent that the cost of transportation for oil is considerably less than half that of coal. When the fuel is put aboard the locomotive tender the same rule holds good. Sufficient oil fuel can be carried for the day's run for the heaviest type of locomotive; if coal is used the supply would have to be replenished several times.

"There is still another phase of the fuel business from the railway man's standpoint. The Southern Pacific owns two very large locomotives that run from Bakersfield to Mendota, a distance of 134 miles. Either one of these engines is capable of pulling 100 carloads of freight of an approximate weight of 5000 tons dead weight and one of them has actually a record of 102 loaded oil cars from Oil Center to Kern, 60 of which were jumbos weighing more than



SANTA FE GUSHER

Since November, 1909, has averaged about 2,000 barrels a day.

100 tons each. On this run, requiring about seven hours this locomotive consumes the equivalent of 29 tons of coal.

"It will readily be seen that it would be utterly impossible to consume that amount of coal within that period of time, even if it were possible for a man or even two men to shovel it into a single furnace."

The enormous fortunes made from the oil industry are the wonder of the world. Not alone John D. Rockefeller and his associates, but thousands of other oil men have accumulated fortunes, ranging from a competency to aggregations of wealth unknown before in the world's history. Here are a few picturesque items (credited to G. S. Johnson of San Francisco) which show that the average investor has a chance of winning and winning big stakes,

while the careful investigator minimizes the risk of failure, making oil investment not a gamble but a practical certainty.

"During the past ten years those oil stocks listed on the California Oil Exchange have paid dividends aggregating about \$25,000,000. Many of the large dividend paying companies, however, have never listed their stocks, so that the total of the dividends paid by California oil companies in the past would no doubt reach very nearly the gigantic sum of \$50,000,000.00.

"A few years ago the Union Oil Company of California was organized. It then owned some unimportant properties in the oil fields of Ventura County. The beginning was small indeed. Ten



OIL TANKS BURNING

years ago it is said that a controlling interest in the company sold for \$300,000.00. Today the Union Oil Company has assets valued at \$100,000,000.00. Consider the immense possibilities of the industry that will permit of such an enormous growth in ten years! What other argument need be offered as to the opportunities of the oil industry in California?

"And what of the Associated Oil Company? Here, too, we find an instance of stupendous growth within a few short years, and today the Associated Oil Company owns assets worth many, many millions—no one can tell how much.

Stock in the Kern Oil Company originally sold at 25 cents per

share. It has since paid dividends of \$23.00 per share, and is now worth several times the original price.

From an oil publication we take the following figures:

\$250.00 invested in stock of the New York Oil Company has since been worth \$10,000.00.

\$250.00 bought 2500 shares of Lucile Oil Co. stock. It is today worth \$25,000.00.

\$250.00 invested in Alcalde Oil would since have brought \$75,000.00.

\$250.00 invested in stock of the Central Oil Company grew to be worth \$45,000.00.

Stock which sold only a few months ago in the Palmer Oil Company at 25 cents per share is today worth \$1.35 per share.

Monte Cristo, Peerless, Caribou, Pinal, San Francisco and McKittrick, and many, many others have made the original stockholders enormous profits. In fact, a large portion of the oil stocks listed on the California Oil Exchange are paying dividends steadily.

Thus we see what has been accomplished. Yet it is conceded that conditions are better for going into California oil investments now than ever before, and while the profits of the past have been very large, those of the future will be even greater."

The history of oil in California is by no means an old story, for though the presence of the precious fluid was known since the days of the Padres, and some development was tried in 1865, yet it was not until the 70's that enough oil was produced (in Ventura County) to justify the establishment of a refinery.

At that period it was not realized that California oil was a fuel industry, and the year 1892 is the time from which the present great business may be said to date. It was in the fall of that year that Mr. E. L. Doheny found oil in the city of Los Angeles, his success leading him to drill eighty-two wells within the next three years. His example was followed by many others until 2700 wells had been sunk within the city limits.

Then followed the development of the Fullerton district, by the Santa Fé in connection with Mr. Doheny, and, in about the order named, the fields of Coalinga, Bakersfield, McKittrick, Sunset, Whittier, Midway and Santa Maria, while certain outskirts of Los Angeles were found to be likewise productive.

*Acknowledgment is made to Mr. Allen G. Nichols for assistance in preparing this article and to Mr. Wm. N. Shell, Editor *Oil Age*, as well as the other gentlemen quoted for data. Many of the cuts are used by courtesy of *Oil Industry* and the *California Red Book*.

9 OIL FUEL IN THE NAVY

By ALLEN G. NICHOLS.



FOR years past it has been a matter of wonder to producers of crude petroleum that the United States government did not adopt liquid fuel for the navy, but probably the principal reason has been the fact that heretofore it was almost impossible to be assured a sufficient supply under any and all circumstances.

If the government makes a contract for coal for any reasonable amount, even up to 10,000,000 tons, the coal can be piled up on the surface of the ground and distributed among the various coaling stations where needed so that the government has on hand a sufficient supply even in case of war. With oil fuel this has not heretofore been possible, but at the present time the government would probably be able to obtain a sufficient supply by taking the product of the Illinois, Mid-Continent, Coastal Plain and California fields.

Probably at this time 20,000,000 barrels might be purchased for delivery at Gulf points, and perhaps 40,000,000 barrels might be contracted for to be delivered within the next eight years from California points alone. This, of course, would require much additional development, but California could probably produce the oil at a price not very much in excess of the present market rate.



"WHALEBACK" OIL CARRIER

The advantages of liquid fuel over coal are so many and so varied that it is difficult to enumerate them all, but a few only will be treated in this chapter. First of all, from a naval standpoint, is efficiency. It has been demonstrated by many steam vessels in the merchant marine, by a number of naval vessels in the British navy, and by at least one or two flying our flag on which the test has been made, that the efficiency of an oil-fired vessel can be increased from five to eight per cent by the use of oil as against coal. There are two primary reasons for this condition.

On a large vessel having, say, thirty-six fires fed with coal, from four to six furnaces are out of commission at all time owing to the necessity of cleaning fires to get rid of clinkers, ashes and other refuse left from the fuel. This cuts down the efficiency of the boilers something like fifteen per cent, besides requiring the services of several men and the use of a good deal of hoisting machinery to get rid of the refuse. The second reason for the increased efficiency is that the steady, even heat made possible by liquid fuel results in a steadier steam pressure, and the same cause largely increases the life and safety of the boilers.

Probably the second most important feature of oil fuel is the ease and quickness of loading. The problem of coaling a warship at sea has been a serious one for many years. It can be done only under the most favorable circumstances and only in pleasant weather or within a sheltered harbor. As against this, there is on record an instance of a British battleship taking in tow an oiler and the oil tanks of the battleship being filled by the oiler while under tow. This was accomplished in about four hours some 600 miles from shore in comparatively rough water, and an eleven-knot speed was maintained during the entire four hours. What this means to a war vessel is much. If this battleship had to be filled with coal it is quite probable that both the fighting machine and the collier would have to proceed to some land-locked harbor, at least a two days' journey. It would require from twenty-four to sixty hours to coal the vessel, probably another day to clean ship, and another two days to return to the place from which they started, or a net loss of about six days.

Another very important feature on any ship is stowage room. Oil stows in about fifty-one per cent of the space of coal, ton for ton, whereas the efficiency of oil on the same basis is about two for one; that is, one ton of oil consists of about six barrels, which is equal to about two tons of coal burned under favorable circumstances; so that if two tons of oil stows in the space of one ton of coal, and each ton of oil has an efficiency of double that amount of coal, the fuel-carrying capacity is increased in the ratio of four to one, provided that the coal bunkers are utilized for oil. But

here again comes in the value of the liquid fuel. A large amount of oil can be stowed either in the trim tanks or false bottom. In fact, the Dutch Transport & Trading Company's vessels, among the largest oil carriers and oil burners in the world, carry the most of their fuel supply in their trim tanks. As one tank is exhausted, it is filled with sea water, so that it might be figured that if a vessel uses the same amount of space for oil that she did for coal, and in



A TYPICAL GUSHER

addition uses either the false bottom or trim tanks, or both, the steaming radius is increased nearly six to one.

The facilities for storage of liquid fuel is another very important item, and in nearly any port in the United States oil can be stored in steel storage tanks either at or near the water's edge; or if deemed advisable, storage tanks can be located at points that would be inaccessible to the shells of any hostile fleet. Such stations could be erected at numerous places on the Atlantic coast all the way from Bath, Maine, to Jupiter Inlet, at points on the

Gulf from Key West to Galveston, and at least a half dozen places on the Pacific coast.

Oiling stations could be located near Boston Harbor, or well up the Hudson River above New York, at various points on the Atlantic Highlands, up the Delaware or Potomac, on Chesapeake Bay, and at interior points, even above New Orleans if necessary, at Port Arthur, and in some place, possibly Morgan's Point, on Galveston Bay. At all of these places tanks could be built as far from deep water as it was deemed necessary and connected with the buoyed end of a pipe line at some place accessible to a naval vessel.

On the Pacific coast the facilities for protected storage are probably even better. Behind the mountains at the head of San Diego Bay there is room for any number of steel tanks to which oil could be either transported on cars or pumped through a pipe line from the harbor. The same thing is true at San Pedro. An oil tank can be located behind Palo Verde Hill, or, if desired, tanks could be located at or near Los Angeles, or, for that matter, even behind the Sierra Madre Mountain range, distant about thirty miles from the sea. In San Francisco Bay any one of scores of sites would be available, and on Puget Sound the same rule obtains.

Suppose, for the sake of argument, the United States should be so unfortunate as to be forced into war with some far eastern power, so that the base of operations would be on the Pacific coast. If there were large storage tanks in the mountains in the vicinity of Los Angeles a war vessel could pick up the buoyed end of a pipe line outside of San Pedro Harbor after dark, notify the pumping station at the tank either by wireless, by telephone or other signal, be filled up with oil in a few hours and be out of sight before daylight. As against this it would take practically a day to bring one of these monsters from the outer harbor to a coal dock, another two days to be coaled, a day to clean ship, and the best part of a day to go to sea—five or six days' time lost as against probably ten hours.

Take another illustration. If two vessels arrived at the same place, one burning coal and one oil—suppose the place to be the mouth of the Sabine River, between Louisiana and Texas. Both vessels need fuel. The oil burner comes to anchor in the oil pond outside of Sabine Pass, picks up the end of a pipe line connected with storage tanks either at Port Arthur or Beaumont, is filled with oil and gone within ten hours. The coal vessel, if coal were stored at Sabine, loses, as before stated, about six days. As a matter of fact, probably no coal would be stored at Sabine; it would probably be either at Galveston or New Orleans. At any rate, when the two vessels were refilled with fuel, the coal burner would be at Galveston, Sabine or New Orleans, and the oil burner, with a five

days' start, would be either at New York or well down the eastern coast of South America, according to which way duty called. This, of course, for a war vessel, means everything.

In this connection it is probably well to state that there is no country in the world—even Russia, with her tremendous petroleum production—that could compete with the United States in the matter of oil fuel. At some point in the United States, oil fuel could be obtained under any and all circumstances. None of the ports, with the possible exception of one or two in Maine, are ever ice-bound, and most of them are easy of approach at all times, either day or night.

For foreign stations, oil can be transported much more quickly and cheaply than coal. A very large vessel will carry 60,000 barrels of oil, equivalent to at least 20,000 tons of coal. This cargo can be loaded in ten hours and be discharged in from ten to twenty. On the other hand, even with the most improved machinery, it takes several days to load that much coal, and would take at least twice as long to unload. The expense would be at least four to one to handle the coal as against the oil, for loading and unloading only. It is, of course, impossible to put 20,000 tons of coal in one ship, or anything approaching that amount.

A very important feature in using oil for fuel is the almost entire absence of smoke if the oil is burned under a proper system of combustion. The smoke of the coal-burning vessels may be seen, under favorable conditions, sometimes two hours before the vessel itself can be made out. This is a very important matter in time of war, and while the average steam vessel being fired with oil does make smoke as does the average locomotive, it does not make anywhere near so much as if coal were being burned, and it should make practically none.

The boilers in the oil field fired to make steam for drilling or pumping purposes never smoke except when a new fire is being built with a cold boiler. In fact, a fireman in an oil field who allows his boilers to smoke is subject to ridicule by his fellow workmen, and there is no reason why a plant equipped with modern machinery, installed under scientific methods, as certainly a naval vessel should be equipped, should smoke more than an oil field boiler. It is certain that when a boiler smokes, carbon is escaping unburned and the full efficiency of the fuel is not being obtained. This matter also is important from a standpoint of cleanliness aboard ship—practically no smoke, no cinders, no dust, no ashes. The ship is clean while at sea and in port.

In no one thing is the contrast between oil and coal shown more sharply than in this matter of cleanliness. If properly handled, a vessel can be filled with oil without spilling a drop on deck or any-

where except in the tanks where it belongs; whereas, a vessel after coaling ship is dirt, dust and cinders from truck to keelson, and in fact one of the most disagreeable jobs in the navy to do is that known as coaling ship. It is, in fact, so dirty a job that even a landsman can tell when a vessel has been coaling up, by seeing the fatigue suits of the crew in the rigging next day.

Certainly the chief requisite of the navy is efficiency, and from purely a standpoint of efficiency, expense should not primarily enter into account. We spend millions of dollars annually for new armor plate and other millions of dollars for new explosives that have the power of crushing these same plates, so that if oil for fuel did cost more than coal it should not necessarily enter into the problem from a standard of efficiency only. But here, also, the advantages are all on the side of the liquid fuel. Take the question of labor alone. A large percentage of the number of men employed in the fire room of a modern battleship are coal passers, in fact, the coal passers and firemen constitute nearly the entire force. If oil is used instead of coal, all the coal passers and at least fifty per cent of the firemen are at once eliminated. Tons of machinery installed for the rapid handling of coal, ashes and clinkers is also eliminated. In fact, the amount of machinery required to handle coal and ashes will probably offset the increased weight of the oil fuel over the coal if the same number of cubic feet of bunker capacity is utilized.

It has been stated that the fire room of a modern battleship in action or under forced draft is a floating hell. Half-naked men, grimy with coal dust and smoke, work frantically to get another pound of steam in cramped and close quarters, where the temperature ranges from 120 to 140 degrees. With oil fuel the fire doors are always closed. The decreased number of men gives much more breathing space, the shovels, trucks, swings and hoists being eliminated, gives room for freer action, and the temperature of the fire room is decreased very materially. This insures a much better class of men, with a consequent higher grade of efficiency in the fire room. Under the present conditions, in a coal-fired ship it is almost impossible to get a high standard of labor owing to the extremely adverse conditions under which men must work. With the new fuel a fireman's work is comparatively clean and pleasant. This, in itself, is a very important feature and one that should not be lightly passed over. If a vessel requires the services of 300 firemen and coal passers, and that number is cut to 100, the services of 200 men can either be dispensed with entirely or they can be put at other work. Here is a saving of the wages of 200 men, amounting, with their subsistence, to probably \$400 per day.

The expense of oil to the government at the present time would probably be about one dollar per barrel on an average, figuring on

crude oil from California delivered at Pacific coast points, crude from Illinois, Kansas, Oklahoma, Texas and Louisiana, and Gulf points, and refuse delivered from the Appalachian fields, or rather from the Atlantic seaboard refineries, to Atlantic ports. It is likely that coal can be delivered in the immediate vicinity of the mines on the Atlantic seaboard more cheaply than oil, but coal at Gulf points is worth probably five dollars per ton in large lots at the present time, while on the Pacific coast the price of coal varies from about eighteen dollars per ton at Nome in Alaska to something like ten dollars at Los Angeles or San Diego. It is likely, however, that coal in large lots could be purchased by a private consumer at ship side in San Francisco for about seven dollars per ton. Probably the government could not purchase it quite so cheaply, but it probably could obtain coal in large lots at about seven and a half per ton.

This coal would have to come either from British Columbia or Australia, but principally from the latter place, as the Pacific coast does not produce coal in commercial quantities, with the exception of a few small deposits of lignite that are not suitable for steam purposes, at least not for use in the navy. The cost of transportation from British Columbia to a point in the Philippines or Honolulu would be about three times the cost of oil, ton for ton, and it is to be remembered always that a ton of coal means six barrels of oil, or the equivalent of two tons of coal. It should be remembered, also, that the cost of building storage for coal is largely in excess of storage for oil.

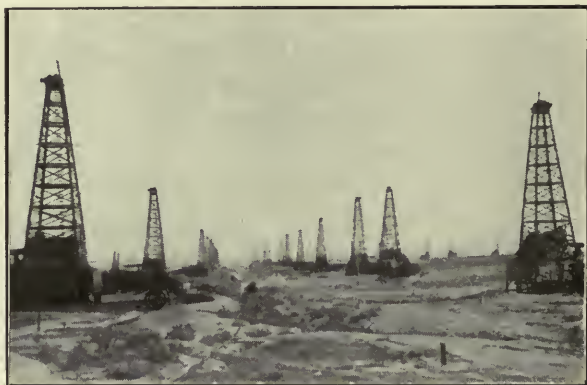
Steel oil storage costs about twenty-eight cents per barrel, or about eighty-five cents for an amount equal to one ton of coal. Coal storage cannot be built for anywhere near this amount of money, while the machinery and equipment for the handling of coal, viz., elevators, chutes, etc., costs much more than pumps and pipe lines. It requires the services of a large force of men to care for a big coal supply depot and to handle the product from the colliery to storage and from the storage to the ship's bunkers, whereas a pumping plant that can be manned by four or six men would accomplish the same work with a cargo of oil and in less than one-quarter of the time.

This refers, of course, only to ocean transportation. For land transportation the advantages on the side of the liquid fuel are still more marked. At New York, Philadelphia and Washington; at New Orleans, Sabine and Galveston; at San Pedro, Santa Barbara, Gaviota, Port Harford, and at Monterey Bay, which three groups of ports fairly well cover the Atlantic, Gulf and Pacific coasts, stations can be established practically in the heart of the oil fields, and tanks could be connected by pipe line, if desired, with the wells themselves. No transportation equals pipe line in point of cheapness. As an instance of this might be reckoned the price charged for freight on oil from Bakersfield to San Francisco, viz., thirty-eight cents per barrel. This price is based on a tonnage

schedule and also includes coal, yet the pipe line companies are transporting oil and making large amounts of money out of the venture at eight cents per barrel, practically one-fifth of this cost.

There is still another feature to this matter that is all important to the petroleum producer, and that is that during any period of temporary depression in price, the government could buy large amounts of oil, which would have a tendency not only to steady the price but to stimulate production. We have at various times been told that we had an over-production of oil, and while the writer does not believe that this country ever did experience an over-production of oil, or ever will, there certainly have been times when, for some reason or other—principally a lack of transportation—there have been local congestions which the purchase of large amounts of oil, or the possibility of delivering large amounts of oil on existing contracts, would have a tendency to relieve.

For the merchant marine many of the arguments advanced in the foregoing will apply, but what is probably of even greater im-



MIDWAY-SUNSET FIELD

Wells are drilled close to line to prevent oil being drained by rival wells.

portance to a strictly freight-carrying vessel is the amount of space that can be saved. It is customary for vessels leaving Gulf ports in the winter time with a light cargo—say cotton, or grain and cotton combined—to stow a large amount of coal on deck in order that the bunkers may be filled with cotton. In some cases this is reversed and cotton is stowed on deck, carefully covered with tarpaulins, skillfully battened down, and as the coal is consumed from the bunkers, the cotton is stowed in the place thus made vacant. Every forty cubic feet, comprising one ton, is worth just so many shillings to a freight carrier, and if by burning oil fuel the vessel can cut in two its bunker space, it has made just that much money. Here, also, the expense becomes even more important than for a war vessel. Owners of freight-carrying vessels, especially of the tramp class, figure very closely, and their business is carried on as economically as possible. If they can cut their fire room force in two and at the same time save money on the actual cost of the fuel, they will not be slow in adopting oil as a fuel of the future.

The only reason that oil has not been adopted as a universal fuel for steam vessels is, as has been stated, the impossibility of obtaining a permanent supply. Some years ago, when Spindle Top first threatened to flood the world, the Shell Transport & Trading Company, now the Dutch Company, made a contract for millions of barrels of Texas oil, established stations at various points in Europe, and signed a great number of long-time contracts to furnish steam vessels with fuel. Before they got well started, the Spindle Top bubble had burst and a great many steamship owners who had abrogated existing coal contracts were again forced to change their burners and go back to the coal producers, who promptly made them pay largely increased prices for coal.

It has been argued that the price of oil may be arbitrarily advanced at any time. While this may possibly be true, it is also true that the price of coal has advanced both arbitrarily and otherwise many times within the last few years, and that it is certain to still further advance in the near future. While there may not be oil sufficient to furnish fuel for all steamships, there is sufficient oil in the United States to furnish the United States navy for years to come, and we believe that the time is coming in the very near future when at least the Pacific fleet will be equipped with oil burners and will be fired with the California product.

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OIL WELLS, VENTURA COUNTY

THE LUMMIS LIBRARY AND COLLECTIONS

By HECTOR ALLIOT.



BELIEVING that life is a trust; that a man owes it to his children, and to the community of which he and they are a part, to preserve and pass on to them, in perpetuity, so much as is possible of all that he may accumulate in knowledge and in material possessions—particularly of such things as are of educational value;

“Believing further that the greatest security and the broadest usefulness of these things to his own children (to whom he owes



A CORNER IN THE LUMMIS MUSEUM

Paintings by Keith, Hill, Poore, etc.; Inca embroideries; Pueblo potteries,



FIREPLACE IN THE LUMMIS STUDY

Shows part of the library, baskets and ancient potteries deeded to the museum.

the first debt) involves the safeguarding and the sharing of these fruits with the neighbors and the descendants of these children.

"Having reason to believe, and actually believing, that in my own case, as in others, these books and collections, which represent the sum of my life work for the benefit of my children and the public, would be lost, sold, destroyed or otherwise removed from usefulness within a very few years after my death, if devised to said children or to any other individual whatsoever in the ordinary course, and that the only way to insure a continuance of this usefulness is by conveying these articles in trust to an incorporated

institution of learning where my children and the public may enjoy them forever; and since these articles are my own exclusive personal property, and no other person whatever has assisted me in collecting them or caring for them and has no claim upon them in law or equity, therefore:—”

Dr. Chas. F. Lummis, on the twenty-eighth day of February, 1910, deeded to The Southwest Museum his complete historical,



DR. LUMMIS AND ONE OF THE CHILDREN FOR WHOSE SAKE HE HAS MADE THE DEED

scientific, and philological library, together with his collection of artifacts from the aborigines of Mexico, Guatemala, Ecuador, Peru, and the native tribes of the Southwest.

The gift is a munificent one, the most important donation ever made to a Western museum, yet should plans now maturing permit, he proposes to still further endow the institution, and add a feature more important even than the priceless collections just transferred:



PREHISTORIC PERUVIAN AND CLIFF-DWELLER POTTERIES, FETICHES, ETC.

Dr. Lummis' decision to make The Southwest Museum custodian and joint beneficiary with his children of these treasures was brought about by two paramount desires; the dominant one being the wish to have preserved forever, by competent trustees, the accumulation of a life's devotion—work, sacrifices, and hardships—that his children and his children's children as well as the people of the Southwest might for all time to come derive benefit therefrom; the

other purpose was to enrich the beloved museum, of which he was the creator, that it might be more efficient in public service.

Private collections, however carefully treasured, are generally dissipated by the heirs of the person who has gathered them. The same intense interest in certain scientific or educational pursuits seldom manifests itself in succeeding generations of the same family, so that it has become an axiom among museum directors that private collections disappear altogether within three generations. So general has this idea become throughout the world that the public free museum is being more and more frequently enriched by accessions by gift or bequest.

The public museum is, after all, the logical custodian and trustee of all things of historical, scientific, and artistic value. Our modern



UNIQUE PREHISTORIC POTTERY OF THE CLIFF DWELLERS

life, in its great complexity, demands a tabloidal form of knowledge, compressed by the loving expertness of men of letters or of science for the education of their fellow men; or by the specialist whose inclination—sometimes wealth—enables him to render a great altruistic service while he at the same time satisfies a special taste, a peculiar bent, a favorite hobby to the limit of his time, his strength, and of his means. To one whose life has been centered in the collecting of anything, that which has been his constant thought, companion, and alluring magnet, becomes a part and parcel of his life's blood. The bibliophile will as readily sacrifice himself for the safety of his beloved volumes as he will for that of his family; as a matter of fact his collection is a part of his family, and as such should remain for all time indissolubly linked to his posterity. The only means by which this can be accomplished is by making

a public museum custodian of such treasures for the perpetual benefit of the collector's children and the community at large.

"Did it ever occur to you," says Dr. Lummis, "that this is the only way to preserve your heirlooms? What has become of most of the interesting and valuable things your great-grandmother had? If you have collections or articles of educative interest for their beauty, their history, or their illumination of life and customs; and if you put them in your name in a great museum, where neither fire nor theft nor carelessness can make away with them, they will really belong to your posterity forever, will they not? Do you know of any other way in which to insure this?" Believing this in all sincerity Dr. Lummis has chosen the only logical custodian for his own valued accumulation of years of research and exploration.

Within as well as without the Archaeological Institute of America circles it is a recognized fact that, with all due appreciation of the public-spirited aid of the governing boards and directors of the Southwest Society and the Southwest Museum, Dr. Charles F.



PART OF THE DE SOTO GUN OF 1793

Lummis was the founder, the nursing parent of both institutions through the somewhat difficult infancy of both. If the Southwest Society, founded the twentieth of November, 1903, has vastly outstripped all other similar societies in membership and today stands alone in numbers and point of efficiency, it is almost entirely due to his efforts. To the same tireless energy does the Southwest Museum owe its present condition of prosperity, holding as it does a matchless collection of archaeological specimens of the Pacific region, the priceless J. A. Munk library of Arizoniana, together with valuable landed possessions, and the assurance of a cash bequest sufficient to erect a museum building worthy of the name.

If American archaeology today occupies its deserved place alongside that of classic lands that, too, is largely the outcome of his ceaseless endeavors to have preserved the precious mementos of our land. The Southwest Museum, therefore, created almost wholly by this one man's devotion and enthusiastic scholarship, becomes naturally the trustee of the fruits of his life's work for his children, his posterity and the people of the great Southwest as well. Unlike



A MADONNA OF THE SCAPULAR, NEW MEXICO, ABOUT 1620.

the historic Scotch dominie who said, "Do as I say, not as I do," Dr. Lummis practices what he preaches. The keynote of his life is his love for his children and his children's children, and for their sakes *all* children, and a large responsibility toward the community in which he lives. A collector ever since he was a boy, he has outgrown the collector's selfishness. His children converted him.



FROM PREHISTORIC PERU AND BOLIVIA

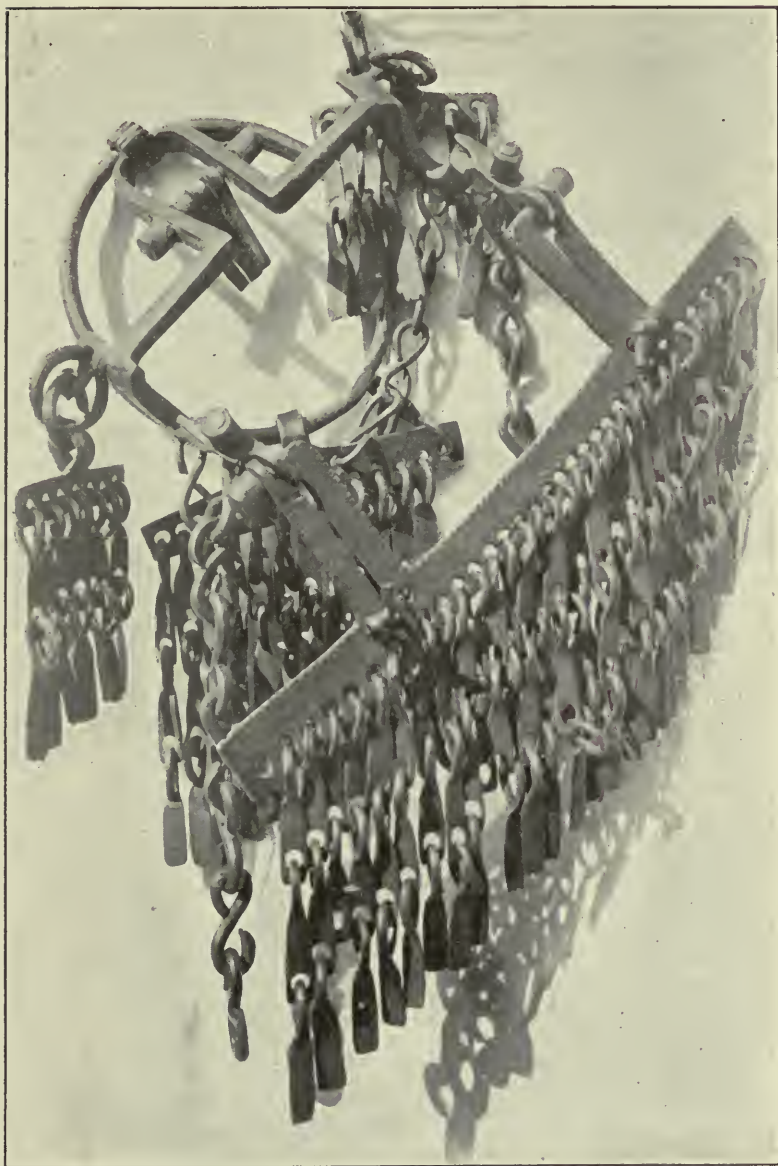
At the bottom a mummy's hand, with two gold ornaments. Two ironwood combs, with unique gold tweezers for plucking the beard. Massive silver fetich of the llama, and of the patron fox of Tiahuanaco. Necklace of gold beads with shell discs and bone and pearl jaguars.

As he has often said, "they are the only tangible immortality. No man knows what life is until he has had a child, no man knows what life is until he has lost a child. Human progress, science, invention, even 'business', all are born of the parental feeling. The vice of civilization is that stupid selfishness which omits—or for-

gets—the factor of posterity, and it is the silliest vice, for nothing in the world can give so much pleasure as the companionship of your own child.”

The preamble of the deed of conveyance of his property to The Southwest Museum but reiterates these sentiments, and explains better than any other words could the mental conception of his duty toward his children and his descendants which guided Dr. Lummis' actions in creating this trust. He further desires to make “El Alisal” (the place of the sycamores), that unique home built by his own hands on the bank of the picturesque Arroyo Seco, now standing as a monument to the architectural handicraft achievement of fourteen years of persistent labor and skill, inalienable to his kin by the same means in default of the English law of entail which has the defect of favoritism to the eldest son and frequent injustice to the younger children, but does put a premium on home-making for the sake of posterity.

The notorious uncertainty of wills and testaments in this country, and the practical certainty that the loving industry of a father will soon be dissipated, has led to many different devices being adopted (by those who think of the future) for preserving to the children and their descendants the fruits of the love and efforts of the founder of the family. Some estates are put in trust, under conditions designed to safeguard the children. Some families incorporate under the laws of the State, and like a business house. This presupposes business training and competence of all the stockholders of such a corporation; its fatal defect is that such competency cannot be guaranteed unto the next generation, and that the stockholders,—even if of the same family—are likely to differ on business matters. Dr. Lummis' plan is simpler and safer, and possible only because of the uncommon love and care he has given to his home. He has built a monumental home, in fit surroundings, a building which any museum would be glad to accept in trust as a branch or subsidiary. By conveying it (as he wishes to do) to the Southwest Museum, incorporated, as trustee, under condition that its three museum rooms be opened free to the public for stated hours each week, and that his family and descendants shall have tenure of the remaining rooms as a home forever, he would put it out of the power of himself or any person living, or to come, to dissipate, lose, or alienate by business incompetency, for taxes, speculation or in any other way, this trust which he has created for his family and descendants, and the community to which he believes all its units are responsible. This would insure a beautiful and a safe home to his posterity, forever free from rent, taxes, or debts. It would insure to the public as well an important, and probably unique, free museum of science, art, and history; and an example not only in



THE MASTER BIT OF THE SMITHS OF AMOZOC
Actual size, $9\frac{1}{2} \times 12$ inches.

architecture but in loving ingenuity and devotion in the building of a home.

The giving over of his library and collections in trust for his children and the public to the safest possible custodian is the logical sequel of what he has already done for both for many years, and in line with what he hopes to do still further. In his own forceful

phrasology Dr. Lummis thus recently expressed himself on this matter which lies so near to his heart:

"In any family it is likely that within one lifetime, and certain that within three generations, either hard luck, indifference or incompetence will lead to the peddling of the property to pay taxes or tradesmen's bills. Then instead of having a library or a museum the family will have eaten them up and have nothing for themselves, their children or their friends, or the community. What I wish is to insure my family against want; to give them a place from which they cannot be evicted and on which they cannot starve, and also such articles as shall be educative to them and to the community in history, humanity, taste and public spirit."

That those interested in this new and definite, yet so sanely simple, disposition of that which combines personal enjoyment and public service may be able to judge of the immense importance to the community, as well as his children, of Dr. Lummis' gift the words of the original conveyance are here given:

"This indenture made and entered into this 28th day of February, 1910, by and between Charles F. Lummis, the party of the first part, and the Southwest Museum, a corporation, party of the second part.

WITNESSETH: For and in consideration of \$1.00 paid to said party of the first part by the party of the second part, (the receipt whereof is hereby acknowledged) and the above valuable consideration to him moving, the party of the first part does hereby grant and convey to the party of the second part all his personal property of a scientific, historical, or art nature as hereinafter specified and subject only to such conditions as are imposed herein, to wit:

My historical, critical, and scientific library numbering 2,000 volumes, more or less, including all printed books, all manuscripts, parchments, pamphlets, scrap-books, etc., dealing with the history or the science of any part of America, or with the Spanish language or with any Indian language, or with archaeology, or ethnology, or geography; including all dictionaries and all vocabularies, published and unpublished.

And particularly the card catalogue which contains the first part of my Dictionary-Encyclopedia-Concordance of Spanish-America from 1492 to 1850 inclusive, and the Globe-Wernicke cases which contain these cards.

All paintings by William Keith, Thomas Hill, J. G. Borglum, A. F. Harmer, F. R. Poore, Norman St. Clair, Carl Oscar Borg, and other paintings in oil or water-color.

All framed photographs, drawings, paintings, or engravings on canvas, paper, wood or copper.

All letters and manuscripts in my possession from distinguished authors, artists, scientists, statesmen, etc., including framed autograph letters with portraits from Theodore Roosevelt, Gen. Leonard Wood, Charles Dudley Warner, Andrew Lang, William Keith, and others.

All scrap-books of photographs, letters and printed text, except



CLOISONNE GOURD, MEXICO, 1814
Each dot is a silver inset.

those scrap-books which are the personal property of my children.

All negatives 4x5, 5x7, 5x8, and 8x10 of New Mexico, Arizona, California, Mexico, Central America, Panama, Ecuador, Peru, and Bolivia; and all portrait negatives except such as portray members of my own family.

My heirs and assigns shall have the right at any and all times to

have prints made from any or all such negatives and to reproduce them by publication or otherwise.

All ornaments, utensils, and other articles of silver, gold, brass, copper, bronze, or wood from the aborigines of New Mexico, Arizona, Mexico, Peru, Ecuador, and Bolivia and California—whether ancient or modern.

All implements, ornaments, utensils, and other artifacts of stone—including arrowheads, axes, mortars, metates, etc.—from the aborigines of California, Arizona, New Mexico, Mexico, Peru, Ecuador, and Bolivia—ancient and modern.

All potteries, vases, jars, urns, tinajas, and other fictile artifacts of any or all the above mentioned aborigines, ancient or modern.

All baskets, cloths, belts, rugs, scarfs, and textile handiwork from above mentioned aborigines, ancient or modern.

All boots, leggings, shirts, pouches and other articles of buck-skin or leather from the above mentioned or other aborigines, ancient or modern.

And particularly all Navajo blankets, whether of Bayeta, native wool, or Germantown yarn.

All bows, arrows, spears, lances, knives, clubs, daggers, and swords, guns, pistols, spurs, bits, locks, balances, shears, and other weapons or utensils of iron, steel, brass, bronze, or other material from any of the above mentioned aborigines or from any Spanish speaking people in Europe or the New World.

And particularly the Arquebuse or musket of Juan De Soto, the eight-times great grandson of Hernando De Soto, the discoverer of the Mississippi River; said musket being made in Eibar, in Spain, in the year 1793, and inlaid in gold with the place, date, and name of owner, and much other ornamentation.

Also all daggers, guns, swords, bayonets, pistols and other offensive or defensive weapons of use in, and by people of, the United States.

All images, or reproductions in plaster, stone, bone, wood or other material; and particularly my own life mask and the statue by Daubertin, entitled *The Kiss of Death*.

Also all pictures, letters and other personal relics of my father, Henry Lummis, D. D., and my mother, Harriet Waterman Fowler Lummis.

There is, however, excluded from the operation of this conveyance, and saving and excepting therefrom the absolute right upon the part of the grantor to the possession, use, control, disposition and location of the said property, and every part thereof, and of each and every article thereof, during the term of the natural life of the grantor.

This conveyance is made upon the following conditions;



PERUVIAN SPANISH DRINKING-HORN

Silver-mounted, of about 1700; and prehistoric Inca drinking-cup of bone, carved in high relief with the Alligator-God.

First: That such library and such collections when delivered to the grantee shall be maintained in perpetuity for the benefit of the public as the "Charles F. Lummis Library" and the "Charles F. Lummis Collections," but shall be catalogued separately according to the plan of cataloguing adopted by the Southwest Museum.

Second: That said collections and library shall not be sold, given away, or otherwise bartered, but shall be maintained as a free exhibit for the extension of knowledge.

A violation of this condition shall cause said property to revert to my heirs or assigns.

To have and to hold unto the party of the second part and its

successors forever, subject, however, to the reservation as to my right and possession during my lifetime as hereinbefore set forth.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF the party of the first part hereunto sets his hand and seal the day and year first above written.

(Signed)

CHAS. F. LUMMIS.

Witnesses: W. J. TUMMONDS,
W. J. FITXPATRICK,
HECTOR ALLIOT.

Certificate of Notary Public follows.

The carefully experted library thus conveyed is the most important collection of Spanish Americana,—particularly of the early history of California and the Southwest, and all the related countries—on the Pacific Coast. It covers every item of real value to the historian or the student of these lands, besides many of the rarest and most costly historical documents, manuscripts and literary curiosities.

Among the special features of this library of over 2,000 volumes, are a perfect copy of Benavides, which is the most valuable piece of Americana concerning the Southwest. Only seven copies are known to exist, of only one hundred pages, but worth about \$1500 each. The collection also includes the historic cruet mentioned by Benavides in this same precious history of New Mexico, where he was Provincial (head) of the Franciscan order from 1625 to 1630.

A different, but equally interesting, item is the book of the epistles of that great scholar and statesman who afterward became Pope Innocent II; printed in 1468; and such a specimen of book-making as is absolutely impossible today. E. H. Harriman, with all his money, was unable to secure such paper, ink, presswork or binding, for his great Alaska work—though he tried, by securing the best experts and giving them *carte blanche* as to expenditure.

Then there is Ferrarius's almost unknown, but magnificent tall folio of 500 pages, printed in Rome in 1646, in Latin, on "The Hesperides; or, The Golden Apples—Their Culture and Use." This great work—for which the late Fred'k H. Rindge offered \$1000—is not only rich in the most exquisite allegorical copper-plates (engraved by Cornelius Bloemaert and others from drawings by the greatest artists of the day, like Nich. Poussin, Francisco Albano, Guido Reni, Domenico Zampieri and others), but contains 89 copper-plates showing, life-size, the foliage and fruit of every variety of orange, lemon, lime, shaddock, grapefruit; as well as the methods of planting, grafting, budding, shed-sheltering, espellier, etc. From this wonderful volume—the most elaborate ever yet printed concerning citrus fruits—we trace the whole mythology and history of the orange. Even the "Washington Navel," California's distinctive pride, and one of her chief assets, is perfectly pictured and described herein.

The manuscript books of Madame Modjeska are among other treasures turned over to the Southwest Museum. They were bequeathed to Dr. Lummis by the great actress as a personal friend.

The modern books on the West are full of Dr. Lummis' critical annotations; and many of them enriched by his reviews of them in the leading critical journals.

The collection of autographed volumes and of thousands of inti-



THE BEST KNOWN SPECIMEN OF A PREHISTORIC PERUVIAN SKULL

Shows the hair and the three head-dresses—first the blue turban or band, second the crest of braided cords, each with a parrot plume at top, third the frontlet of llama-fur. Around all is the sling. Beside the left jaw shows the little silver pincers for plucking the beard. Under the left eye can be seen the vermilion face-paint whose grease has stuck to the bone.

mate letters from distinguished authors, statesmen, scientists, artists, etc., is of an interest and value impossible to compute. In a literary and scientific career lasting more than a quarter of a century, he has acquired such a mass of such reminiscences and documents as could not now be duplicated. These letters will be bound in volumes, alphabetically.

Dr. Lummis reserves nothing for himself of all that he has accumulated in his life. On the contrary, he desires to make it impossible for himself, or anyone else, for any motive or by any means, to alienate, or dissipate the house, library or any other part of this accumulation from those that he desires to make his beneficiaries—namely, his family, his children, his children's children and the community.

As for the rest he expects to maintain himself, and his family and this museum gift to the public, at his own expense during his life time, and by his own efforts.

For more than twenty years a trained photographer, he has made the largest, most intimate and most interesting collection of photographs of antiquities, Indians, cow-boys and other frontier peoples ever made on the frontiers of the Southwest, Mexico and South America. This is part of his bequest. The historic value of these thousands of negatives is very great.

One of the most important items of this conveyance is a card-catalogue digesting to a universal index all the rare and costly Spanish works and archives which deal with the history of America from 1492 to 1850—a duplicate having been donated by him to the Los Angeles Public Library. This dictionary-concordance-encyclopedia covers already about 30,000 titles; and is expected to be much larger than the Encyclopedia Britannica. It is the only work of its kind in the world.

The bequest also includes what is probably the best extant collection of paintings by William Keith, the great California artist, painted when he was in his prime. Also scores of water-colors, oils, etchings, etc., done by other artists of prominence.

Thousands of people who have enjoyed the view of these collections at Dr. Lummis' house (including not only residents of this city, but scholars and scientists from all over the world) realize the extraordinary interest and educative value to this community of this bequest; but as the donor says, "The market value is a trifle compared to its historical value. If every person who loves his children, or cares for this community, would give even *one* educative article in trust, we would have here within five years the greatest, the most important, and the most fascinating museum in the world—a proper supplement to our public schools and our public library; and carrying out in the same spirit, the things they cannot do, but to which they logically lead up."

It is the hope of the donor to arrange within a few months for open hours at his home once a week, in which the public may freely visit and inspect these donations.

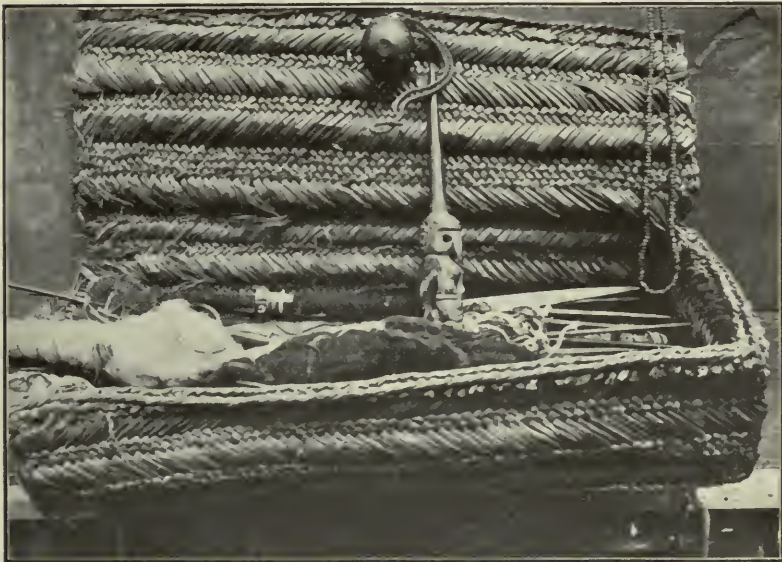
The Peruvian collection is, as has been said by experts, "The pick of a hundred museums." It is relatively small; but in each item is the finest specimen anywhere known. Mr. Lummis personally gathered these, as all his other collections; having excavated for a year and a half in Peru with a large scientific expedition.

The collections from New Mexico, Arizona and Mexico are the fruits of long residence and personal exploration. There is, unquestionably, the finest collection of Navajo blankets now extant; and innumerable artifacts and objects showing every phase of aboriginal or historic culture in these several million square miles of historic territory.

The collection of weapons, both aboriginal and historic, Spanish,

Spanish-American, and later, is of the highest interest and variety. A marvelous piece of art gun-work—the musket which was the property of a descendant of the Discoverer of the Mississippi, naturally heads the list; but there are many other items of only less interest and value. A skilled workman himself, Dr. Lummis has acquired the masterpieces of the jewelers and smiths of Spanish America; and this collection, now made over to the Southwest Museum, is unparalleled in the West.

The will of the late Carrie M. Jones, bequeathing \$50,000 to the Southwest Museum for a memorial building, has been sustained by the courts, after a contest; and this gift will soon be available for the beginning of work on the Museum Hill, for which over \$30,000 has been paid. Some of the Lummis collections will undoubtedly be exhibited in these halls, for stated periods; but it is the hope



PREHISTORIC PERUVIAN WOMAN'S WORK-BASKET

Shows raw cotton, spun and spooled thread, iron-wood bodkin (carved with the parrot), and also tiny silver beads and flask for arrow-poison.

of the donor to maintain them ordinarily in a subsidiary museum—the beautiful stone castle El Alisal (the place of the Sycamores) which he has already built himself, and wishes to make safe to the public and to his children. Following Mrs. Jones' bequest, and the gift of Dr. J. A. Munk's peerless library of Arizoniana, Dr. Lummis' conveyance gives the Southwest Museum the distinction of being the most important Museum of locality in America. Bishop Conaty, on behalf of the Catholic Church, has pledged the priceless collections covering the Franciscan Era in California, and including the original Mission books of births, marriages and deaths at the various missions and in Los Angeles. Miss Frémont, daughter of the Pathfinder, has bequeathed to the Museum the priceless relics of her father. The archaeological collection from California and the Southwest is matchless. The Museum already owns the

most important collection of folk-songs ever made—and is preparing to issue a volume of these admirable songs.

The various bulletins of the society set forth its activities; and will be sent free upon request.

The value of the endowment of the Museum in cash subscription, by donation of collections, by expedition, purchase, etc., now exceeds \$300,000. The Museum is largely supported as to its expenses by the Southwest Society A. I. A., a national organization with the largest membership of any similar body in the world. Its headquarters are in Los Angeles. All persons interested are invited to visit the Museum Rooms, 320 West Seventh street, between 2 and 4 P. M.

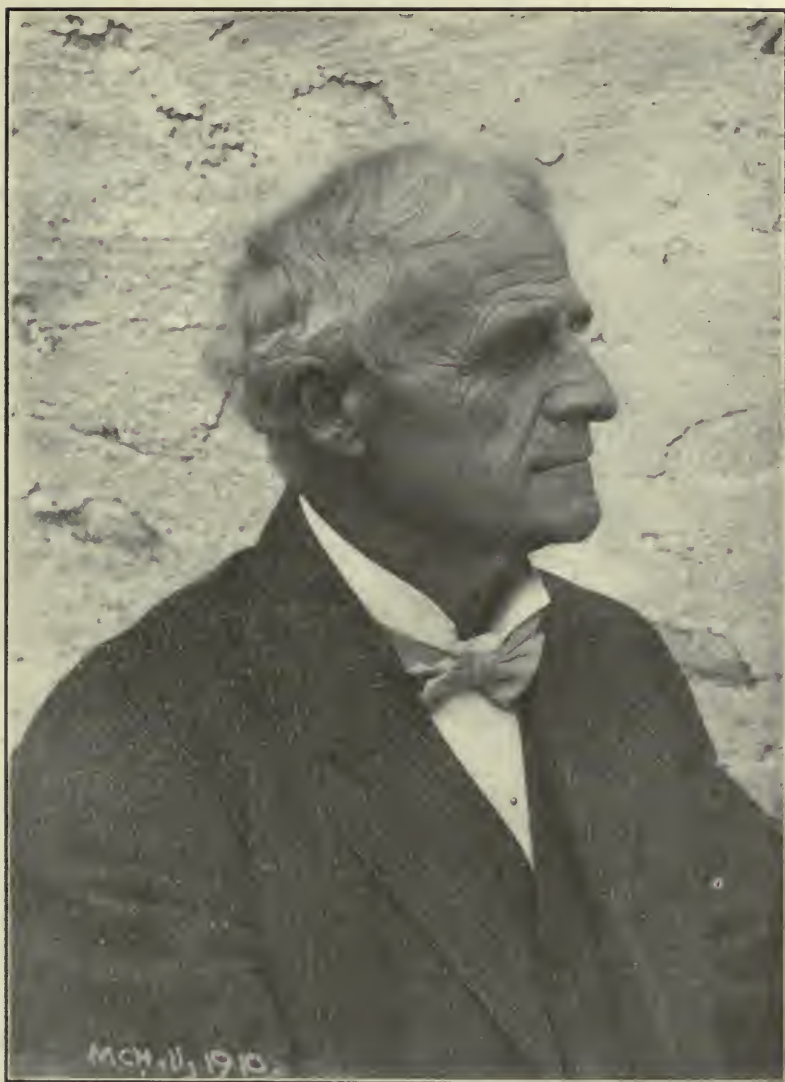
Norman St. Clair, the well-known artist, is a son of the famous English archaeologist, author and Egyptologist, George St. Clair. He has joined with his wife and children in conveying to the Southwest Museum a most interesting and valuable collection of personal letters sent to the elder St. Clair by many of the foremost men of England of a generation ago, like John Bright, Darwin, Gerald Massey, Jos. Chamberlain, Walter Besant and a large number of other of the foremost scholars, authors and men of affairs of the time, including Oliver Wendell Holmes and others in this country. The St. Clairs feel that in doing this they are saving this priceless collection as a heritage to their children. These letters will be bound up in a volume, saving the old envelopes and the careful notations of the senior St. Clair; with biographical sketches inset, and portraits whenever possible; the whole to be known as "the St. Clair autographs," and preserved in the Southwest Museum forever under that head. Instead of being lost or divided, or eaten by mice, or burned up, or lost, these things will be kept together, so that any St. Clair of this or of coming generations can see this valuable heirloom of distinguished ancestry by calling at the Southwest Museum and asking for such and such a volume. This is the only way to save heirlooms.

THE MUNK LIBRARY OF ARIZONA.

Dr. J. A. Munk, founder and head of the Eclectic College of Medicine, of Los Angeles, some two years ago pledged to the Southwest Museum his \$10,000 library of *Arizoniana*, which is said to be the most complete in existence. This library is now in the Museum rooms and will soon be shelved and available to students.

It was in 1884—the same year that Lummis was making his memorable "Tramp Across the Continent"—that Dr. Munk first visited Arizona, to inspect a ranch established by himself and his brother, Judge Munk, at Railroad Pass. The spirit of the Southwest—the freedom, breadth and inspiration—came into his blood. From that day to this he has loved and studied Arizona.

Returning to his home in Topeka, Kansas, he began at once a systematic gathering of books and information as to his Enchanted Land. For 26 years he has been building up this special library; counting neither time nor cost in his determination to assemble everything which relates to Arizona. As every student knows, this includes works on California and New Mexico, of which "the Sun-Kissed Territory" was a historic part. So while the Lummis library gives the Museum the incomparably rare original Benavides, in Spanish, the Munk library adds a precious copy of the almost



DR. J. A. MUNK

equally scarce French edition of 1631—only a year later.

Some four thousand books, maps, monographs, magazines, atlases and newspapers are included in this remarkable aggregation. There are no duplicates, and the doctor is just as keen on the hunt today as he was a quarter of a century ago, so that few prized rarities escape his vigilant eye.

With equal business and sentimental interests in Arizona and California, Dr. Munk is equally loyal to both. Withstanding strong pressure to place his library of Arizoniana in some place in Arizona, he has placed it in Los Angeles because more Arizona people can see it in this metropolis of the Southwest than could see it anywhere else. More Arizonians visit Los Angeles every year than visit

Tucson, Phoenix and Prescott (the three chief cities of the Territory) all put together. Here is their common playground, here their universal summer resort; here, therefore, is their best focus for study. And, besides, here this matchless library of Arizoniana is most accessible to hundreds of thousands of others who wish to learn about that Wonderland. By this disposition of his great collection, Dr. Munk gives the best, most sensible and most effective service to Arizona, California and the world.

In 1908 Dr. Munk, with the methodic sense of the true collector, issued a second edition of his "Arizona Bibliography," containing a brief catalogue of the titles and authors, which, notwithstanding its conciseness, covers some ninety-eight pages.

"It has been my aim," he writes frankly in his foreword, "to include in this collection anything and everything that touched Arizona—good, bad or indifferent." The spirit that moved the collector is splendidly illustrated in his "Arizona Sketches" (New York, 1905), "Summer Outing," "The Best People on Earth," and many recent articles.

Whatever one may seek to learn regarding Arizona is to be found in the Munk library, for everything is here, from Creuzbaur's Guide, published in '49, to the latest Santa Fé pamphlet. There are books and articles by Coues, the great ornithologist, on the birds and quadrupeds of the territory, as well as his "On the Trail of a Spanish Pioneer." J. A. Allen is represented by a long list of articles on natural history, and among many curious works on zoology is found Ditmar's "Reptile Book."

Ethnology is most fully covered by Matthews, Mason, Fewkes, Holmes, Hodge, McGee, Lummis, Pepper, Cushing, Merriam, Mindeleff, De Nadaillac, Grinnell, and others. There are works on geology, mining, botany and forestry; while tuberculosis, climatology and dry farming are fully treated of.

Poetry and the inspired novel have also received recognition in this complete aggregation of all of the good—as well as some bad—things ever published concerning Arizona, which Dr. Munk has placed within access of all for all time. He does even more, for he proposes to continue adding to the collection as new works of interest appear.

This munificent gift, accompanying the Lummis library, puts the Southwest Museum in the front rank as custodian of the history, literature and civilization of the Southwest.



Hollow silver fetich
(1-2 life).



Terra-cotta portrait vase
(1-5 life).

PREHISTORIC PERU

“HUGHIE”

By M. M. STEARNS.



HE “San Jacinto,” half a mile off shore, was whistling lustily for dispatches, and we were hurrying towards the long pier, when two shots, fired in quick succession somewhere in the market-place behind us, stopped us all short. Those shots, besides scaring us half out of our wits, served as an introduction to Hughie.

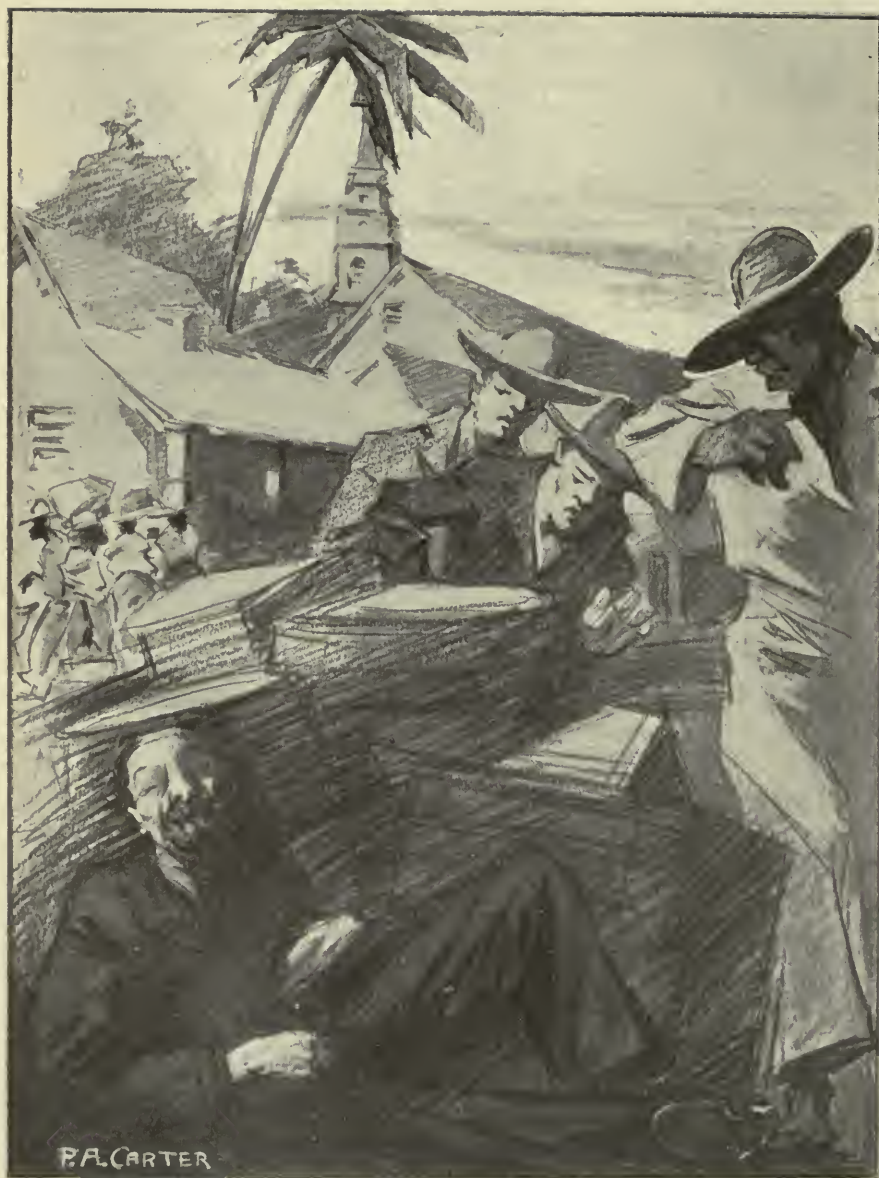
Of course we did not know his name was Hughie then; we were at Amapala, where the Republic of Honduras stretches a long arm down between two other republics to brandish a palm-tree at the Pacific Ocean; and when shooting begins in your vicinity among those many-colored, knife-sticking, half-clad citizens of Central America, you don't waste much time asking names. At least we did not. All we knew about Hughie then was what we saw; a long thin, wild-eyed individual with touseled hair and no hat, grimy with heat and dust, and scared—supposing such a thing to be possible—worse than we were. He was coming toward us from the direction of the gun-play, as fast as he could run, with all his long legs and arms flying.

At the risk of having the “San Jacinto” up anchor without us, we went back to have a look at the results of the shooting—that is, three of us did, while the rest of the through-passenger list went on down the pier, faster than ever. We saw a thick-set, heavily-bearded man, dirtier even than Hughie, lying on the ground behind a pile of packing-boxes at the far side of the market. There was no need of looking at the wound in his chest to see how dead he was. Two revolvers lay in the dust near the body, one close to the dead man's right hand. That was all that we could see or learn before we, too, hurried away to make our steamer.

But that evening, when the San Jacinto was again steaming peacefully north across the endless Pacific swells, with the silver flying-fish above and the black sharks beneath, Hughie gave me a few additional details. He had undergone portions of a bath and a shave in my stateroom, where he was to honor the upper bunk, and had nearly recovered from his fright of the afternoon. His trip to the steamer had been made in one of the cranky native boats, rendered dangerous, as well as ludicrous, by the presence of Hughie's enormous trunk in the bow.

“You—er—It came awfully near me, don't you know?” he said in his hesitating, uncertain manner; “it—er—really, you know, it—er—it upset me completely. Er—Rauter and I had been travelling together for nearly a week.”

“The dead man?”



—Drawing by P. A. Carter.
"A heavily bearded man lying on the ground"

Hughie nodded nervously. His fright seemed to be returning. "Really, you know, he wasn't a half bad sort. And I was right there too—why, it might just as well have been *me*—oh, good Lord!" He seemed to shrivel up in his chair, as a newspaper man named Wilson, who had been with us since we left the canal zone, came rather suddenly around the corner of the deck-house. "It's all right," he answered after a moment, in response to my startled glance of inquiry, "It's nothing." He was evidently trying to pull himself together. "For a moment I mistook him for—for *him*, you know." And he pointed mysteriously over his shoulder towards the stern.

"Rauter?"

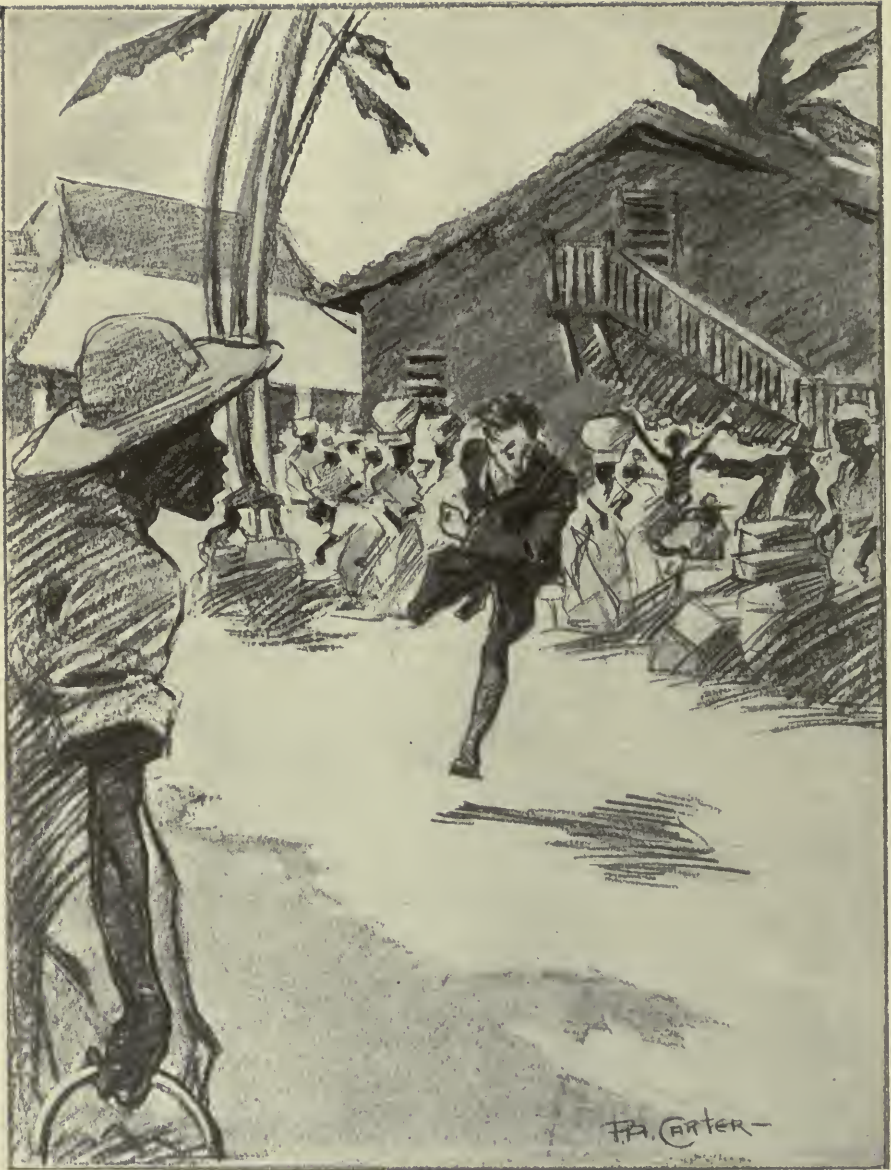
"No, no, the man who killed him. But then, he couldn't be on the steamer, could he? That is, I don't see how he could—and yet——"

I was getting impatient at the man's silly fright. "Good Heavens, how should I know? Pull yourself together and make believe you're a man, anyway! There's nothing to hurt you here on board." I spoke in a manner that would have insulted any chap of spirit, but there seemed to be no shred of backbone in this chap Hughie. He did make an evident effort, however, to get a grip on himself, and tell me what he knew.

He was travelling for the firm of Wadsworth & Moore, London. This was his first trip. His father was senior partner in the firm. (I made a mental note of how such a semi-human incompetent got his job.) He was taking this route before covering Mexico, in hope of placing some good orders with the Central American governments. It was his own idea. No, he was not agent for firearms, his line was stationery. Pocket-books, note-books, portfolios, fountain-pens—anything to do with writing, don't you know. Yes, that was his sample trunk that had come aboard with him. It was already in the dugout when that horrible shooting occurred. The shooting? Oh, yes, that had taken place right close to him. No, he had not seen it, for Rauter had just stepped behind that pile of boxes, thinking he had heard somebody call his name. Then the two shots had come, and he, Hughie, had started to run—that is, he didn't remember very clearly after the shooting until he was on the water. It had all been so close that he had smelled the gunpowder. That is, he thought he had. And he thought Wilson looked like the desperado who did the killing.

About here I ventured that ashore nobody seemed to know who did the shooting—had Hughie seen the murderer, or was he merely guessing?

Oh, there could be little guess-work about it—that is, he didn't see how there could be. There had been a fellow known as Bankroll



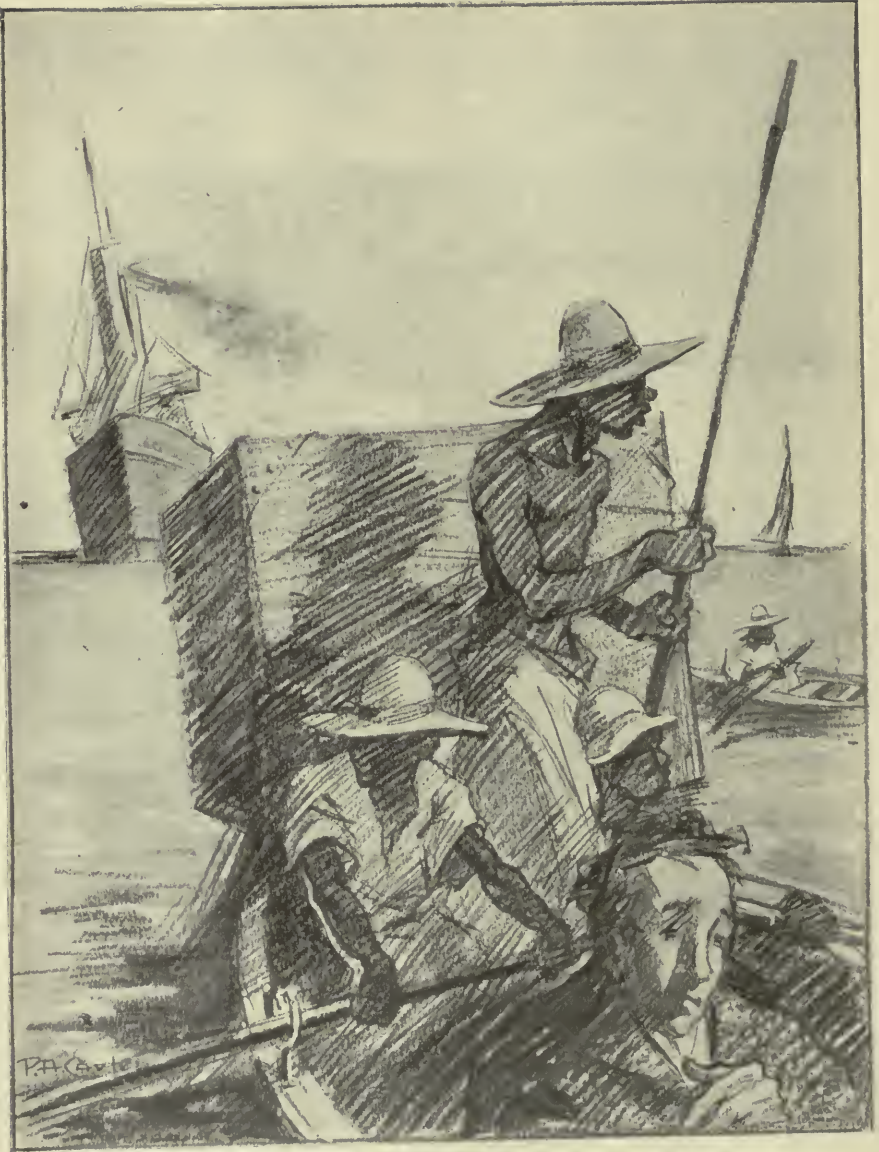
—Drawing by P. A. Carter.
"All his legs and arms flying"

Joe, a refugee from the States, who had shot up a man on the east coast, and found even Honduras too hot for him. This Bankroll Joe had been travelling across country in the hopes of making a get-away into the Pacific or into Nicaragua or San Salvador, or somewhere, and Hughie and Rauter had tracked up with him several times in that awful country. Fleas? Why, fleas were mild compared to—Why had Rauter been killed? Why, Hughie wasn't positive, but understood that there had been some agreement worked



—Drawing by P. A. Carter.
"Klemm invaded the state room"

up between Rauter and this Joe, about helping with the get-away, and then Rauter had shown the white feather or something, don't you know, and it was a very horrible business. Awful, really, you know. Had Hughie known anything definite about any agreement? Oh, no, no, no, no, no, no, no. He had been scared since he had learned five days ago what kind of a man this Bankroll Joe was. (This I could readily believe.) And all he hoped now was that Joe had not been able to get onto this steamer. No, it was not likely that he could have done so, but still it was possible, you know.



—Drawing by P. A. Carter.

Hughie comes aboard

And he did look something like that man who had come around the corner—yes, Wilson.

"The poor fool has just happened to size the thing up right, I believe," commented Grau, who had also come aboard from Amapala, but before the shooting occurred, when I related Hughie's statements to the group in the little smoking-room aft; "There was quite a lot of talk about this Bankroll Joe in the morning, and that little tin-horn barracks was all up in the air about catching him. The word had just been rushed in for 'em to nab him if he tried to make this boat. But I don't guess he made the beat any, unless he slid in disguised as one of these giddy niggers."

"Vell, all I know iss," remarked Klemm, an adopted San Franciscan who was making the Panama trip in the interests of his own dry-goods house, "All I know is, no madder how big a fools Rauter wass, it's a piddy Hughie wasn't shotten instead. Bah!"

And that was the attitude Klemm retained during the remainder of the trip. He had seen fools in his time, he assured us over and over again, but never anything to compare with Hughie. He repeatedly made this remark, and worse, when Hughie was present; but that helpless youth merely tried to smile his weak, embarrassed smile, and waited for the next blow. After the first few days he didn't even attempt to reply or defend himself, for his slow English intelligence—or lack of it—was utterly incapable of coping with Klemm's quick tongue. For a while I tried to take Hughie's part and help him out, partly out of a feeling of compassion for this friendless dog, and partly for the honor of the stateroom, but chiefly because of a deep-seated dislike of Klemm and his self-assertive, derogatory, dollar-scale brutality,—but it was positively hopeless. There seemed to be no such thing as fight in Hughie's make-up. He would even hang around and hear himself cursed as the man who might have averted Rauter's death—for on that long coast trip old topics of conversation die hard—with only an embarrassed smile on his face.

Indeed, Klemm usually referred to him as the "man who wasn't wort' shootin'." Klemm also managed to spill peppers about his place at table, and to invade the stateroom in our absence and put bread-crumbs in his bunk. Having found a defenseless animal comparatively friendless, there seemed to be no bounds to the petty persecution instituted by Klemm. The Hebrew's only restriction seemed to be the limit of public opinion, which, on that conglomerately passengered coasting-steamer, was distant enough. And Hughie just swallowed it all, with a metaphorical tail between his legs.

The wretched business ended at Acapulco, where Hughie left us, and where Klemm combined business and pleasure with one last

colossal stroke. I didn't learn of the affair until I rejoined the ship in the evening, after a couple of hours spent at the fiesta ashore.

"Do you know what that idiot did?" asked Wilson after the anchor had come inboard and we were slowly heading around for the entrance to the harbor; "He went and sold that big sample-trunk of his to Klemm for fifty dollars. Yes sir, for ten pounds. Wouldn't that beat you?"

It would, and did. I was so mad I could hardly see. "Well—er—good-bye old man," Hughie had said to me that morning. "You—er—you've been awfully good to me, don't you know, and—er—really, you know, I can't tell you how I appreciate it. I—er—I wish there was something I could do for you. But I suppose there isn't, so—er, so I'll just wish you good luck and hope that you don't have to have any dealing with—er—our friend Klemm." And then he had gone and sold to Klemm—Klemm of all men—his sample trunk for fifty dollars. It was worth easily two hundred as it stood. It contained nearly fifty dollars worth of fountain pens alone—big gold-mounted beauties. I had seen them myself.

All the way up the coast Hughie had talked about that blessed trunk, worrying about getting it through the Mexican customs. His expenses had been higher than he expected, and being so far from his lines of communication, he was afraid that big customs duties would leave him with scarcely funds enough to get to Mexico City.

Klemm held his first auction-sale in the morning at the door of the smoking-room.

"How did I do it?" he replied to my none-too-courteous question: "how did I did it, mein friend? I wass just carefulls to be wit' him by the customs, see? Und I help him wit' the Spanish, see? He have to pay over a hundret dollars by customs, so I save him moneys by buying the trunk for nottings. See?"

"But he surely knew he could get his money back when he took the goods out of the country again? Why, now there's nothing left for him to do but climb back to his father's office and admit he's no good."

Klemm shook his head. "Never did I see such a simpletons. It wass a kindness of me I forgot to tell him of any rebates. Now he can go home yet."

Well, it was none of our business, after all. If Klemm wanted to rob a half-fledged young English incompetent, and consider it the best joke in the world, that was none of our lookout. Deep inside, probably each of us wished *he* had been the man to make so much easy money—supposing Hughie was bound to be plucked anyway. Of course, we would have paid more than that measly

ten pounds. One hundred and fifty dollars would not have been so bad now, but fifty!

I hated myself when I bought a beautiful pocket-book from Klemm for two dollars; Klemm was doing good business; he was charging every cent that the trade would stand without interfering with the general belief that goods were going at a bargain. As I pulled out my two cartwheels I realized that I could probably duplicate that case in San Francisco, where leather had paid the duty, for not more than two-fifty; and as I thought of the amount of money Klemm was making at our expense, I recalled Hughie's parting wish for me, "That I might have good luck and no dealings with our friend Klemm." Hughie had passed the good luck to Klemm himself.

At least so it seemed at Manzanillo, where the daily auction sales ended, since nearly all the "best buyers" left the ship there to take the train for Mexico City. Klemm counted up his receipts, and announced as we were leaving the roads to round the cave-marked entrance to the port and head for San Francisco, that he had sold forty-eight dollars' worth of goods since beginning the sales, so that he had already practically paid for the outfit.

"Und all the bestest part is still by me!" he stated proudly, pluming himself publicly on his business acumen. "By customs I pays fifty dollars to come in Frisco—und I hass then what I sells in United States for two hundret, mebbe tree hundret tollars golt!"

The San Francisco climax that threaded these incidents together came when we finally reached our home port, after rocking two hours outside the bar. It was late in the evening when the blow fell like a thunder-clap out of the quiet sky. The anchor was down; we had missed the customs hours, and were booked to lie beside the newly burnt city until morning.

We were boarded by a whole squad of detectives and newspaper men from a police tug. They were still on the lookout for Bankroll Joe, who was wanted for numerous crimes in the glorious Union. The police had received a straight tip that, all inspections to the contrary, he had left Amapala on the "San Jacinto." After a short search, and a few seemingly fruitless questions concerning those who had already left the ship, the force departed, taking with them—Klemm! You could have knocked any of us down with a ladies veil.

A couple of newspaper men stayed behind to work up their story of the case. I was preparing my baggage for an early start in the morning when one of them suddenly appeared at the stateroom door, in company with the head steward.

"This gentleman can tell you," said the steward, and vanished.

Then that idiot reporter invaded the stateroom, and fired ten

minutes' worth of senseless questions at me, especially about my former roommate.

"I suspected that chap Klemm all along," I told the man gladly enough; "he was altogether too keen on the dollar. Why, he has cleared something like two hundred dollars on that sample trunk he bought from poor old Hughie. If Hughie'r had any sense of graditude at all he'd have let me in on that—I was the only one on the whole boat that stood up for him at all. But what gets me is, how Klemm, if he really is this Bankroll Joe, managed to join us at Corinto, when everybody was so sure he never reached the Pacific coast until we struck Amapala."

By this time the reporter had his story all nicely pieced together, and looked at me curiously.

"You needn't worry about Klemm," said he. "I think they'll release him on his own bond to settle up with the owners for the value of that trunk and goods. He's slightly stung, that's all. Call it a hundred and fifty all told—what he paid for the trunk, and the articles missing. Klemm's in no worse box than any other tight-wad who over-reaches himself for a few dollars and gets stuck. And it strikes me that you've some slight cause for gratitude to your lengthy roommate for sticking Klemm instead of trying to unload that trunk on you. It was a pretty slick piece of work, when you come to think it over—that waiting until the trunk was ready to go off to the steamer, and then dropping the real owner and sliding aboard in his place. It took Bankroll Joe to do that—that precious roommate of yours who passed himself off as an English idiot—Hughie."

Claremont, Calif.

WAITING

By MARY ARMSTRONG RYAN.



HE sun burns hot in a cloudless sky,
The yellow poppies droop and die,
And mile on mile a barren land,
Stretches a waste of trackless sand.
The far hills swim in a mist of heat,
Where cactus and sage and greasewood meet,
And over all—silence—unending, deep,
As that last mysterious, endless sleep.
While calm, unmoved by changing Fates,
Throughout the ages, the desert—waits.

Away from the busy whirl of life,
Away from its struggle and endless strife,
Away from its jealousies, heartaches and pain,
Its rush for gold and its greed for gain,
Calm, after storms of passions that tear,
Alone in this blessed quiet I fare—
Away from life's lives, away from its hates,
My barren heart, with the desert—waits.

Phoenix, Ariz.

THE FABULOUS

By R. CLAIBORNE PITZER.

CHAPTER XV.

THE ESCAPE.



LUKE'S accusation rang out shrilly through the narrow valley, and the sound of high words Sawtooth McGuire turned his head and peered through the snow-veiled night, while Paradise and his companion spurred a trifle nearer.

"I don't know what you are talking about," Dow said sullenly, in answer to Luke's charge. "If Pickett was at the ranch to see Dad, maybe you'd better ask Dad. You don't believe this rot, June?"

"I saw Pickett there," June said. "I'm afraid the implication is true, Downing."

"But I can explain!" Dow cried. "Let me talk to you alone for a minute. I want to clear myself in your eyes."

June shook her head. "It doesn't matter," she sighed. "Nothing you could say would make any difference. Even if you were not here, had never seen Pickett, had never stolen the letter Mr. Winne was carrying, there would be no possible excuse for your other conduct. I told you my attitude when you first came to the valley. That same evening you broke the truce."

"I took the letter to give it to its rightful owner," Dow rejoined. "There is a story there which I think you should let me tell you. If you don't wish me to, I shall not attempt to clear myself, but I want you to know what sort of a man this Luke Winne is. He has absolutely no claim to the Fabulous. Musgrove left a wife and a son. Winne is trying to cheat them out of the mine."

"Yes, I know," June said. "Mr. Winne has told me everything."

"You know?" Dow gasped in surprise; "you know that——"

"No names, please. Mr. Winne will agree to help me right an ancient wrong, I am sure."

Dow barked. "I guess," he scoffed.

"Mrs. Musgrove will get half of my share of the mine," Luke said. He was still boiling with passion, but he had regained control of his brain, and his words fell evenly. "I intend to take her for a silent partner in this affair."

"She died years ago," Dow jeered. "Coon knows that, so you needn't continue the bluff. How about your cousin, eh? He will get his ma's share?"

"If, as you say, she is dead—June, you seem to know more about my people than I. Isn't this the time to be frank with me. What do you know of my aunt and her child? And this other mystery? If you are trying to see how far I can believe in you, haven't you

learnt now? And Tracey? You will explain his connection with the matter, please, if he has any beside being your—friend?"

June did not answer. She stared straight ahead through the night and the snow, and Luke, after a momentary silence, fell to biting his hand. Dow chuckled comfortably.

Ahead of them they could see the dim figure of Sawtooth McGuire perched on his heavy horse, and, as they absently looked, another dim horseman came out of the storm and joined McGuire. There was a mumbling exchange of words and then McGuire moved on, while the newcomer took his place in advance of the prisoners. His horse went slowly, and as Luke approached nearer he recognized Pickett. The Chicagoan glanced over his shoulder. In his rear Paradise and Arkansas rode bridle to bridle, some fifty feet away. Evidently they either did not notice this change of guards, or they were indifferent. Pickett drew down his horse until he rode at a snail's pace, and when the prisoners were almost upon him he turned in his saddle.

"Ride up here, Bug," he said under his breath. "I want to gas with you."

"What's wrong?" Dow asked as he complied. The horses that Luke and June bestrode were directly behind, so that they missed no word of the murmured conversation; and, indeed, Pickett made no attempt to lower his voice beyond their hearing; his one precaution seemed to be to avoid the notice of Paradise, and in the darkness this required but small effort.

"I'm going to break with Edom," Pickett began at once; "he's too bossy. He's always on the prod, huntin' trouble, an' I'm sick of bein' kicked. Want to join me?"

"It depends," Dow responded, adopting Pickett's cautious key. "We would all three like to escape, no doubt."

"Huh! Maybe you don't know it, young feller, but Paradise ain't no more your friend 'n' he's mine. When we spotted these two turtle doves in that cabin, an' seen a chance to get their map, Paradise sent Arkansas to you, didn't he, huh? an' got you to turn over the letter you'd swiped, so that you c'u'd pass as a prisoner without raisin' no suspicions. An' you gave that letter to Arkansas to make the bluff good, huh?"

"You're a fool," Dow coldly rejoined. "I don't know what you're talking about. Paradise robbed me of the letter."

"Well, take me in cahoots and you'll know pretty blame' quick what I'm talking about. You think your pa's across the river at the ranch? He ain't. He's on this side of the boom, son, an' I know why."

"What's that?" Dow snapped.

"Your pa an' my capt'n, as he calls himself, 're blame' old friends."

"And I gave——?" Dow choked. "Are you sure?" he gasped. "Where is Dad?"

"He's layin' low near the mouth of Cub. Foucher rode down there to give him the letter Arkansaw got from you, accordin' to agreement between your pa and Edom."

Dow struck his palms together and broke into a roaring volley of oaths.

"S-s-sh!" Pickett warned. But already Paradise and his companion were advancing at a trot, and Pickett without more ado put spurs to his horse and rode some distance away.

"What's this?" Paradise inquired. "Why are you quarreling with McGuire?"

Dow rapidly swallowed. "Well, he"—he said—"he got fresh with Coon and I had to call him down."

"So?" Paradise gathered up his reins. "I'll have a talk with him," he lisped.

"One minute," Luke interposed.

"Luke!" June warned; "Luke! don't be foolish!"

"Edom," Luke said, ignoring her, "I don't know nor care whether this man is your partner or your prisoner. But I've just learnt—as this man has, from Pickett—that you are in agreement with my own traitorous partner, Jake Scammel, to get the location of the Fabulous for him. I see no reason why you should bother Miss Downing or me further in this affair, for Scammel already knows the map by heart; and now that you have sent him the letter that this man used to have, Scammel needs your services no further. The map would be of absolutely no use to him; as I say, he knows it by heart. The letter is the final clue. You might as well release us?"

Paradise shrugged. "Scammel is foxier than I thought," he said. "Give me the particulars—Easy, Dow!" he sharply added. "Don't bite, or you'll regret it. And keep your mouth shut. I've no time to argue with you. Of course I sold your letter, and glad to get the chance. But I reckon your pa owes me something yet, if Winne tells the truth."

"I guess Dad needs a pardner about now," Dow grated. "He's thrown me down, but I guess he'll change his mind and take me into cahoots."

Three shots, some distance up the gulch, were fired rapidly, as if in signal, but none of the excited group noticed.

Paradise drew a revolver. "Keep your shirt on," he burred.

Dow, with an oath, jerked at his bridle, and June on the instant, anticipating the move, reached over and struck Edom's horse sharply across the nose. Both animals reared, and Edom's bullet went wide. Dow's mount turned on its hind legs. There was a sharp

cry and a volley of oaths, the horses sprang away clattering, and two revolvers coughed. Darkness closed behind Dow, behind his cursing and murderous pursuers; Pickett and the advanced videttes came by like shadows and vanished after their leaders, and finally the outlaw spurred past, while the pack-mules raced to right and left and stampeded into the night.

"Bullies ahead!" the last man shouted as he sped past Luke. "Scatter!"

Luke and June sat their twitching horses, quite alone in the night, while the snow-flurries whitened them. The galloping and shouting, rattling of stones and scattering revolver shots, grew distant and ended. The suspense became suffocating, the silence and inaction unendurable. They were quite free, abandoned by their captors.

"Your idea was to see Dow shot?" June asked at length.

"My idea was just this, or something like this. As for Dow, I did not care what happened."

"I see."

"The Buster trail must be near us," Luke said. "I think the best thing to do under the circumstances is for me to take you to Tracey's gathering of prospectors? Then I can ride on at once to the mine, and stake it before Scammel or Dow gets the chance, even if Dow escapes his pursuers."

"I will go back to the cabin," June returned, wearily. "I've had enough adventuring. You may come or not as you choose, but as for me, I do not intend to think of the mine again. It makes beasts of you all. I wish to God it did not exist!" she passionately added.

"It seems to me that the mine has caused in even you rather doubtful actions," Luke rejoined with deliberation. "Very many times, now, I have asked you for an explanation—any sort of an explanation—and I have over and over again promised that your reasons would have no influence on my friendship. I have always believed that you have reasons—wholly impersonal, wholly unselfish—perhaps not wholly justified except in your own view, but I am always willing to accept your view of the matter if that is possible. You don't give me an opportunity to do so, however; you merely show me that you have been treacherous—please forgive the word! I can think of no other;—you show me your treachery, but not the extenuating circumstances; you seem to wish to force me into thinking that there can be no excuse for you."

June drew in her breath. "Very well," she said, "I had intended to send the map to Mrs. Musgrove's son. I thought I had a right; at least, I knew that he should have the mine. I don't expect you to understand."

"The map was to be given to my cousin, by Smudge? And Tracey—I understand he was to receive the map?"

"He was. I expected him to—to see—to see justice done."

"You distrusted me so utterly!" Luke paused. "We mustn't stay here," he said in a moment, and his voice was hopeless. "We will go back to the cabin."

June put out her hand with a sudden, passionate gesture, but, even as she did so, their attention was arrested by the drum of near-by horses, and almost on the instant two dim figures came galloping down the trail. Seeing their way blocked, the horses were halted, and Tracey's voice came out of the darkness.

"Who's there?" he challenged.

"How are you, Tracey?" Luke said, without spirit. "We're not outlaws. Come on."

Tracey took the unexpected meeting quite as a matter of course.

"Ride over beside the girl, Murphy," he commanded. "Now, are you June? Let me see."

"I am June," she said.

"Ah, I thought so. Murphy said you were a woman. That's what brought me back. What's this, please? An elopement?"

"No," she returned. "I have no objection to telling you everything, but we must return to the cabin first of all."

"We heard shootin'?" Murphy interrogated. "Rustlers?"

"Yes," Luke rejoined. "They've gone down the trail."

"They got wind of Sheriff Ranson's posse," said Tracey, "and they're on the rear track. Ranson cautioned us about preceding him, but I was in a hurry, for reasons of my own. Will you ride with Murphy, Winne? I want to talk with June."

"As you say," Luke returned. "I have no interest either way. You will please remember, however, that I consider Miss June under my protection and escort until we can get across Saw again, and return to the ranch. Now, about these outlaws, from whom we have just succeeded in escaping. There is a posse after them, you say?"

"Come ahead," said Murphy as he rode beside Luke. "Yeh, we met up with Ranson—he's sheriff of Buster County—along with a mighty big posse from Buster. He got wind of this raid, an' he's out f'r blood, sure. An' the Paradise boys is gone coons this deal, don't you forget it. Ranson has already stirred up the Buster trail, an' word has gone into Pactolus City an' out ag'in. Ranson only needed the pointers we gave him. Say, there's the sheriff behind us, comin' down Cub pretty quick, an' there's a big bunch of prospectors back on the trail under Judge McGee, an' loaded f'r bear; an' there's a hundred men 'r more ridin' out'n Pactolus along with Whiskers Clayton. Paradise can't get across Saw on account o' the flood, an' fr'm here on down to Saw he can't get across Cub because that's boomin', too; a horse'd drown anywheres below us.

Ranson's to the north, prospectors north-east, an' Clayton'll be comin' in toward here from the east. That leaves Paradise only one rat-hole to crawl out of, an' that rat-hole is down the left bank of Saw River. Well, where does that take him? Slap into our old camp of boomers on Liver Ridge Creek. Maybe he can make a break past them if they ain't expectin' him, but that's his one chance. I reckon Paradise bit off more'n he could chaw, hey?" The erstwhile dumb man was garrulous; excitement had loosened his tongue, and he babbled, while Luke heedlessly gave ear, but half understanding and in nowise caring for the information poured upon him.

The snow fell thickly, until it and the darkness made sight almost impossible. They seemed near the cabin, however, when June called.

"Luke," she said, "wait, please."

Luke obediently reined his horse.

"I have explained everything to Mr. Tracey," she said, "and it has made me see more clearly your misconception. I wish to explain everything to you. You understand, of course, that I thoroughly believe that you have no right whatever to the Fabulous; and I thoroughly believe that it belongs to Mr. Musgrove's son. When Mr. Musgrove left Denver for the last time, his wife was unprovided for, and she had to support herself and a baby. There was nothing she could do except housework, so she got a position in a private family, and afterward as a chambermaid at the Alamo Hotel; but a false pride urged her to conceal her name, so that she called herself at that time Jennie Grove. After the deaths of her husband and her step-son, she felt even more keenly her disgrace, and she further put the old life behind her by foolishly adopting an alias. From then until her death she was known as Mrs. Jennie Tracey. This is her son, your cousin, and, of course, the owner of the Fabulous."

"It wasn't necessary to tell me," Luke rejoined, without animation. "I thank you for doing so, however. How do you do, cousin?"

"Lovely weather," Tracey dryly responded. "Don't bother about falling on my neck; it's wet—See the cabin yet, Red?" he called.

"Yeh," Murphy answered out of the darkness. "All serene."

"You men," June said, "will find hay in the shed. Mr. Winne will show you. You can make a comfortable bed there. I'll sleep in the cabin. I—I'm very tired. I can dry my other clothes over night, perhaps."

"We will fetch you enough hay for a bed," Tracey said. "That's arranged. You'll sleep with me, cousin Winne."

"Or the devil," Winne said. "I have no choice nor wish. I'll

turn off here—that's the shed to the left. Good-night, Miss Downing."

June did not answer.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE WHITE WORLD.

Some one was shaking Luke's shoulder and calling to him to get up. The Chicagoan opened sleepy eyes and winked at the white chinks in the roofing overhead. He opened his mouth and hay filled it. He stretched, rolled to one side, and came awake with his body stinging from contact with dry nettles.

"Wah!" he grunted, suddenly sitting up in the mow. Murphy's red head stuck out of the hay beyond him, and close at hand Tracey stood buckling his belt.

"Get up," Tracey called again. "Almost nine o'clock, by the gods! We've slept like bears. All worn out, I guess. Needed the sleep. Feed the horses, Red; I'm going down to the cabin to see if Coon's up. You may help Murphy or follow me, Winne."

Luke nodded, and Tracey, jauntily whistling, disappeared down the ladder. Left to themselves, the two men silently dressed, descended from the hay-loft, and attended the horses.

Out-of-doors the sun was shining in a clear and blue sky, the air was dead and bitterly cold, and the hillsides and gullies lay white, still, and frozen. The light from sun and snow was confusing, blinding, and when he came from the shed Luke put his hand over his eyes. He was still blinking, half groping in the sharp scintillation, when he went toward the cabin with Murphy at his heels.

A red blaze was jumping in the fireplace, but the cabin was dusky and vague, and for a moment after entering Luke could only stand by the door, staring at the fire and seeing nothing but the sun on the snow.

"Good morning," June said, rather timidly, it seemed, and Luke mechanically answered her. It was not Coon whom he saw when his eyes lost their hallucinations of the out-of-doors, but June; June in corduroy riding habit, trim boots, jaunty shirt-waist, where she bent over a skillet by the fire. Her red cheeks might have been stinging in the heat, but the hand that held a fork and turned the bacon in the skillet was certainly tremulous.

"You slept well?" Luke asked, perfunctorily, as he took a seat on the bench.

"Oh, yes," she said, "thank you; though I was up and had the blaze roaring before any of you were astir. I awoke twice in the night and fed the fire, too, so that my clothes all got dry, as you see. I'm so glad to be a girl again!"

"Where's Tracey?" Murphy asked from the doorway.

"I'm sure I don't know," June answered. "He was here a mo-

ment, but I was too busy to talk, and there was nothing to be done that I knew of, so he didn't stay. He said he would be back for breakfast."

"Rubberin'," Murphy said. "I see him now, up on the hill yonder. No sheriff yet, huh? An' no rustlers. Seems like everybody's fallen in somewheres. Guess I'll mosey up the hill."

"Wait!" Luke called. "I—I'll go with you. I—a sharp walk will set me up." He rose in haste and stumbled toward the door, but, even on the threshold, he hesitated and glanced at June where she was bending over the coffee-pot. His heart was in his throat. Would she stop him? He was not surprised that she did not turn nor speak, and, as he went into the morning, hope deserted him again. She did not care for him; she could not care for him.

Breasting the snowy slope in Murphy's wake, Luke heard June in the cabin behind him when she suddenly burst into light-hearted song. He clenched his hands and tramped till the blood beat through his body. Tracey came part way down the white slope to meet them.

"What's become o' Ranson an' his posse?" Murphy asked. "No one's been past here since the snow quit comin'."

Tracey waved a hand northward. "Up the gulch, I think," he said. "There's a man posted about three-quarters of a mile away, on a knob of the ridge. I happened to be looking toward him when he clambered upon the rocks and stood as if rubbering. I think he's one of Ranson's videttes. The sheriff is probably camped below in Cub, waiting for news of some sort. It's a cinch the rustlers did not go north; they're either below us, between us and Saw, or somewhere to the east, between Cub and the Kettleton trail. It looks to me just as it did last night; I think Paradise is bottled up."

Murphy grunted. "We'd better stay at the cabin," he said. "This gulch is liable to see doin's if the gang gets chased back from the trail. Huh?"

"Exactly. As soon as breakfast is over, we must hit the high places north and get with Ranson. That's the only safe land for us just now."

Luke said nothing; the men returned to the cabin, and he accompanied them. The late breakfast consisted of corn bread, baked in the ashes—"corn pone" June called it—fried bacon, and coffee. All ate heartily and in silence.

"Now we'll get busy," Tracey said at last. "Ready, boys? Let's cinch up."

"Wait," June interposed. "Mr. Murphy, you won't mind saddling, will you? I want to talk to these two gentlemen a moment."

Murphy nodded and went out. There was a constrained silence in the cabin. June retained her seat on the bench, and Tracey placed

himself beside her, somewhat to her annoyance, for she bit her lip. Luke took a stand by the fire, with his back to the room.

"Well?" Luke asked at length. His throat was dry, and he spoke huskily, half under his breath.

"Well," June echoed; "you two—you are cousins, you know."

Tracey rose with a sudden laugh. "Come and fall on me neck, Luke," he said; "there's no way out of it. Ah, my dear, long-lost relative!"

"I think," June faltered, "you should not be enemies, at least. I see no reason why you cannot be friends and join forces. If you find the mine there will be enough for two. I know it is yours, Robert," she continued, appealing to Tracey, "but without Luke's assistance you would not be able to recover your property. It is rightfully yours, yet he secured the map; he knows the site of the mine. Can't you share with him? I wish you to."

"If it were merely the question of a fortune."

"Well," she said, "it is merely the question of a fortune." They stared at each other.

"All right," Tracey shortly agreed. "We'll go into cahoots, Winne. Share and share."

"You will have to excuse me," Luke said. "I cannot consent to accept anything from you."

"Luke!" June cried.

"The mine," Luke continued, without noticing June's interruption, "is yours, and yours alone. I shall do what I can to help you recover it. I may as well explain my attitude fully. Miss June, both by precept and example, has shown me that I have no rights here of any sort whatsoever. I do not intend to take advantage of her present mood, nor of your acquiescence in it; an acquiescence that I know cannot be sincere. As I am well aware, it is her desire—it has been from the first—that you get the mine. So far as I am concerned you shall get it absolutely. I want—I would accept—nothing from you but car-fare and stage-fare out of this wilderness and home to the city. If you find the mine, I'll accept that much reward. I have no more interest in the West. I'm going home."

"You——" June began chokingly, and stopped to regain control of herself. "Very well," she said at last. "Mr. Tracey has acted quite fairly in this matter, and I thank him very much for complying with my whim. There is nothing more to be said, I believe. Now, if we are to join Sheriff Ranson——"

"Would it not be better to see if it is possible for you to get home now?" Luke suggested. If there is any way for us to end this experience, for heaven's sake let's end it quickly! You should be at home instead of with a sheriff's posse."

"When Paradise can't get across Saw, and he can't," Tracey said, "there's no sense in June trying."

"It's impossible," June supplemented. "You are not familiar with our rivers, or you wouldn't suggest such a thing. We must go to Ranson's camp at once."

Tracey opened the door and stepped out. "Hello!" he ejaculated; then, "Oh, no danger."

"Eh?" Luke asked.

"A man," Tracey explained, "coming up the gulch. Some old prospector. I think I've seen him once before somewhere. Yes, I remember; he was in a van down beyond Saw; I asked my way of him."

"It's Dad!" June cried, and ran into the snow. "Dad! Daddie Welcome!" she called; "where have you been? Are you wet? What have you been doing in the snow?"

Welcome arrived shivering and striking his hands together. "Let me get warm," he panted, "I been running a heap to keep from freezing. Came over the east hill 'bout half a mile below, and saw some men away down by the river. They'll be here before long." He giggled nervously while he eyed Tracey with suspicion. "Who's that?" he asked in a stage whisper.

"Bud Tracey, a cousin of Mr. Winne. Where have you been?"

"Where's Paradise?" Welcome demanded.

"Gone."

Welcome's face fell. "I've been down to Liver Creek," he said, as he bent over the fire. "My old bones aren't good for much, these days. It was a long trip."

"Liver Ridge Creek!" Tracey exclaimed in wonder.

"Yeh. Paradise was here yesterday, so I slipped out and got to my camp, where I climbed on to one of my mules and galloped over the ridge and along east till I hit Liver Creek. I reckoned I'd find prospectors there. Did! 'Bout fifty of them, camped down by Saw. I told 'em about Paradise being here, and they put me to sleep in one of their tents. Woke up early this morning and there wasn't anybody in camp but me, so I ate a cracker or two, saddled my old mule, and came back to see if they'd got you away from Paradise. Rode too hard, I reckon. Mule broke its leg down yonder, stumbled and went into a cut full o' snow; but I got thrown to t'other side. Came on at a trot. The boys got here? I wanted to be in time to see the doin's."

"No," said Coon. "It was awfully good of you, Daddie. I thought you would do something. I'm very grateful, dear. Are your feet wet? Let me take off your boots."

"We'd better get to Ranson's first," Tracey interposed. "You can doctor him later. It was a good move, though. Golly! Paradise

is pocketed, no doubt of it. Those fellows are probably coming up Saw—walking, for I don't suppose your people at the ranch got a chance to send them horses before the storm broke—and as they'll be on the alert, Paradise can't possibly get past them."

"We will stay here until I get Dad a cup of hot coffee, and until he becomes warm and rested," June retorted. "He risked his life to save Mr. Winne and me from the rustlers. He shan't run into any more danger that I can prevent."

"Paradise will probably be riding this way when he finds his escape eastward blocked," Tracey said. "We'd be in a nice pickle if he got here before we left, wouldn't we? You must get behind Ranson at once."

"Nothing of the sort," she contradicted. "I stay with Dad. You may leave if you wish. Welcome is worn out, as you can see, and I don't intend to leave him. Ranson should be here anyhow. If neither of you will go and warn him, you would better send Murphy."

"I'll send him," Luke said, and left the cabin. He found Murphy ready for the trail, and, at Luke's suggestion, the red-headed man mounted and rode at a gallop.

Murphy had not disappeared northward before three madly driven horses came around a bend of Cub Creek, and raced up the bank of the swollen torrent. From his post of vantage above the cabin Luke could see the black forms moving over the snow; and then, suddenly recognizing the fat form of Greasy Pickett in the lead, Luke bounded down the hill. As he neared the cabin, he saw Tracey and June standing in the doorway, and when he reached the girl Luke also encountered the three panting horses and faced not only Pickett, but Dow, and Dumb Jacob Scammel.

"Easy," Pickett called, "we ain't makin' trouble. Don't get gay."

"What do you want?" Tracey asked from his place near the open door. Luke stationed himself beside his cousin, and motioned to June. The girl's eyes met his and she submissively entered the cabin.

"Nothin'," Pickett answered to Tracey's query. He leaned over and took hold of Dumb Jacob's bridle. "Ready?" he asked, looking back at Dow. "I reckon we'd better go up toward the ridge, where the prospectors kin see you two men, if we happen to run up against them, or we may get the ax.—If y' meet Paradise," he grinned at Luke, "tell him you seen us, an' he'll know the rest, as the song says. We didn't do a thing to him last night, shook him like a rabbit shakes off one o' them dashedhunds."

"We'll wait here a minute," Dow grunted, as he sprang from the saddle. "I want to see June."

Pickett cursed. "Think you ain't got a neck?" he growled. "I tell you there's a bunch of men ahead somewheres. We seen Para-

dise an' his pals goin' down Saw early this mornin' didn't we? An' we know that when they lost us an' couldn't find you pa, they went back up the gulch. Paradise wouldn't a' been ridin' east if the trail north was clear; I know just where he was bound for with all that stock we seen him drivin' back toward where we stole it. Not on his life, he wouldn't be goin' down Saw if it didn't mean hell to be goin' any other way. We aint' got no time to fool with skirts. Ain't that right?" he appealed to Luke. "There's a bunch north of us, huntin' them horse thieves that I used to belong to before I seen what criminals they was?"

"Exactly," Luke returned, "a posse and a sheriff, my man. I don't think you'll escape very easily, and I'm sure you're going no farther just at present, for I want a few words with your grey-headed partner there, my friend, Dumb Jacob. Will you follow your son's example, Mr. Scammel, and dismount?"

"No, he won't," Dow snapped, as he stepped toward the cabin. "June, come out here. I've got a remark or two."

"You will stay where you are, Miss Downing," Luke ordered, raising his voice. "Tracey, stand in the doorway."

Tracey obeyed, rather dazedly. Luke's sudden assumption of command could not be disputed just then, but inwardly the engineer was fuming, and he seemed to be awaiting with eagerness an opportunity to regain his ascendancy.

"Now, Scammel," Luke continued, "get down. Pickett, if you handle a gun my cousin will be very glad to shoot you. And, gentlemen, let me say at once that probably fifty honest citizens are not a quarter of a mile farther north, while Mr. Tracey's packer has ridden to warn them of your presence and bring them to this cabin. You will readily understand that that many men with fresh horses could easily follow you three through the snow, and easily overtake you. I need not say what would happen if they should come here and find any of us three missing or murdered. I think your lives are in our hands. Scammel——?"

"Can't get down," Scammel said. "Feet 're tied in the stirrups. My son thinks I'm his prisoner."

Luke stepped forward. "You would better be very lamb-like, Downing," he said over his shoulder. "I have but to say three words to the posse and you will be hung on the tree where your father lynched my cousin Orin. Let us hear nothing out of you, if you please." He examined Scammel's legs. "Quite right," he said, taking out a clasp knife. "We will amend that. No gun in your holster, either. I believe you're telling the truth."

Scammel laughed sourly. "Thanks," he said. "You bet I am. These two beauties came down on me last night 'bout one o'clock, when I was snoozing in a wickiup at the mouth of Cub. I expected

Paradise with your map. Humph! You know that? Instead, came my son and Pickett, and they naturally yanked me over a ridge and hid me and themselves in a bunch of chaparral about a quarter down Saw. Then, when Paradise and the others went past this morning, these jokers tied me up in this fashion and came here with me. I reckon we were going to go to the Fabulous, in a sort of family pardnership." He looked at Dow. "I don't believe us two'll go into cahoots after all, son Downing," he added.

"It isn't likely," Luke commented. "Now get down. Pickett, you'd better get off your bronco; it might run away with you."

"Me?" said Pickett, with an uneasy laugh. "Well, maybe—I guess not!" he exclaimed, suddenly making up his mind; and he clapped spurs to his horse.

The four men stood in a group in front of the cabin, and watched Pickett's fagged steed breast the slope. The fat man was bent far over his mount's neck, and as he rode his apoplectic face was turned like a lantern to his rear. He went over the knag of the hill and disappeared in a white flurry of snow.

"That's one out of the way," said Tracey. "Now Bug Dow? Do you want to race too?"

"I'll stay," Dow grunted. "Who's in there?" he added in alarm.

"I'm here," Welcome responded, as he appeared at the door, "I and Coon, Downing, I and Coon."

Scammel fingered his throat gaspingly.

"What's the matter?" Luke inquired of him.

"He—he's a hoodoo," Scammel stuttered. "I—he's bug. I don't want him around." His eyes burned green. "I've had about enough of him. He—Oh, damn him!" he exploded, "what's he doing here?"

"That," said June in the doorway, "it a question I've often asked myself, Jacob Scammel. I think you can answer it."

(To be continued.)

THE CALIFORNIA POPPY

By S. J. ALEXANDER.



WITH large and liberal largesse behold,
 The gilded guerdon of a thousand rains.
 The hills grow rich, and opulent the plains.
 The fond, sweet miracle that Eden told,
 To Universal Mother Earth of old,
 A mellow melody of minor strains,
 That runs with Springtime madness in her views,
 And blossoms from her breast in fairy gold.
 Still the old miracle, forever new
 With each new spring the golden cups are set,
 To hold their brimming fill of morning dew,
 And speak to man of God, lest he forget,
 The Light of Eden, and the Tree that grew,
 Within the walls, where the four rivers met.

San Mateo, Calif.

C. O. D. JONES

By ELWOOD S. BROWN.



WANT to get some credit."

C. O. D. Jones glanced up from the papers on his desk and viewed his visitor with a critical air. C. O. D. Jones was paid a handsome salary to be thoroughly and absolutely critical and he earned his money. Being possessed of some tact he did not linger in his gaze, however. Very rapidly his eyes traveled from the green beaver hat on the top of the young man's head to the patent leather shoes on the young man's feet. He took in every item of face, form, manner and attire, and he came to one large conclusion—nerve!

"You want to get some credit, do you?" asked Jones very collectedly and very coolly.

"Yes. I am just starting a business venture, and, outside of myself, I have but little capital." The young man spoke with ample confidence and as if perfectly sure of his ground.

Jones brought forth two very dark cigars, caressed them softly for an instant and then passed one to his visitor, while appropriating the other for his own use.

"Have a smoke," he invited, "it is my favorite brand and as strong as a bank vault."

"Thank you; you are very kind. I feel we shall get on well together," and the young man dropped easily into a chair.

"Your name?" asked Jones abruptly.

"My card," replied the other with equal brevity.

"Well, Mr. James Ford, how much credit do you want?"

"Eight thousand dollars."

"How much can you pay at the start?"

"Not a cent."

"I thought so," remarked Jones without emphasis. "You have many companions in your boat. My first impression of you was correct; your total assets consist of one spinal cord and its many branches."

"Exactly," responded the young man in a matter of fact way. "And I wouldn't trade them for several times eight thousand dollars."

C. O. D. Jones puffed slowly for a moment on his cigar. "Go on," he said.

"I have a splendid chance. Barring capital——"

"Quite a bar, I should say," interrupted Jones. "But I suppose you will overcome that with ease—somewhere else."

"No, here," remarked the young man audaciously. "Let me explain. I am recently out of college. Now I know a good deal

about shirts and ties and collars and so on. At college I was the best dressed man on the campus——”

“I believe you implicitly; go on.”

“I made a point to do things thoroughly and I studied clothes the same as I studied football——”

“And mathematics?” broke in Jones.

“Yes, mathematics too. I stood second in my Senior year and I studied hard. The last year my governor—he’s only my step-father though—dumped me overboard——”

“What for?” asked Jones.

“Governor is up to crooked deals and I called him on one. He hates me like poison, but that is not what I wish to talk about. Well, I paddled for myself. I made my own money, and, what’s more, I continued the best dressed man on the campus——”

“Please, my friend, do not repeat yourself,” broke in C. O. D. “It is a bad business trait.”

The young man paused an instant and then continued serenely: “I believe I can make a success of a gentlemen’s furnishing goods store. As to experience. According to logic, in as far as you take things home to yourself, you acquire the richest experience. Clothes are a part of me and a necktie or a shirt pattern is a matter of much interest. And I know prices. Now I want to plunge in up to my neck——”

“You mean you want me to throw you out in the middle of the river and gamble on whether you can swim ashore.”

“Not exactly. There will be no gamble. I am a certainty.”

“Have you leased a store yet?” asked Jones, adopting the inquisitor role.

“Am all ready to.”

“Where, and how much rent?”

“On Fall street, near Third; twenty-foot front; only a little place but I got a low rent of \$175 a month.”

“I know where it is,” said Jones. “Cheap enough for the location. Now, a little point, how are you going to pay the rent?”

“I picked up a little money selling real estate and will pay my first month’s rent from that.”

“How about your fixtures?” Jones was sounding his applicant carefully.

“I make a small payment down and follow with small monthly payments with interest. The firm is Cortelyou Co.”

“And you had no trouble in making arrangements with them?”

“O, no. I impressed them with my integrity and then you know I always have that successful feeling in me; somehow I can’t help it. Now I have a bunch of good friends in town who will stick right to me and boost for me, and I am not afraid to ask top prices.”

"I believe you will get them," said Jones slowly.

"Now what do you say. Do I get the credit?"

C. O. D. Jones thought steadily for two minutes, and then very deliberately gave his decision. "Legitimately," he said incisively, you are not entitled to take up three minutes of my time; as for giving you credit, in one sense, you are a preposterous impossibility. But nevertheless my decision is—you get it. You can have credit up to eight thousand dollars."

"I rather knew it," said the young man coolly.

"What! Now just drop that; you don't need to get impertinent. I have been reading behind your brazen exterior, looking for the man in you—and the grit in the man—and I give credit on grit, financial rating or no financial rating. Now, young man, if you don't make good; if you don't hustle and strain and tug as you never did before—and keep on being the best dressed man, if you want to—you will find me dogging your trail until every penny of that eight thousand is paid. And mind you, I am a blood hound on scenting shady tactics."

James Ford rose and, standing very straight, looked the credit man frankly in the eye. "I cannot thank you enough," he said simply. "You trust me; you can depend upon me."

After the departure of his visitor C. O. D. Jones sat in a reverie, musing over the incident. The credit man was a rather unusual appearing individual. Very small and very wiry, he scarcely weighed a hundred and twenty pounds. But somehow one always forgot Jones' physical proportions in measuring up his personality, and as for his work, he filled his job to the crowding point. Jones had two wonderful, little blue eyes that seemed to penetrate one's inmost thoughts—eyes that could pierce the toughest brazen coating to a story of imaginary assets. One of the salesmen spoke of them as "C. O. D.'s liability gimlets." An aggressive chin, backed up by a deep, bass voice lent a fighting strain to the credit man's character.

And sometimes Jones came near to having a fight. In the rush and swirl of many orders, some must be turned down, even though the manager himself would like to fill them. The credit man always dreaded to send down the C. O. D. sign on an order, for no salesman relishes the chance of losing an accomplished sale. At other times, though very seldom, Jones gave credit where the superior officer did not deem it justifiable. The credit man imagined such might be the present case in hand.

On stepping from his office a half hour later, Jones was surprised and somewhat amused to see Ford deeply in conversation with Miss Archer, the head stenographer of the firm. Ford was simply surpassing himself for the two heads were very close together

and the girl was completely absorbed in the young fellow's enthusiastic flow of speech. Jones watched them for a few moments and he concluded the young man was as able in impressing himself upon subjects female as upon masculine minds. The credit man thoroughly enjoyed the little spectacle, more particularly as Miss Archer was his especial favorite among the office help. She was a thoroughly wholesome young woman, quickly intelligent, sympathetic and attractive. Though a family man with daughters of his own, Jones often felt that little quickening of his pulses when she at times confided her minor troubles to him.

"Miss Archer," he called, a little later, "come to my office a moment."

"There was a young man in here a little while ago—a fine young chap who wanted \$8000 credit to go into business. If you were I would you grant it?"

The color spread slowly over the girl's cheeks. "I—I think I would," she answered.

"How do you know you would?" he asked lightly.

"Did you see us?" she brought forth impulsively. "How—how rude of you."

"It was a little rude, I will admit. I like young Ford," he added. "You have known him—some time?"

"Yes. I left college in my sophomore year to go to work with our firm. I knew Mr. Ford well there."

"What are his strong points?"

"Courage is his strongest," she said with honest directness. "He's a good leader, too—at school he was always up to some tricks, but never anything mean."

"You want him to succeed—very much want him to succeed?" asked the credit man, a little teasingly.

"Yes, I do. But he will have a hard time. His father is against him. He is a horribly disagreeable man——"

"You know him well, do you?"

"I would rather not talk about him," she said.

"Let me tell you about his visit," and Jones related the incident while the girl listened with interest. Before leaving, she turned to the credit man.

"I want to tell you something," she said, hesitatingly. "It is about our firm, about Mr. Rathbone, our acting manager."

"Rathbone?" Jones paused in thought. Rathbone was the one man in the concern with whom he could not harmonize. Though an expert salesman and a good executive, Jones felt he lacked broadness in dealing with men. More particularly the credit man did not relish too liberal suggestions and criticisms as to the proper

manner of handling the Credit Department, and further, back in his sub-consciousness he did not fully trust the acting manager.

"What about Rathbone?" he asked.

"I do not know that it is right for me to say this, but I feel instinctively that Mr. Rathbone is not thoroughly loyal; one or two of his letters to our best customers struck me as not just right. In the slang phrase he 'stands in' too well with the customers. I would not say this, Mr. Jones, but I know you so well."

"I thank you for your confidence. I will have some letters later."

"Jones, I want to see you a moment," said Rathbone, entering hurriedly. It's about that credit to Ford." Rathbone spoke brusquely but without antagonism.

"Well, what about it?" Jones asked non-committally.

"I'm afraid he's a bad risk. Perhaps you have overlooked a point or two. He seems to be a capable lad, but absolutely hasn't a penny. Nothing at all to bank upon, you know."

"Mr. Rathbone, I never give a rash credit. I weigh every customer cold-bloodedly. By cold-bloodedly I do not mean without sympathy, but purely from one basis: Can I or can I not collect the account? I believe the chances are forty-nine in fifty that we shall not lose a dollar on Ford. And his account is going to be a big one and a profitable one."

"But he has no assets—no rating; even the salesmen don't consider him very seriously."

"He has four splendid assets," replied the credit man, "honesty, ability, capacity for hard work and—unlimited backbone. I'd back him in a panic."

Rathbone laughed rather disagreeably. "You, a man of reports and figures, the icicle of the business, the guardian of the accounts receivable, banking on character to pay eight thousand dollars! As an enthusiastic salesman, I wouldn't do it."

Jones drew from his pocket two dark cigars. "Have one," he said slowly, "they are as strong as ready cash. Now let us thresh this out together. First, do you believe in intuition?"

"In a small way I do," replied Rathbone a trifle uneasily. "As a man with years on the road and always studying prospects, I am bound in a measure to credit it."

"I do," continued Jones. "It goes even deeper than logic. I can almost sense things financial. If a man comes into my office for credit, almost instantly something flashes to me—'you're safe'; 'you're risky'—and usually, not always, mind you, for these deeper things are not fully understood, I find my cold figures back up my intuition. Now I thoroughly sounded young Ford; he is a good, practical, nervy business man. Young as he is, he is shrewd

enough to get a good location, reasonable rent and will get high prices, also he has secured credit from a close firm."

"He can just as well as not open up big, make a clean-up and skip out."

Jones laughed a trifle irritatingly. "How many men to whom I give credit do that thing? I am willing to be judged on my record. Our losses in proportion to our gross sales are the lowest in the city."

"I give you credit for your record, but I cannot understand this case. Honesty cannot be gauged——"

"Honesty *can* be gauged. I can gauge honesty and I put a premium on it. It is useless to argue further. You and I do not agree on a basic point."

"Well," said Rathbone a little unpleasantly, "I don't like to have friction with you, but while I am acting as manager I do urge upon you utmost caution and discrimination."

"I always use both. Shall we go to lunch?"

One day, some three weeks later as Jones was carefully studying his delinquent list, he was interrupted by the opening of his office door and an abrupt entrance.

"I want to see you in regard to credit."

The caller was an elderly gentleman. Jones ran his eye from top to toe, absorbing to the detail every visible trait of his visitor. The man was stout, well groomed, prosperous looking and fairly bristling with aggressiveness. Jones on the instant noted the large head with bulging cheeks, the little ferret-like eyes, the thick neck and over-large waist line. He came to two large conclusions; self-importance—combativeness. And neither of these traits, strictly speaking, agreed with Jones.

The credit man pulled from his vest two very powerful cigars, and patting them softly, passed one to his visitor, retaining the other for himself.

"You will like this, it is just your style," said Jones very deliberately.

"Thank you," returned the caller rather ponderously and slowly. "My name is Franklin R. Ryerson."

"I am very pleased to make your acquaintance. My name is Jones. Now, I believe you wish credit with our firm?"

"Yes, sir," said Ryerson impressively and with slow emphasis. "I want credit—large credit with you. I am about to open a handsome retail establishment."

Jones, in spite of himself, felt an irritation rising within him.

"We supply many handsome establishments," he said with an air of equal importance.

"Owing to the fact," Ryerson paused and then continued in his

most weighty manner, "owing to the fact that many of my most valuable investments are temporarily tied up, I am obliged to ask for credit."

"I follow you," replied Jones with gravity.

"Your manager, Mr. Rathbone, has outlined an order for some \$25,000 of your choicest goods."

"I understand," said Jones, very impressively.

"I can pay you——" Mr. Ryerson said slowly, "I can pay you \$5,000 on delivery.

"When can you pay the balance?" Jones asked quietly.

"Inside of four months, easily, very easily."

"Now as to the credit——" began Jones.

"I am well rated on the mercantile books. I own——" Ryerson hung rather heavily on each word as if to drive home the import of his standing—"I own valuable real-estate holdings, first mortgages, splendid residence property, some stocks——"

"How much are you worth, net?" asked Jones bluntly.

"One hundred thousand dollars."

"And you want credit for twenty thousand?"

"Yes."

"Are you in business now?"

"No, I retired six months ago, after many years of work in the machinery business."

"I will get a rating on you, as you were then. Also a special report, and further, I wish you to make me an exact list of your properties, a signed statement." Jones spoke quickly and in a matter-of-fact way.

"You will find everything to your complete satisfaction. I take pride in my standing, Mr. Jones. Now I will call, day after tomorrow at two thirty."

"Just one point before you leave. Where are you going to locate your store?"

Ryerson hesitated an instant. "I am not quite determined," somewhat evasively, "somewhere in the fashionable district."

Something in the man's manner; an undefined something, which Jones could not analyze, confirmed a vague impression that all was not well. Strangely enough, during the conversation he remembered of the visit from young Ford, and an almost unconscious contrasting of the two types, was continually in the background of the credit man's mind. And he proceeded warily.

"Do you favor Fall Street?" The tone was casual.

"I do; a splendid street and fine opportunities for display."

"Third is a good cross street," Jones suggested in an off-hand manner.

"Yes, I expect to locate in there, somewhere near Third and Fall."

"You should do well, Mr. Ryerson. But just one question, if you will pardon my curiosity: why do you at your time of life, embark in a new business? How do you know that you will make a success of it?"

Again Ryerson hesitated, and in his uncertainty lost a trifle of his important bearing.

"I shall probably——" he caused, collecting his thoughts. "I shall probably engage a good practical manager. I prefer to be a sort of—a sort of silent partner."

"And you will guarantee the bills?"

"Absolutely—Now I must leave. Good day, good day."

When Jones put his head out of the door an hour later he saw Ryerson impressively pinning Rathbone with a weighty discourse, and it did not auger well with the credit man. In the adding of two and two Jones was an expert mathematician.

The first thing to be done was to visit Ford. He found that worthy, dressed in the pinnacle of fashion, selling one customer, while holding three others in line with his ready jest and abundant good nature. The credit man smiled as he witnessed the clever salesmanship.

"Just a few minutes, Mr. Jones, and I will be at leisure."

"I will come back in an hour," replied the credit man. "I want to take a run around the neighborhood." C. O. D. Jones investigated every store in the immediate vicinity. Being well acquainted with the leading business men of the section, he obtained accurate information as to the nature of the leases. Barring one, he found all were rented on a long time basis.

"Just as I thought," he muttered. "But why did the old duffer come to our house?" Back he went to Ford's, catching that gentleman a moment off duty, he interrogated briskly: "Anyone been around here the last few weeks inquiring as to where you buy your goods?"

"Guessed it the first time, but I put him on the wrong scent. Good plan to keep your business to yourself. I get a little stuff from Newmarks'; he thinks I get the bulk of it there. But what's up?"

"Come around Friday at two-forty-five and you will see."

Early Friday afternoon, C. O. D. Jones was surprised when Miss Archer, somewhat excited and with a look of anxiety on her face, threw open his door.

"He's here!" she gasped. "Mr. Ford's father! I know he's up to something bad. He hates us both. You must watch him."

"Did he recognize you?" asked Jones quickly.

"No. I was careful that he didn't. He and Mr. Rathbone had quite a talk. They are planning something between them. Rathbone said something about when our real manager returns, and I caught the word 'salary,' and Mr. Rathbone smiled."

"I see," said Jones, "simple as daylight. And they talked something about the price of the bill of goods?"

"Step into my private office, Miss Archer. I am expecting Rathbone in to see me about extending Ryerson credit." The girl stepped into the inner room just before Rathbone appeared.

"I tell you Jones," the acting manager announced smilingly, "Old Ryerson's account will be a hummer. He is planning to do the largest share of his buying here. Of course you know how he stands—well rated—really no question as to credit."

"There will be a question—a very material question."

Rathbone shifted from one leg to the other in his ill concealed agitation. "We need the business, Jones; we cannot let an account of that size slip through our fingers. Remember there are other sides of the business than the credit."

"I always try to work in harmony with the other departments, you know that."

"Well, what's the matter with Ryerson?"

"Just this moment I am not prepared to say, though I am almost certain I shall not give him credit for one single cent."

"Jones, I tell you we must keep the new trade coming in; it is the life-blood of our business. I think you are getting a bit arbitrary——" Rathbone paused a little threateningly.

"Is Ryerson a customer of yours or of the house?" Jones brought the question out with a snap. For a fractional instant he caught Rathbone off his guard.

"He is my customer in so far as manager can be salesman for his house. But that is not the point. What is there against giving his credit?"

"I will tell you what there is against giving him credit. It is the man. He is rotten to the core. My intuition——"

"O, damn your intuition. This is business——"

"Yes, it is business," said Jones, striving hard to keep his tone on a steady level—"and it is more than business," his eyes snapped ominously. "But as to that—later. I know Ryerson; I have him gauged as a business man and I have him gauged as to character. He is good in one and vile in the other. He knows enough to keep within the law——"

"And your money will be sure," broke in Rathbone. "We are not moralists——"

"You may not be, but I am using morality on my end of the business, and when a man is without it I am searching for all possible hidden tricks. Ryerson, if need be——"

Rathbone laughed a little mockingly. "Why Jones, to think of you, the dollars and cents man, bounded by figures that cannot lie, going

out into character analysis, when you have the law to protect you—it is ridiculous.”

“Ridiculous is it! Ryerson is due here in two minutes. I want you to stay, and if your curiosity is troubling you, it will be satisfied; more than satisfied. Don’t look frightened——”

He was interrupted by a ponderous footstep in the hall, and shortly the door swing wide and in walked Ryerson, head erect and wearing his habitual air of self-satisfaction.

“Mr. Jones, and you, Mr. Rathbone, I am here.”

“So we preceive,” said Jones in his politest tones. “Cigars, gentlemen,” and Jones brought forth three of the darkest hue. “You need their full strength, for we have some weighty matters to discuss.”

Ryerson looked a little inquiringly at the credit man, hesitated slightly, and then plunged into the business in hand.

“It is important that I get my establishment under way at once; you have looked me up, Mr. Jones?”

“I have, sir.”

“And you find me financially sound in every way?”

“My special report gives you an excellent standing. Your properties are as represented.”

“Thank you, Mr. Jones,” said Ryerson smiling blandly.

“Don’t mention it,” smiled back Jones.

“I take a little pride—a good deal of pride—in my financial integrity——”

“And in your personal integrity, also,” added Jones in a supplementary way.

“Yes. Ever since I was a young man I have aimed high. I pay my accounts with punctuality.”

“Mr. Ryerson,” Jones begun, running along easily. “Let’s have a little heart-to-heart talk. You interest me, perhaps more than I have been interested in some time; you are an exceptional man, a man worthy of careful and close study. I have been analyzing you critically, so that I might learn. I study for motives—it is a rich field you know. Can you help me on one little point, so that I may complete the interesting analysis? What is your personal motive for going into the men’s furnishing goods business?”

Ryerson was not expecting the directness of the question.

“My motive—my motive—why to do a good business.”

“Oh, no, my dear sir, I mean not your business motive—your personal motive! catch the distinction, please.”

“I have no personal motive.”

“Drop the question for the moment,” Jones changed his manner on the instant. Looking Ryerson squarely in the face and speaking with a clear emphasis, he announced, “In spite of your good rating,

in spite of your splendid assets, you cannot get a single dollar's credit here."

Ryerson for the moment was dumbfounded.

"What!" he burst forth, his anger rising to the surface. "No credit to me! You are insane! This is an insult!"

Jones puffed slowly at his cigar and regarded the man with utmost composure.

"No, and you cannot buy for cash!"

Ryerson rose in a rage. His bulging neck tightened the closely fitting collar band and the purple spread over his huge cheeks.

"Not—buy—for—cash!" he choked.

"No, not in this house, and you can get no credit in this city. And you, Rathbone," turning to the acting manager, who had been too ill at ease for speech, "I have spelled your little game."

"My game—What do you mean?"

"Just a minute, I have a little to say to Mr. Ryerson. We have a Credit Men's Association in this city and I am going to place my little story before them. I stand well enough to effectually shut off any attempt at credit. And I shall go further—I shall notify credit men in my line throughout the country; remember I have been twenty years in the business——"

"This is blackmail! You are a slanderer! You almost drive me to physical violence——" and Ryerson leaned belligerently over the credit man.

"Please do restrain yourself. You annoy me and you break the thread of my thought. By the way, what is your step-son's name?"

"My step-son?—My step-son?—What has he to do with this?" Ryerson stammered.

"You have trouble with your speech. Let me do the talking. Is not his name James Ford? I see by your expression it is. Now, my second question: is not your store to be located next to Mr. Ford's? A fine business principle, isn't it—to steal another man's trade. Please do control yourself, for I am not through yet. You ripe old scoundrel, you wanted to ruin him, didn't you? He fooled you when he told your spy he was buying of Newmark's. He has heavy credit *here*——"

Ryerson turned to Rathbone, a look of astonishment on his face.

"He didn't tell you, did he?" continued Jones. "He is a clever man, our acting manager. He is to be *your* manager, sold out to you, didn't he? Please, gentlemen, do not get so excited, let me finish, do, please. And when you were to begin the new business, who was to pay for the knife cutting in wrecking young Ford?—*our house!*"

Jones paused an instant, to let the fact sink home.

"Yes, *our house*," he continued, more rapidly. "You, Rathbone,

laughed at my intuition, but that very thing first warned me of you. You, as acting manager, are authorized to make prices; taking advantage of that, you planned to sell our friend, here, a bill of goods virtually at *cost*. No criminal liability attached. Later when our real manager returns, you could quietly resign and go to your higher salary with the silent partner. Ford would have to fight an unmerciful competition, and our firm would lose heavily in a forced sale. Mr. Ford is due now—I hear his footsteps outside——”

“Why gentlemen,” Ford greeted, swinging into the room. “Why, Governor, you old rascal, as sure as I am alive! Jones, what’s the object of him. You know I told you he hated me like poison.”

“I can believe it.”

“Up to some more of his old tricks?”

“You pair of contemptible——” began Ryerson.

“Ford, please help me to assist these gentlemen to the door,” said Jones, “they are most annoying and I have business with you.”

“Now,” he continued, after the welcome departure. “You must act at once. Close up on the lease next door south of you, you are to enlarge your business, and we’ll back you with plenty of credit. And one other matter,” said Jones, rising and opening his inner door, “I take it the old gentleman does not favor Miss Archer, though the reason is impossible for me to see. Unless being poor——”

“Hello, Nell,” exclaimed Ford eagerly. “Want to go to work with me? Do you think, Mr. Jones, she can handle my accounts receivable?”

“Miss Archer, shall I send him up credit or C. O. D.?”

THE VISIONS OF THE TRAIL

By ELWYN HOFFMAN.

Across the Desert, parched and hot, the brown trails wind away
To where, remote, the ranges tower and purple shadows play;
And by each one of all these trails wait Death, and Thirst, and Pain,
For many men will go, and go, though few come home again.

The Zahuaro, grim and lonely, points its finger to the sky
As though forewarned of tragedy, and how men gasp and die;
The gray sand folds, and then re-folds, its silent, drifting sheet,
As if to cover bones that bleach beneath the Desert heat.

And yet the long, brown trails remain, nor ever fade away,
Year after year, by boot and hoof, ground down to clutch and stay;
And in the heat-glare hanging o’er their windings through the sand
Fair Visions rise, and fade, and rise, and lure with beck’ning hand.

And so men follow, year by year, these Visions of the Trail
With hearts as steadfast as was his who sought the Holy Grail;
And year by year they pay the price, yet staunchly hold their way
To find the Dream that hides beyond where purple shadows play.

THE WOMAN OR THE WILDERNESS

By WARREN McCULLOCH.



DAN COLBY finally admitted to himself that he was discouraged. To him, discouragement was a weakness. But after considering that luck had gone against him in Cripple Creek, from the very first; he felt, in a measure, that he was justified in the admission.

The claim on Mineral Hill which he abandoned as worthless, had proven to be rich when a "Numbskull Norwegian" blasted out a few feet of rock. He remembered with chagrin how he had scoffed at the man, and informed him that he was wasting his time and money. Then again, it was only the day previous, he saw a new shaft-house on a claim he had absolutely given away; and the men were sorting ore and hauling it away to the stamp-mill. "That is enough to discourage any man," he reasoned. "Just my infernal bad luck;—That's all."

With Dan, the discouragement was no momentary affair. It had been of slow growth, beginning some four months before, when he first found himself reduced to such financial straits that he was obliged to work in the mines for wages. Each month his estimate of a grub-stake, sufficient to enable him to start prospecting again, had dwindled by degrees, from five hundred dollars to something like three hundred. And this payday he counted his coin and found himself two-hundred and fifty ahead of the proverbial wolf.

After the evening meal, for which he had no relish, he grew restless and strolled down to "Whalen's Bar" and talked with his fellow-miners. In an hour he found that irksome, and was about to return to his little shack and "roll in," when his attention was attracted to a man leaning against the bar, telling of a find in California. "The ores of California are not so illusive as the ones here in Cripple Creek," said the man. "When you find gold in Death Valley, you can see it; and no expense of getting assays on worthless dirt. I tell you, a few loads of ore on the back of a pack-horse, will make us independent for life." He overheard no more for the voice was lost in the revelry of the crowd.

The following morning Dan strolled down Poverty Gulch toward town. He was not due on shift at the mine until twelve o'clock, and it was only eight. That left him four hours to loaf. With his hands thrust deep in his pockets, he sauntered along, reading bills and posters on the slab-board shanties, on either side of the trail, which led to a rickety sidewalk. When the sidewalk terminated at the base of a huge boulder, he crossed to the other side of the street where it continued. Farther along he noticed a dingy, tumble-down shack, reminding him of a large packing-case that

had slid down the mountain side and lodged by chance just before reaching the sidewalk. Above the door was a sign, marked in a slap-dash manner with yellow paint, which ran thus:—

MYSTIC AND CLAIRVOYANT.
ADVISE GIVEN ON MINING PROPOSITIONS.
SATISFACTION GAURANTEED.

Advice—Dan was in need of advice, and he did not care in particular whence it came; nor did he try to justify his act by reason. It may have been the yellow paint, or only a response to the alluring whim for the mystical, but he walked in and found a swarthy Hindu fakir, surrounded by cheap caricatures of Buddha, and meaningless astrological charts, bordered with imprints of many misshapen hands.

At any other time Dan would have scorned such a spectacle as “tom-foolery,” but without a moment’s hesitation, he paid the required fee, and was mystified by the following proverb, not at all Hindu in its origin: *“It is better to dwell in the wilderness than with a contentious and an angry woman.”* He also learned that he was soon to travel far to the westward, to a desert land, in search of gold.

Dan Colby was what men call a hard-headed man. Of course he did not believe in such nonsensical stuff as clairvoyance or fortune-telling; any one who did was “weak-minded and womanish,” he always associated the two, without knowing why.

Nance had not been contentious and angry—at least not all the time—but she had been a nagging wife, and if she had not eeverlastingly held out about the home in a city, he would have succeeded on the ranch. He tried to dismiss the subject from his mind, and succeeded for a while. But half an hour later he was thinking again of his past failures, and somehow, Nance was responsible for it all.

At eleven-thirty, when the miners of the Elkton Mine climbed the hill and were lowered to the fifth level. Dan Colby was not among them. But the day previous, being payday, his fellow-workmen supposed he had followed the course of least resistance, and would be back to work when he sobered up.

Dan was no victim of the burning thirst, however, and never was he more sober than at that particular time. He had the air of a man with a purpose as he sold his outfit, which consisted of a shack with slab-board sides and canvas cover, some drills, hammers, caps and fuse, and the other trifles that compose the paraphernalia of a prospector. This left him three hundred dollars, after paying his way to Colorado Springs on the “Overland,” a lumbering stage-coach drawn by six almost unmanageable horses.

He wondered what Nance would say if she knew. Of course she would dissent, and her objections would somehow act as a handicap to his success, even though he heeded them not, as usual,—but she did not know.

Six days later, two men, attired in the garb of prospectors, met at a little station on the Mojave Desert, each bent on a like quest—seeking a partner with whom he could join fortunes, and explore the region of mystery, where, so the rumor went, a man may have gold for the taking. One introduced himself as Kimberly Ed. The other was Dan Colby. The former affirmed that unless Dan was determined to win, let come what may, he could not consider his partnership offer. They soon came to an agreement by which Kimberly Ed furnished the horses and Dan, the tent, tools, and provisions for a month's journey.

Dan's new acquaintance claimed to be familiar with most of the desert lands of California and Nevada. And Dan did not doubt his word, for if ever a man's appearance bespoke the hardships of the desert, his did to a remarkable degree. Tall, muscular and brown, almost swarthy, with a square jaw and deep-set, coal-black eyes, a straggling beard of a month's growth adorned his chin; and Dan noticed, as he grew to know him better, that he seldom smiled. A profound sincerity characterized him as one who knew his own mind, and acted accordingly.

They were soon traversing a land, which it seemed was not included in God's promise in regard to rain. Dan had secured a map of Death Valley and the surrounding country, with directions for finding the locality said to be replete with gold. And after five days' journey in a northerly direction, across shifting sands, bristling with yucca, sage-brush and cactus, they came to a wide, shimmering waste, where even the yucca and cactus could not exist. Stretching away to the northeast, in glimmering uncertainty, was an endless expanse of alkali-covered sand, over which could be seen phantasmic creations of the taunting mirage. To the west was a chain of mountains, grand in its desolation, and toward this Kimberly Ed reined his horse.

Their progress was soon impeded by a ledge of rock, which appeared to have been tilted up on its edge by some monster hand, whose owner, startled by the revelation beneath had hastily departed leaving it to topple back to an angle of forty-five degrees, there to be held by the incaving earth. According to the map they were not far distant from the watering place, and Kimberly Ed, who seemed to know things without previously ascertaining the facts, soon located a spot where the earth was covered with a thin layer of whitish material. After shoveling away the sand to a

depth of several inches, the water oozed up through the sand in a plentiful quantity, though a little brackish.

There was little danger of the horses straying away from the water in that parched land, so they were hobbled and permitted to seek sustenance from the sage-brush and grass farther up the mountain-side. As a special inducement to stay near camp, they were given a few handfuls of oats each morning and evening.

The next morning they began their search for gold-bearing rock, with no success until late the second day, when Kimberly Ed discovered fragments of float which he declared came from a pay-streak. Dan was skeptical until they had roasted it over a fire of grease-wood, which brought out tiny yellow specks. He then capered about like a school-boy, but his companion reminded him in an almost stolid manner that the vein from which it came was yet to be found and might be miles away up the mountain.

The next day they found an outcropping ledge corresponding to the previous day's find. Again was Dan exultant, effervescing with hilarity, and again did his deliberate companion remind him of the possible difficulties to be overcome, even if it proved high-grade ore.

As Dan looked into his friend's calm face and noted his methodical bearing in this case of almost sure success, he was vaguely conscious of a new experience. It was the lack-luster feeling, akin to disappointment, that comes to one who arrives at the long-sought goal, having in mind no act beyond—Was the discovery of gold so commonplace, after all?

Kimberly Ed, in his usual decided manner, asserted that he would return to the station for more provisions and the necessary paraphernalia to develop the find, which proved to be a three-foot vein. Dan agreed to stay and do what he could during that period.

That night Dan dreamed of a home in a strange city; again he was working at his trade, carving inscriptions and designs in marble and granite for tomb-stones, as in the days before he got the ranch-fever. And again Nance was nagging to move back on the ranch to which he consented after a long argument, only to find miles and miles of sand, sage-brush, and cactus. He was reminding her "I told you so!" when he was awakened by Kimberly Ed, who was astir and preparing for his journey.

When the giant-fingered yucca was pointing its earliest shadows across the sand, Kimberly Ed was on his way, trailing the horses single-file and riding in the lead.

As the sun rose higher and higher that sultry May-day, Dan was unconscious of the intense heat, as he worked at the ledge of quartz, which he tried to think of as "the mine." In the evening after he had eaten his pork-and-beans with black coffee, the silence of the

desert began to weigh upon him. The depression of spirits which one feels when he is far away from his kind, was stealing upon him. Then too, he was thirsty, and the water from the spring did not satisfy him. He rolled himself in his blanket and finally drifted into a state of half-consciousness, from which he awoke at day-break unrefreshed.

For two weeks he worked at the ledge, breaking the rock, ready for the pack-horses, on Kimberly Ed's return. Always, when the day's work was done, came the silence, which filled him with misgivings; he scarcely knew why. To make matters worse, the water which he must drink was so nauseating that at times he grew faint, and his head throbbed dizzily. At first he made it into coffee, but that only deceived his palate, while the poison permeated his system. Then the coffee supply was exhausted and he must drink it without disguise. In another week his food supply would be exhausted; beyond that he dared not conjecture.

The silence of the desert was unnerving him. He could hear his blood coursing through his veins, and after restless nights the morning ever found him with a throbbing brain and a tormenting clutch of hunger at the stomach. The eighteenth day his stock of provisions consisted of a two-pound package of pancake flour, which he used as sparingly as gold-dust. "Why doesn't Kimberly Ed return?" he asked the silence. And the silence itself was the answer.

The words of the swarthy-skinned fakir were running through his mind. At night he dreamed of the tumble-down shack on the mountain-side. Again he was listening to the proverb of the angry woman, which for some reason, was to him a subtle reference to Nance. The longing to hear a human voice so possessed him that he began to talk, but his voice was strange and harsh and he cast a quick glance about him as if half expecting someone to emerge from the darkness.

In vain he tried to sleep; his wide-open, burning lids refused to close, and hour after hour he stared into the silent darkness. Later, strange unrealities wavered before him, and at last, out of the confusion came Nance, with a worried brow. As she receded she beckoned him to follow.

She led him to a protruding stone not far away. He remembered having seen it before, and noting how like a tomb-stone it was. One side was weathered smooth by ages of wind-driven sand. Toward this she waved her hand accusingly, and hurried away, leaving him transfixed to the spot, staring at an inscription vaguely marked in wavering uncertainty across the surface. He rubbed his scorching eyes and turned away, trying to dismiss it as only a fancy, but Nance reappeared and waved him back toward the stone. This time he could trace the inscription—it was the proverb

which had been so recurrent in his mind of late. As he deciphered the wavering words, they blurred and faded away, reappearing at uncertain intervals.

He noted when the inscription was plainest that Nance hovered near, and when it faded, she was gone. He associated its disappearance with that of Nance. And he feared to be alone, for when alone the torture of the silence was unbearable.

With a fear born cunning, he possessed himself of a prospector's hammer and chisel, and began carving the inscription deeper into the stone. Exhausted as he was, he must not let the words fade away, for that left him alone with the silence of which his horror was momentarily increasing, until it was as formidable as death itself.

Once the stone became an object of terror to him, and he scrambled away, only to be driven back by the greater fear, and once he fell asleep, awaking to find himself alone. Then in a weak frenzy he set to work carving the words that would bring her near. After that he dared not sleep for fear she might not return.

Nance was so silent, so unlike herself. He longed to hear her voice—if only in complaint—but to have her near was a great comfort.

Thus it was, the twenty-second day after Kimberly Ed's departure, a searching party found him, feebly carving strange inscriptions on a slab of stone. The stare of unreason was in his eyes, nor could they induce him to utter a word. They led him to his tent, nor far away, and gave him water and food; while one of the party, whom they called "Doc," administered a quieting draught which caused him to fall asleep.

In a few days, when his strength returned, and with it his reason, he learned that Kimberly Ed had met with an accident on nearing his destination. His horse had fallen, crushing his rider's ankle.

Six hours later he started the party in search of his comrade, but the crude map he gave them led wide of the place, hence the delay. The man "Doc" ascribed Dan's condition to the poisonous water, together with the lack of food.

On investigation, one of the party, a mining man, found the ore to be more than medium grade, but owing to its isolation from civilization, it would necessitate an outlay of capital beyond moderate means to make it a paying proposition.

Dan had lost his zeal for prospecting. A love greater than love for gold was reviving in his heart. While the others were preparing for their return, he strolled back to the place where they had found him in his wandering state of mind. There across the side of an upright slab of stone, were carvings, unintelligible to the ordinary

eye. But in Dan's imaginative state, he could readily decipher these words:—

"It is better to dwell in the wilderness than with a contentious and an angry woman."

With a corrugated brow he started toward camp, his hands deep in his pockets. After a few paces, he hesitated and returned to the stones. With shoulders drawn high and quizzical expression about his mouth, he re-read the inscription, then, after a moment's contemplation, he drew his clasp-knife from his pocket and dimly scratched these words below—"It's a lie."

Los Angeles.

THE MAN OF THE TRAIL

By HENRY MEADE BLAND.

A SPIRIT that pulses forever,
Like the fiery heart of a boy;
A forehead that lifts to the sunlight,
And is wreathed forever in joy;
A muscle that holds like the iron,
That binds in the prisoner, steam;
Lo! these are the Trailman's glory;
Lo! these are the Trailman's dream.

An eye that catches the glory,
That gleams from mountain and sky;
And an ear that awakes to the shouting
Of the storm as it surges on high;
A sense that garners the splendor
Of sun, moon or starry gleam:
Yea, these are the Trailman's glory;
Yea, these are the Trailman's dream.

The wild high climb o'er the mountain;
The lodge by the river's brim;
The glance at the fierce cloud-horses,
As they plunge o'er the range's rim;
The juniper's balm for the nostrils,
The dash in the cool trout-stream;
Lo! these are the Trailman's glory;
Lo! these are the Trailman's dream.

The ride down the fair river canyon,
Where the wild oats grow breast-high,
And the call of the quail on the hill-side,
The turtle dove flashing by;
An eve round the fragrant fire
And the tales of heroic theme:
Yea, these are the Trailman's glory;
Yea, these are the Trailman's dream.

San José, Calif.

MINING WITH AN AIRSHIP

By PROF. CHAS. F. HOLDER.



WHILE the country is being aroused and enthused very rightly over aeroplanes, there is being gotten ready for construction in Pasadena, California, an airship which will make a definite impression on the commercial world, as after all is said, the dozen or more successful aeroplanes are "toys," with a very uncertain future, as far as economic value is concerned.

As a "toy," a "plaything," in the hands of an adventurous man, the aeroplane is a success, yet it is a constant danger. The slightest accident, and the unwieldy affair is precipitated to the earth. It is said that the aeroplane can carry mail and other light objects, but this would be too expensive.

The aeroplane can carry but two people, and it is evident from the remarks of Mr. Wright about his brother who ventured over Paris that any great altitude is beyond the safety line. What, then, can the aeroplane accomplish to encourage business men to manufacture it?

In war? True, it can be imagined that an aeroplane can carry bombs or torpedoes and drop them on forts and ships, but to accomplish this it must be able to ascend high in air.

Mr. Wright's flight up the Hudson may be taken as a sample of the water flight, and it was a splendid exhibit, but had Wright made a flight three times as high, he would have been brought down a score of times by the rapid-fire guns from any ship in the fleet, and guns are being invented that will fire a cloud of projectiles at aeroplanes, so the danger from aeroplanes in war is not imminent or threatening.

It is evident that, to be a success, the airship must have an earning capacity, and the one referred to apparently fills the bill.

Perhaps the most encouraging feature is that the inventor or constructor is the dean of the Aeronautic faculty, the discoverer of the Lowe Air Wave, Professor T. S. C. Lowe, a famous inventor, who was President Lincoln's Chief of the Aeronautic Corps during the Civil War, and who has more aeronautical discoveries and experiences to his credit than all the rest of the aeronauts put together. It was Lowe who made the famous trip from Cincinnati to Pea Ridge, South Carolina, 800 miles in eight hours, thus gaining the world's record for speed and the American record for distance.

It was Lowe who first attached a telegraph line to his balloon, 1000 feet in air, over the battle of Fair Oaks, and telegraphed what he saw to President Lincoln in the White House.

It was Lowe who saved the day in this battle, according to General A. W. Greely, who eulogized his work on airships during the

Civil War, in a long article in Harper's Monthly, June, 1900.

A volume, and an exciting one, might be written about this man and his exploits. "The most fired at man in the Army," it is said, and it all points to the logical conclusion that he is the one man, so far as experience goes, to build *practical* airships.

That there is no question as to this is shown by one fact. Lowe holds the secret of the preparation he invented years ago, which prevents the escape of gas from the silk of a balloon. The importance of this can be realized from the fact that the very best balloon made today leaks so fast that an extended voyage would be impossible.

In the recent trip of Captain Mueller of Los Angeles, when he landed in the Sierra Madre, when the balloon ascended; after throwing out a little ballast, they passed through strata or clouds of their own escaping gas that were very disagreeable.

Lowe has a material which absolutely stops this, so that a balloon or airship can make a trip of a week, month or a year, and return with its own gas intact. More than this, while Count Zeppelin and the French are obliged to have balloon houses costing fortunes in themselves, Lowe's envelope needs no protection, and will withstand wind, rain, frost, ice and sun indefinitely. This was demonstrated in the campaign of the Civil War, fifty years ago. About this secret hinges the entire airship question, of failure or success, and it means the possibility of a long airship cruise.

The first use of Lowe Airships will surprise many who have not watched the course of events, but it will be in inaccessible mines, as an ore and machinery freighter, that the Lowe airship will first demonstrate its value, and it means that at once certain inaccessible mines can be made to pay in Alaska, Arizona, California, New Mexico and Old Mexico. No matter where a mine is located, the airship can go to it over impassable canyons, tops of peaks, and by its powerful engines, proceed with directness and rapidity to the location. Here ore in masses of three to twenty tons can be picked up and carried through the air into the low country.

Several air "freighters" are now being designed for Alaskan mines. In one instance the mine is in a place so difficult of access that it has been impossible to get machinery in; yet the air "freighter," with its powerful engine, one for head progress, another for pushing up or pulling down, can pick up the machinery needed for this mine and land it at the mine in less than a day. Not only this, but all the provisions for the mine for a year are to be shipped in this way.

What the airship means to this particular mine can be imagined when it is known that it was inoperative up to this time, though known to be very rich. Now it is to be entirely equipped in this way:

food, men, machinery; all sent in, and ore, from five to twenty-two tons at a time, whisked out through the air.

Not only this, but this enables the men to work this and other mines all winter, when the surface is covered with snow, accumulate ore, which the air "freighter" will remove as occasion requires.

In Mexico there are scores of mines in the out-of-the-way parts of the Sierra Madre, which are languishing for cheap transportation of ore, the slow and tedious methods by burro making it almost impossible.

This is equally true of Arizona, New Mexico and Colorado, and before long these mines will be opened up and much of the transportation of ore and machinery done by "air freighters."

In 1860, Professor Lowe, who is the inventor of the first refrigerated ship, water gas, Lowe Anthracite, the builder of the Mt. Lowe Railroad and founder of the Lowe Astronomical Observatory, had an airship which he tested at twenty-two tons lifting power. This took 750,000 cubic feet of hydrogen gas.

Professor Lowe lacked but one thing—an engine. The motor car has caused the invention of this, and the great air "freighters" and passenger ships, propelled by high horsepower engines, will be as common, in 1910, as motor cars were in 1905.

The "Era of the Air" has arrived.

Los Angeles.

TO MY BRASS BUDDH

By RUBY BAUGHMAN.

THY broad, benignant brow and smile serene
 Have ages long o'er pagan pilgrims bent;
 World-sorrows to thine eyes have pity lent,
 World-sinnings added sadness to thy mien;
 Thou god of heathen hordes, no hope I glean
 From worship at thy feet, my faith forespent;
 Chill comfort finds my Christian discontent
 On blazonment of power in bronze to lean.
 No ministry of miracle is thine,
 But love unending woven on life's loom,
 Teaching a calm content well nigh divine,
 Placid through grim exchange from perfumed gloom
 Of homage in an ancient Nippon shrine
 To glaring bleakness in my rented room.

Butte, Montana.

THE ZAHUARO

By M. C. STANLEY.

'There is a forest where no cooling shade
 Falls ever through the long, still summer day,
 There is a tree whose boughs have never made
 A harp whereon the wandering winds may play.

Go where across the desert's blanching sand
 The tall Zahuaro's fluted columns rise:
 Gaunt warders of the waste you see them stand
 Dark etched against the burning sapphire skies.

Silent they stand, though fiercest winds may beat,
 The desert winds, keen-lashing, wild and free,
 Unshaken still though all around their feet
 The shifting sands drift like the surging sea;

Else on some barren mountain's shattered slope
 'Midst ruin of rocks far scattered, huge as hurled
 By Titan's hand, their slender columns stand
 As though memorial of an earlier world.

Or like those storied broken shafts that rise
 Far hence beneath another desert sun,
 To mark where ancient Egypt buried lies,
 Beneath the drifting sand's oblivion.

Yet these bear witness not of death, as those,
 Here, rather, fortified in the fluted green,
 Triumphant life her lifted banner shows,
 And makes a mock of death in death's demesne.

For though these wear no leafy garlanding,
 Nor ever feel the blight of winter snow,
 Yet once a year the angel of the Spring
 With lighted torch far-flown descends, and lo,

The waste is as an altar side whereon
 A thousand branched candles sudden shine,
 For every spire is tipped with flowered fire,
 Yea lit with Spring's white flower flame divine.

Tucson, Ariz.

Music **Literature** **Drama** **Art**

In the last few weeks a number of gifted local musicians have come into their own. It speaks well for the artistic future of Los Angeles that we have been able to develop such artists as Olga Steeb (who returns to us with commendations from the severe critics in Berlin), Paloma and Karla Schramm, and Adelaide Gosnell. The Schramm sisters (under the management of the Fitzgerald Music Co.) rendered programs at their two recitals which indicated a mastery of piano technique, and Paloma Schramm left us with the impression that a new western composer of distinction is "finding herself." No less surprising is the remarkable talent of Adelaide Gosnell, a little fourteen year old girl who appeared in recitals at Blanchard Hall and before the Gamut Club.

The song recital of Mary Le Grand Reed at the Friday Morning Club House will be followed by the Orpheus Club Concert in the Temple Auditorium, April 14th; the concert of the Los Angeles Centre of the American Music Society, at the Burlington Hotel, April 15th; the Ellis Club Concert, at Simpson Auditorium on April 19th, while the Woman's Symphony Orchestra Concert is scheduled in the Auditorium April 22nd with Miss Blanche Ruby as soloist.

Maud Allen, the classic dancer, will be here on the 11th, 12th and 13th of the month.

The only chamber music concert that will be given in the city this season will be that of the Flonzaley Quartet on Thursday evening, April 28th, in Simpson Auditorium. During the first week in May the Damrosch Symphony Orchestra will be with us at The Auditorium. The soloists will be Mr. Reed Miller, tenor, Nevada van der Veer, contralto.



MARY LE GRAND REED

Manager Blackwood is undoubtedly "making good" in his promise to give Los Angeles a first hearing of some notable plays. Following the successful presentation of "Through a Window," came the play which seems likely to prove a New York success. "The Spendthrift," with Thais Magrane, the creator of the leading rôle, as the star. Now follows another



ADELAIDE GOSNELL

new play by George Broadhurst, "The Garden of Lies," dramatized from the novel by Justus Miles Forman. This adds another success to Mr. Broadhurst's credit, and it should be noted that it has been a most sympathetic medium for the art of Lewis Stone. The story is highly romantic and the scene is laid in one of those charming little kingdoms of central Europe, unknown to the prosaic maker of maps but very well known

indeed to makers of delightful fiction ever since Stevenson discovered the diminutive realm of "Prince Otto."

An attractive little volume under the title, "Death Valley Slim," has been made of the stories by Pauline Wilson Worth whose talent is not unknown to readers of Out West. The tales which compose the book are given a characteristic setting with marginal decorations in keeping with her western themes.

"Death Valley Slim," for sale at Parker's Book Store, Los Angeles, price 75 cents.

In pleasant contrast to the "muck-raking" which has made up such a large part of our recent magazine literature, is the volume by Lincoln Steffens, (himself a doughty wielder of the rake), which deals with the work of five notable "Upbuilders."

Of course it is impossible to write about reformers without telling



FLONZALEY QUARTET

a few unpleasant things about the conditions they started out to reform, but the difference between Mr. Steffens' previous volume, "The Shame of the Cities," and the "Upbuilders" is the optimistic tone of the latter work, a ray of hope in a very dark political and social condition.

"Upbuilders," Doubleday, Page & Co. (\$1.20.)

"Legends of the City of Mexico" is the title of a new volume of folk-lore which should be of more than passing interest, as it is representative of the imaginative qualities of our southern neighbors.

"These legends are of my finding, not of my making; they are genuine folk-lore stories." Thus in his introduction announces the author or compiler, Thomas A. Janvier, to whom we owe a debt of gratitude for the literary finish of the uncanny tales and the skillful handling which reproduces something of the naiveté of those from whom he received them. Very charming is the description of how he came by these legends, the "three or four old and old-fashioned women with whom my wife established such friendly relations,

. . . Joséfa Correa . . . our washerwoman and our friend,
 . . . a draggled old seller of rebozos . . . a friendly old
 body whom we fell in with at a railway station while waiting through
 two hours for a vagrant train."

There you have it. It is with such garrulous folk of an earlier generation, who get their literature by word of mouth rather than the printed page, who pass it along unchanged through the centuries until it is finally delivered intact to some lucky craftsman of the pen like Mr. Janvier to cast into a beautiful and permanent form.

"Legends of the City of Mexico," illustrated by Walter Appleton Clark, (\$1.30). Harpers.

"Lost borders,—but there is more in the name than that for the law runs with the boundary, not beyond it . . . out there then, where the law and the landmarks fail together, the souls of little men fade out at the edges, leak from them as water from wooden pails warped asunder.

"Out there where the borders of conscience break down, where there is no convention, and behavior is of little account, except as it gets you your desire, almost anything might happen, does happen, in fact, though I shall have trouble making you believe it."

Thus does Mary Austin introduce you to "The Land of Lost Borders," but she does not have the anticipated "trouble making you believe it."

The stories which make up the book are convincing. You feel that the characters are real people, just as you feel that the weird, parched land, with its bleaching bones in the foreground and its purple, sharply etched mountains at the horizon, is a real land, even though you may not have seen it.

There is a certain theme running through all of these stories, the struggle of men and women with their traditions, their habits and beliefs transplanted to a barren land where such traditions are unknown.

The style has all the delicacy and strength which readers have grown to expect in opening a volume by Mary Austin.

"Lost Borders," illustrated, (\$1.25). Harpers.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

"Mind Over Body." Letters to a Friend, a Christian Scientist. Published by James H. West Company, Boston. Price, \$1.00, postpaid.

"Scientific Living for Prolonging the Term of Human Life." The New Domestic Science, Cooking to Simplify Living and Retain the Life Elements in Food. By Laura Nettleton Brown. 284 pp. 12 mo., extra cloth. Price, \$1.00. The Health-Culture Co., 1133 Broadway, New York.

"Gillette's Industrial Solution," by Melvin L. Severy and King C. Gillette. A Sociological Study. Ball Pub. Co., Boston.

"Vehicles of the Air" is an imposing volume by Victor Loughheed, Member Aeronautical Society, Founding Member of Society of Automobile Engineers. It is exceedingly well illustrated with 140 half-tone cuts, 130 drawings and working plans of the modern aircraft that have demonstrated their ability to fly. This comprehensive work not only tells all about airships, but goes into the details to such an extent that an ambitious amateur can construct his own aeroplane. It is an invaluable text-book at this time when hundreds (or thousands) of inventors are working out the problems of aerial navigation.

Among the subjects treated are the atmosphere, (wind, barometric pressure, etc.), dirigible and non-dirigible balloons, and heavier-than-air machines, including ornithopters, helicopters and aeroplanes. The late developments are thoroughly handled, every detail being given due attention from arrangement of planes to bearings and lubrication. The gas engine is treated extensively as is due the heart of the machine, and materials for construction down to the paints and shellacs receive ample attention.

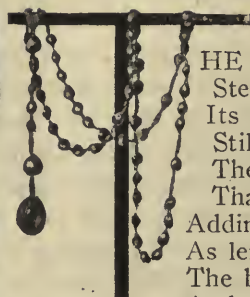
The methods of starting, flying at various altitudes, and alighting, lead to a history of the successful flights, which is complete up to the time of the record-breaking events in Los Angeles, but unfortunately not inclusive of that meet. The volume of about 500 pages is published by Reilly and Britton, Chicago and is priced at \$2.50.

"Oil" is the title of a recent volume by Mr. Allen G. Nichols, editor of *Oil Industry*, which thoroughly covers the subject for California, and the West. The history of petroleum from the earliest times is sketched in an entertaining manner, and the development of the production both at home and abroad, as well as the refining and marketing of the liquid wealth are treated of by one who knows whereof he writes. The illustrations are good and abundant.

"Oil," paper binding, \$2.50, for sale by *Oil Industry*, 505 Citizens' National Bank Bldg., Los Angeles.

THE OLD AUTOGRAPH BOOK

By CARL FREDERIC ROSECRANS.



THE golden light of the afternoon
Steals softly over the floor;
Its languorous beams slow passing
Still gild the old oak door;
They glorify the paintings rare
That hang about the wall,
Adding to art their magic touch,
As length'ning shadows fall.
The breeze from the sea comes lightly
And swings the clinging vine,

As if to add its tribute, sad,
At the death of a day divine!

I sit in the arm-chair, dreaming,
As I hold in my hand a book,
With its covers all unopened—
For I hardly dare to look;
Yet, within those time-stained pages,
Placed there in the long ago,
Are the gems of laughter and pathos
By the friends I used to know.
And memory turns to him fondly
Whom we call by the name of Friend!—
Not the great, but the steadfast, tender,
Who keeps right on till the end!
So, I open the book at last, sadly,
Turning page over page, lost in dreams,
Till the air with sound seems vibrant,
And to me it really seems
That the old friends, lost in the faraway,
Are gath'ring about once more;
And their well-loved voices, rising,
Seem to float through the open door!

But, the twilight about me is falling,
And the spell is breaking fast;
Yet the soul of golden friendship,
Till the end of time shall last!
And my book, with its tear-dimmed cover,
Is more precious than gems or gold,
For the hearts of dear friends, enshrined there,
Kept faith—with a love untold!
Los Angeles.





Midway Chief's Derrick

Among the many oil companies now operating in the California field none have brighter prospects than the Crown Oil Company. This company has 320 acres in the heart of the Ventura field, and 100 acres in the famous Midway field.

On the Ventura property they have a

well now down to the first oil sand at a depth of 925 feet and they will continue this well down to the second oil sand which is at a depth of about 1500 feet. They are now building a rig on the Midway property and will soon be drilling there.

The officers of the company are Dr. C. B. Walsworth, President; H. Friedman, Vice-President; Way C. West, Secretary; B. X. Dawson, Treasurer and A. A. Ward, Manager.

Among the notable events in the oil industry during the past month was the organization of the Merchants and Bankers Oil Company. This company owns outright 160 acres in the Kern field and also has 160 acres in the North Midway field. The first well will go down on the Kern property. Judge J. W. Campbell, the president, is a well known banker and capitalist who has been successful in promoting many great enterprises. The treasurer, Dr. W. A. France, is an oil expert who knows the business from top to bottom. The company has secured E. A. Wiltsee, a partner of John Hays Hammond, as general manager, and with the personnel of directorate and the property to be developed a bright outlook is assured.



CHARLES VICTOR HALL

A MODEL OIL COMPANY

On other pages of the magazine will be found a general survey of the oil situation in California, and as a specific instance of careful and substantial upbuilding of this leading industry of the State, the company organized by Charles Victor Hall and associates may be cited.

The Industrial Oil Company has been referred to as a model by experts in the oil business as it is so completely equipped for producing the oil and handling it at every stage from well to refinery.

The first question asked about an oil proposition concerns the property. The Industrial Oil Company owns property already producing 67,000 barrels of oil every month and a yield of 100,000 barrels per month will follow the completion of the wells now being drilled. At present ten standard rigs are drilling while three more are built ahead and in readiness for the drillers when they have caught up with the construction crews.

The best of the company's property is in the Fullerton Oil fields, a tract of 100 acres owned in fee simple by the company and therefore the profits are not diminished by the payment of a royalty.

Here are located the shops, for the Industrial Oil Co. makes a large proportion of its machinery, drills, steel pipes and tools, buying its material in the east and in that way making an economical use of the money invested by the stockholders. It is so completely equipped for repair work that it not only takes care of all the Company's repairs promptly and efficiently, but is able to handle work from the outside.

This branch of the business is thoroughly systematized and divided into several departments, and all the iron and steel, fittings and tools which may be required, are kept in stock.

Besides this property, which would be sufficient in itself, the Industrial owns the entire holdings of the Fullerton Consolidated Oil Co. which is a producer to the extent of 45,000 barrels per month. Here are facilities for storage and switching connections with two lines of railroad, the Salt Lake and Santa Fé, while an extension of the Pacific Electric to this field will soon be completed. Here also are located the electric plant, compressed air plant, accommodations for the employees, etc.

Other rich oil lands, some of them producing, are owned by the company, including holdings in the Coyote Hill Fields and in Los Angeles.

Besides the extensive market for crude oil this company can find an outlet for its production in the Atlas Refinery of Los Angeles, to which it owns the title in fee. Here is storage to the extent of 70,000 barrels, ample transportation facilities and a complete equipment for refining the crude product.

The complete control of these various branches of the oil industry from drilling to marketing, will enable the Industrial to pay dividends from the start, while the conservative management of its organizers promises steady growth. The President and Treasurer, Charles Victor Hall, is well known as one of the builders of Los Angeles, for he has grown up with the city which he has helped to make great and prosperous. Associated with him are other prominent business men, Mr. John Sharp, Vice-President, Mr. M. J. Borst, Secretary, and their fellow directors Mr. E. H. Dalton and Mr. P. L. Shideier.

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References

Dun's and Bradstreet's.
Commercial National Bank, Los Angeles.
City National Bank, Holdrege, Nebraska.

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Midway-Maricopa Crude Oil Company

We shall have a capitalization of \$1,000,000, each share of par value \$1.00, with 550,000 shares in the treasury. We have opened our books for subscription to a ground floor block of stock at FIVE CENTS A SHARE. Only a limited amount at this price, and much of it already subscribed. First come, first served. The next block of stock will go on sale in a few days at a higher price. By that time we shall be organized and doing business.

It is our intention to put on our ground immediately the lumber and materials for erecting a rig and to supply a full standard drilling equipment to put down our first well. Your subscriptions go to this fund. The sooner we raise the money the earlier we shall be at work.

The property which we have is not only gilt-edge—but it is gold-leaf. We hold a 20-year lease on 80 acres in Section 34 (12-23) of the Sunset Oil Field. We are just northeast of Maricopa, and in line with the Midway gushers to the northwest. The gigantic gusher, the LAKE VIEW, the "Daddy" of them all, is just directly west of us. The Honolulu is north of us. The K. T. & O. and all the others line up on our formation.

Geologists tell us that we have a singularly favorable site for a Giant Gusher ourselves. That the formation dips towards our 80-acre plat, on three sides. So we are actually in the basin of Petroleum Richness. We should find an immense flow and an abundant quantity of Oil. We are surrounded by activity. We are exceedingly fortunate in securing this ground. It is coveted by others. It is held by us, and **we are not going to sell, but to operate.**

Our proximity to the railroad makes for early action and quick success. We can ship all our lumber, materials, supplies, machinery, fuel and water direct on to our ground. The railroad crosses it. We have no trouble in getting everything to the property or transportation for our Oil away from it, when that time comes.

We urge haste and instantaneous decision! This stock advances in price April 30th.

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California Oil Bulletin

which gives reliable information about all the oil fields and oil companies of California. It will be sent to you for six months absolutely free upon request.

We have also just compiled the only accurate map ever issued of the great Midway oil field. A copy of this map may be had free upon request.

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420 Acres of Oil Land

VENTURA COUNTY, California, is the home of light oil, shallow drilling territory and high prices for the oil. MIDWAY is the sensation of the American continent today. Here is the hotbed of oil enthusiasm; here was witnessed the spectacle of a gushing oil well flowing 42,000 barrels daily, and every barrel worth 65 cents. Here is where the poor man of today is the millionaire of tomorrow. Oil stocks, especially in the Midway field, have jumped from 100 to 700 per cent. in ninety days. An investor who puts his money WISELY into a well managed California oil company NOW is sure to reap enormous profits in dividends and in the market advance of his stock over the purchase price.

CROWN OIL COMPANY of Los Angeles is organized to operate oil lands in California. Its officers and Board of Directors are men of established standing in the community and their ability as successful business men is recognized. The company was organized on a broad basis and it proposes to enlarge and broaden its business interests as opportunity and conditions warrant. It controls 325 acres in Ventura county which it is actively drilling and has but recently added 100 acres of Midway oil land to its present large holdings. Preparations are being made to drill the Midway oil land.

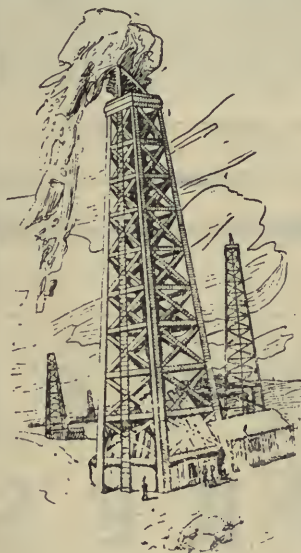
Midway and Ventura, Two Chances in One

The Crown Oil Company by adding the 100 acres of Midway to its 320 acres of Ventura land now controls 420 acres of high-class California oil land. This is acreage enough to produce millions and millions of barrels of oil; an acreage sufficiently large to pay enormous dividends to all stockholders. Our company will be a stockholders' company; it will be operated for stockholders who are guaranteed their part of the profits from the production and marketing of oil. This means a square deal in a company where there is NO PROMOTION STOCK or NO FREE STOCK. Every stockholder, big or little, is on the same footing. Our progress is marked by success and the ultimate ending of our company should be A BIG, SUCCESSFUL OIL COMPANY.

320 Acres in VENTURA

The property of the Crown Oil Company in Ventura county consists of 320 acres of light oil land in the Sespe Creek oil fields. The acreage is ½ mile wide by 1 mile long and is secured by a 40-year lease at ¼ royalty with option to purchase. This land is 3½ miles north of Fillmore on the Southern Pacific railroad. Four transportation pipe lines pass the property and an abundance of water for camp and drilling purposes is flowing on the property. This land is considered absolutely proven oil land. Wells of our nearest neighbor—the Brownstone Company—are but a few hundred feet north of our end line. Our camp is established and we are drilling night and day.

Well No. 1 is 950 feet deep. We are in the oil itself!



100 Acres in MIDWAY

The Crown Oil Company has secured 100 acres of oil land in the famous Midway oil fields. Our nearest producing neighbors are the Honolulu and Lakeview gushers.

Development in the Midway field has just begun. Many gushing oil wells, flowing from 1000 to 40,000 barrels have been developed recently. The property acquired by our company in the Midway field is under lease for 20 years at ¼ royalty with an option to purchase at the rate of \$500 per acre when oil has been developed in paying quantities. Two carloads of lumber have been delivered. Drilling machinery will follow. We intend to drill our Midway land as quickly as possible.

A Live Oil Company

Our stock has advanced and

Crown Oil Company is a live—a going—a successful company. We don't promise to do things, but DO THINGS. We invite free trips to our property for investors.

will continue to advance.

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February it was sold at 9c

March it was sold at 10c
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CROWN OIL stock will be listed on the Los Angeles Stock Exchange and with both our properties in full operation the stock should be worth \$1 or \$2 per share. We will make it worth \$20 per share if possible. Maps, printed matter and information free. Call, phone F 3012, write or wire your cash or reserve orders. A FREE TRIP FOR INVESTORS.

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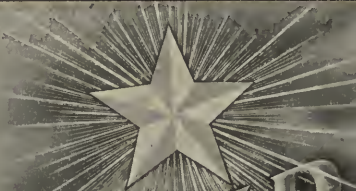
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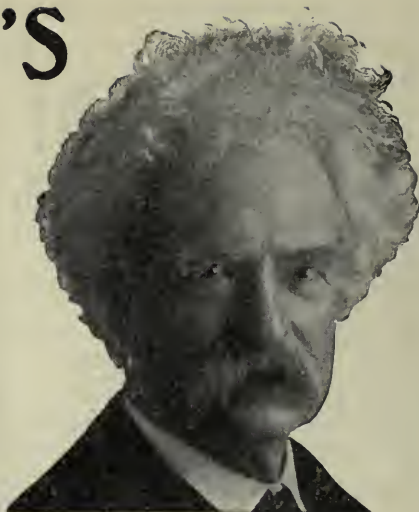
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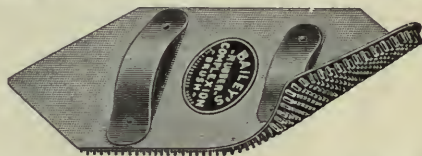
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Persons desiring information regarding any particular locality will, by writing us, be supplied with an "OUT WEST REPORT" giving the information desired, also literature on the locality where any is issued.

Anyone desiring to find the locality best adapted for their particular purpose will, by writing and stating exactly what is wanted, receive an "OUT WEST REPORT," telling where it can be found and giving complete information regarding the locality, with literature on same if any is issued.

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LOS ANGELES HARBOR



Vol. XXXII, No. 4

APRIL, 1910

SIGNIFICANCE OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

By WILLIAM E. SMYTHE.



IF YOU ask me to tell you the history of Southern California, I reply that there is none! Of course, I do not expect to be taken literally. There is a wealth of history behind the Southern California of today, for the first European footprint was impressed upon these shores as early as the middle of the 16th century. More than two hundred years afterward actual settlement was begun, and two well-marked eras of civilized life fell between the discovery by Cabrillo and the raising of the American flag. These two eras—the one Spanish, the other Mexican—merged almost imperceptibly, though they rested under different flags. Together, they make the picturesque background of the wonderful land in which we live, and their story has been told in many volumes of annals and of fiction.

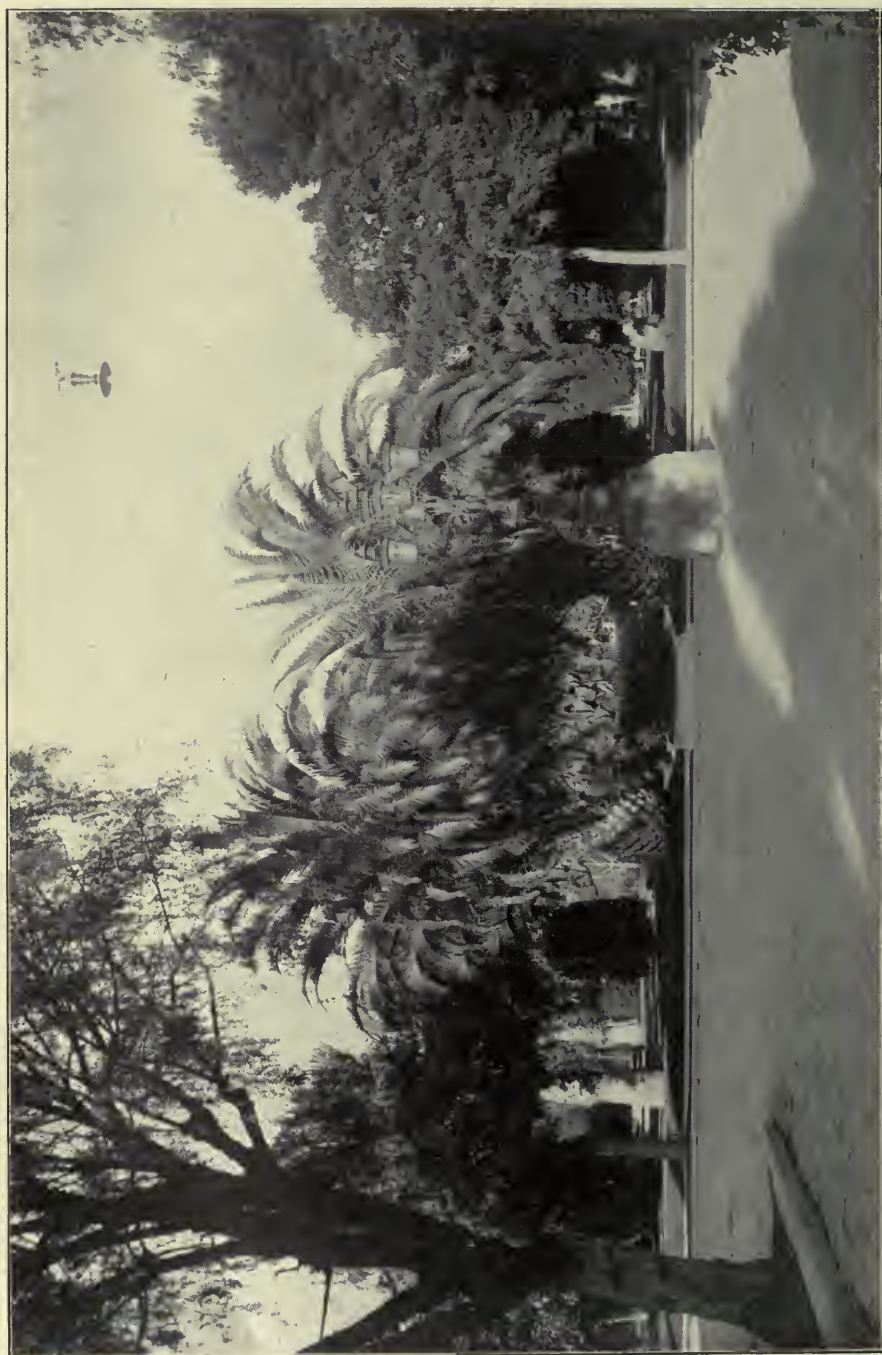
Little survives of the Spanish influence today. It is conspicuous chiefly in our nomenclature and somewhat in our architecture. It is a charming tradition, and as such rather precious to us all. But the Southern California which challenges the admiration of the world, and which fills us with new and high hopes for the destiny of the race, has small concern with the past. Those who are interested in the matter would prefer, I am sure, something by way of interpretation and prophecy rather the familiar historical sketch.

I.

A TWENTIETH CENTURY OPPORTUNITY.

It is fortunate that something is reserved in the way of pioneer labors for the men of our time. When all the opportunities for expansion over new areas shall have been exhausted the race will be different from what it has been and what it is. It may, perhaps, be greater, and it is easy to imagine that it may be more refined, even if less virile; but it will assuredly be different. The constructive instincts will seek other channels for expression. They will not be concerned in anything like the present degree with the turning of rivers, the digging of ditches, the building of railroads, the planting of pioneer towns and their development into cities. Possibly

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ONE OF THE MANY SMALL PARKS IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

men may have leisure in that far time to devote to the culture of human happiness, pure and simple!

If the Pilgrim Fathers had landed at San Diego, on the coast of Southern California, instead of at Plymouth, on the coast of Massachusetts, the history of the United States would have been strangely reversed. Civilization would have begun on the Pacific and gradually spread to the Atlantic. No one would ever have thought of praying for rain because irrigation would have been one of the primal necessities. Mining and stock-raising on the free range would have been one of the early American industries. Laws and customs, possibly the sacred Constitution itself, would have reflected the life of mountains and plains. It is quite possible that the Western climate would have so spoiled the people for anything less agreeable that the bleak Northeastern States might have been regarded as useless, except for the purposes of a game preserve!

But things did not fall out that way. The Pilgrims landed on the other side of the continent and the work of conquest went on so slowly that the expiration of full three hundred years after the founding of Plymouth will see Southern California only in the infancy of its development. In fact, Southern California was very slow indeed in coming to the attention of the world.

The earliest discoverer and explorer under a European flag beheld these lovely shores in the autumn of 1542. He did not make much noise about it, or if he did he was not as proficient as the boomers and boosters of our day. And yet this lonely pioneer, Juan Rodriquez Cabrillo, thought well of the place and left a few pleasant expressions to that effect.

Sixty years went by before another European came, in 1602. He made some rude surveys and maps of the coast line, but one whole century, and almost three-quarters of another, passed before even the most adventurous spirits felt impelled to seek Southern California as a place to labor, to live, and to build habitations. Then came the immortal Junipero Serra with his brown priests to establish missions and found the beginnings of European civilization. This was in 1769.

The mission period is rich indeed in literary and artistic suggestiveness. It makes a brave chapter in our annals, which we are only now beginning to appreciate in a substantial way by the preservation of old landmarks and the erection of suitable memorials. It had its social and economic interest, too, but in the matter of actual development of resources, and of the founding of an enduring civilization, it was singularly barren.

The Southern California which the world knows, and which the world is beginning to recognize as the probable theatre of the highest human achievements, is distinctly the creation of English-speak-



ANOTHER ONE.

ing men. Nor does it go very far back in the past. I will put it stronger and say that it is even now only just begun. Compared with what we are to do, little has yet been done, nor has that little been done anywhere near as well as it shall be done in the wonderful years which we are now approaching.

This is what I mean in saying that Southern California has no history. Relatively, the past is of small consequence, and even the present is but a feeble foreshadowing of the great day that lies ahead.

Southern California is a Twentieth Century Opportunity.

II.

A LAND RULED BY CLIMATE.

Long ago I heard an indignant Easterner try to squelch an enthusiastic Californian by telling him: "You have nothing out here but climate." The Californian answered: "That's right, and we sell it, too—\$10 an acre for the land, \$490 an acre for the climate."

What is climate? Why, it is another name for comfort. It is another name for beauty and fragrance. It is another name for fresh vegetables and fruit throughout the year. It is another name for outdoor life, for health, perhaps for longevity. It is another name for high real estate values that must constantly mount higher and higher as population shall more and more encroach upon the limited supply. In these days when we have learned that thoughts are things we ought not to be surprised at the discovery that a very rare climate is a negotiable commodity.

So climate must be set down as the greatest asset for Southern California and the most powerful influence affecting its destiny.

This fact was discovered all at once in the eighties. And thereby hangs the tale of the wildest boom ever engaged in by a sane people. Thousands were suddenly intoxicated with an idea and went upon a protracted speculative spree. They were overcome by an extraordinary access of imagination.

The railroad had come, and with it a crowd of tourists, settlers and prospectors. They acted very much as they would have done if they had suddenly arrived in heaven and been invited to engage in the platting of lots along the golden streets. They felt that they had arrived at the goal of all human ambition, that everybody else was coming and that the only difficulty that could possibly arise was the question of having sufficient town lots ready to accommodate the rush. To the overcoming of this difficulty they addressed themselves with a degree of energy that amounted to frenzy. They laid out impossible towns, built impossible hotels and colleges, began the development of impossible seaports. And the basis of it all was climate. Now, this was not a false basis, but the energies of boom times merely went too far in anticipating the future.

Nearly a quarter of a century has elapsed since the Great Boom came to an end. In all that time the work of building Southern California has gone steadily forward. In some respects, the wildest dreams of twenty-five years ago have been surpassed. Many of the enterprises which were impossible then, merely because they were ahead of the day, have become both possible and practicable with the passing of the years.

Since boom days a number of things which were then but prospects, and were in part the basis on which the country was over-exploited, have become solid realities. One of these things is the popularity of the region with tourists and rich homeseekers. The tourist hotel and the apartment house are established institutions of the building of which there is apparently no end. These are by no means confined to the chief city of Southern California, but are springing up everywhere because they meet the peculiar need of the region. They indicate the presence of a vast transient population, but the transient of today is the permanent resident of tomorrow. Hence, the enormous and constant growth of new homes in city and country.

Let us examine more closely the influence of climate, first, on rural development; second, in making the character of cities.

III.

SOME ASPECTS OF COUNTRY LIFE.

If it rained every month in the year Southern California would be very different from what it is. For one thing, its summer temperature except along the coast would be almost unbearable, because of humidity. For another thing, the tendency towards small, and ever smaller farms would be completely reversed in favor of a tendency making for large and ever larger farms. Nothing approaching the perfection we now enjoy in the production of vegetable, fruit and flower would be realized because dependence upon rainfall, even where it is most reliable, is ever a gamble, while dependence upon irrigation is scientific. Men will not incur the labor and expense of irrigation save where nature makes it the price of existence, or, at least the price of extraordinary rewards.

Without irrigation, even a large acreage will supply but a precarious living to a family; with irrigation, a very small tract of land will support a family in generous comfort. These conditions are quickly reflected in land values, since earning power is the measure of values. But this is merely the commercial side of the matter. It is far more important from the social and economic standpoint.

Irrigation tends to density of settlement. This is true because the necessity of putting water upon land adds very materially to its cost, and the size of the average farm tends to decrease in almost exact ratio with the increase of cost. It is true for another reason,



A SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA GARDEN.

which is that artificial moistening of the soil adds to the labor required in the production of crops. The more work involved in the care of an acre of ground, the less ground one individual can cultivate. These are economic effects, producing a marked impression on the country life of Southern California, directly traceable to the character of the climate.

Another important influence is seen in the extraordinary range of production. Practically everything you will find for dinner at the best hotels in the world may be produced, systematically and regularly, on a very small piece of ground in Southern California. Run over the list in your mind, beginning with olives and radishes and ending with nuts, raisins and oranges, and you will see that this is so.

This wide diversity of products is due not alone to the near-frostlessness of the climate, but also to the art of irrigation, which makes it possible for the "rain" to fall, not upon the just and unjust, but precisely when and where it is needed and in the right quantity to meet the varying needs of plant life.

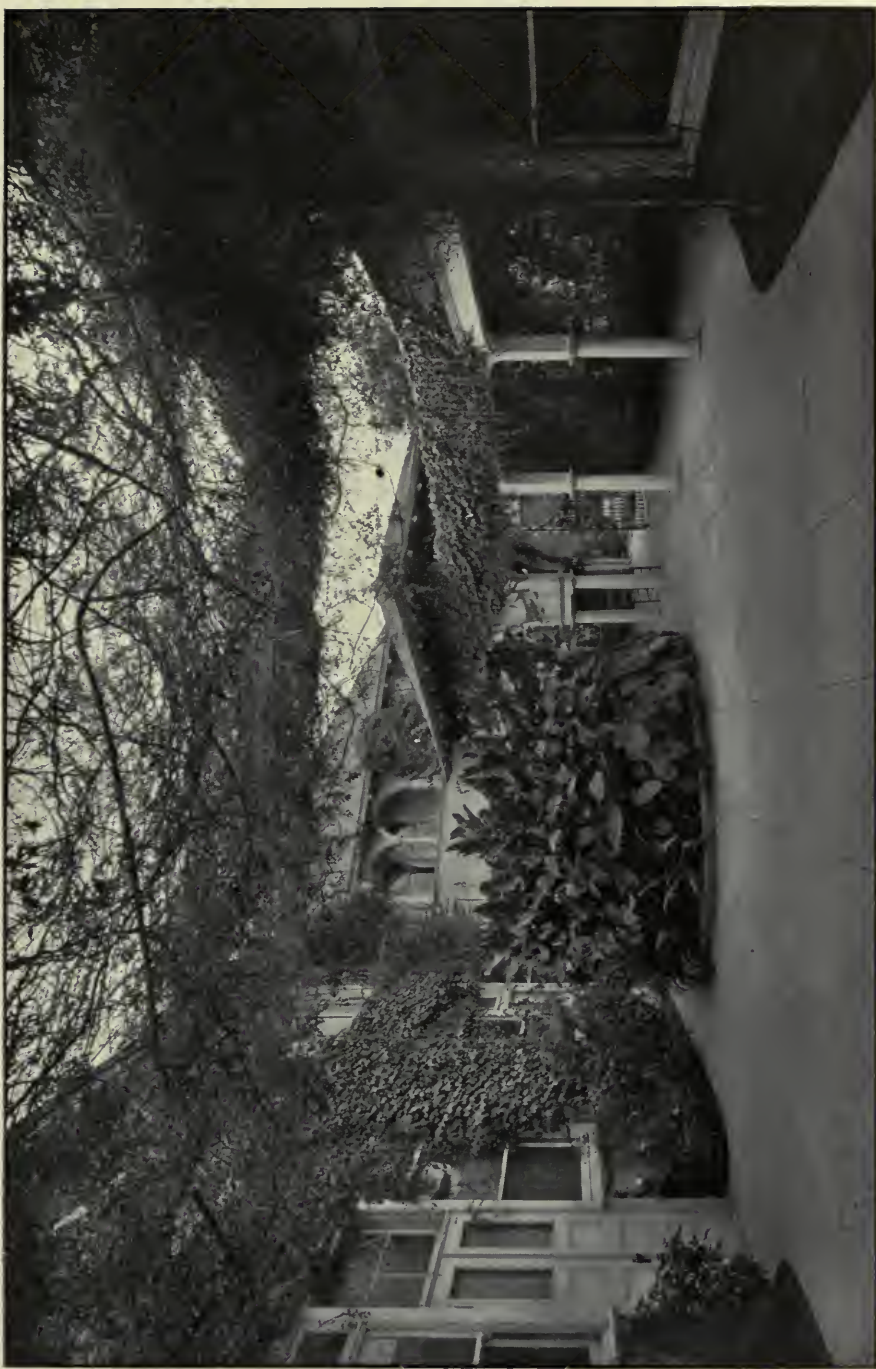
Turning now to the social side, we see at once what density of population means in the way of neighborhood advantages. The middle west was settled up in quarter-sections, which implied four families to each square mile. There are many communities in Southern California where the average holding would not exceed ten acres, which implies sixty-four families to the square mile. This, of course, is quite revolutionary in a social sense, but it is only the beginning of what we are to see in the future.

Stop a moment and consider this: At least half the people of the United States would live in Southern California by preference if they could do so. More of them are coming all the time, and they will come much faster when we develop a genius for social statesmanship equal to the solution of certain urgent questions. Now, Southern California is a limited district and will never be any larger. It can only accommodate the demand by learning to make better use of its soil—that is, by realizing the highest possibilities of intensive cultivation.

A time there was
'Ere England's ills began
When ev'ry rood of ground
Maintained its man.

No one yet knows the ultimate capacity of a single acre of land. What we know is that land is most wastefully used where it is least valuable, and that where land is very valuable, either because of climate or because of proximity to large centers of population, it is used most economically and forced to yield the best results.

The future demands upon the soil of Southern California will be



PATIO OF A GIRL'S SCHOOL

severe. Every acre that can be irrigated will in time be put to the highest uses, with resulting density of population that will amaze the world. We shall see, and are even now beginning to see, the spreading of the city into the country, and the merging of the country with the city, until it is difficult to say where one ends and the other begins.

To the average observer the production of the orange, the lemon and other semi-tropical fruits is the most striking effect of the climate in Southern California. These things are important not merely as a source of wealth, but in the contribution which they make to the ineffable charm of the region and to its ever-widening fame. Nevertheless, they are but superficial influences compared with the deeper social and economic impression which the climate is making, and is destined to make much more in the future, alike on rural and urban life.

IV.

NEW FORMS OF CITY LIFE.

Southern California is pre-eminently an outdoor land. Cities are made chiefly for the benefit of those who live and work indoors. How, then, may city life be adapted to this outdoor climate?

This is a question which has not yet been answered. It will be answered as time goes on by the gradual evolution of new forms of urban economy. It is rather remarkable that we have been so slow to comprehend the need of new methods of living under these unique climatic conditions. As a race, we came from lands distinguished for the length and the strength of their winters, for the regularity and generosity of their rainfall. We began by building houses suited to the needs of a New England winter. We raised sharp gabled roofs to split the snow storms, and if we did not bank up the house and put on double windows in November the failure to do so was our first feeble recognition of the fact that we had encountered a new brand of climate.

Most of our later architecture, both in private and public buildings, betrays our growing consciousness of natural conditions peculiarly Californian. Not that we have come anywhere near, as yet, building cities suited to the climate. That could only be done by first destroying and then completely rebuilding existing cities, or by building entirely new cities where some are now. In our older communities New England, New York and Northern Europe, were planted too deeply to be uprooted, save by the slow process which requires generations for its fulfillment. But whenever an old structure is removed to make way for a new one some progress is made in the right direction.

It is in the homes of the people, rather than in business or public buildings, that we may read the prophecy of a Southern California

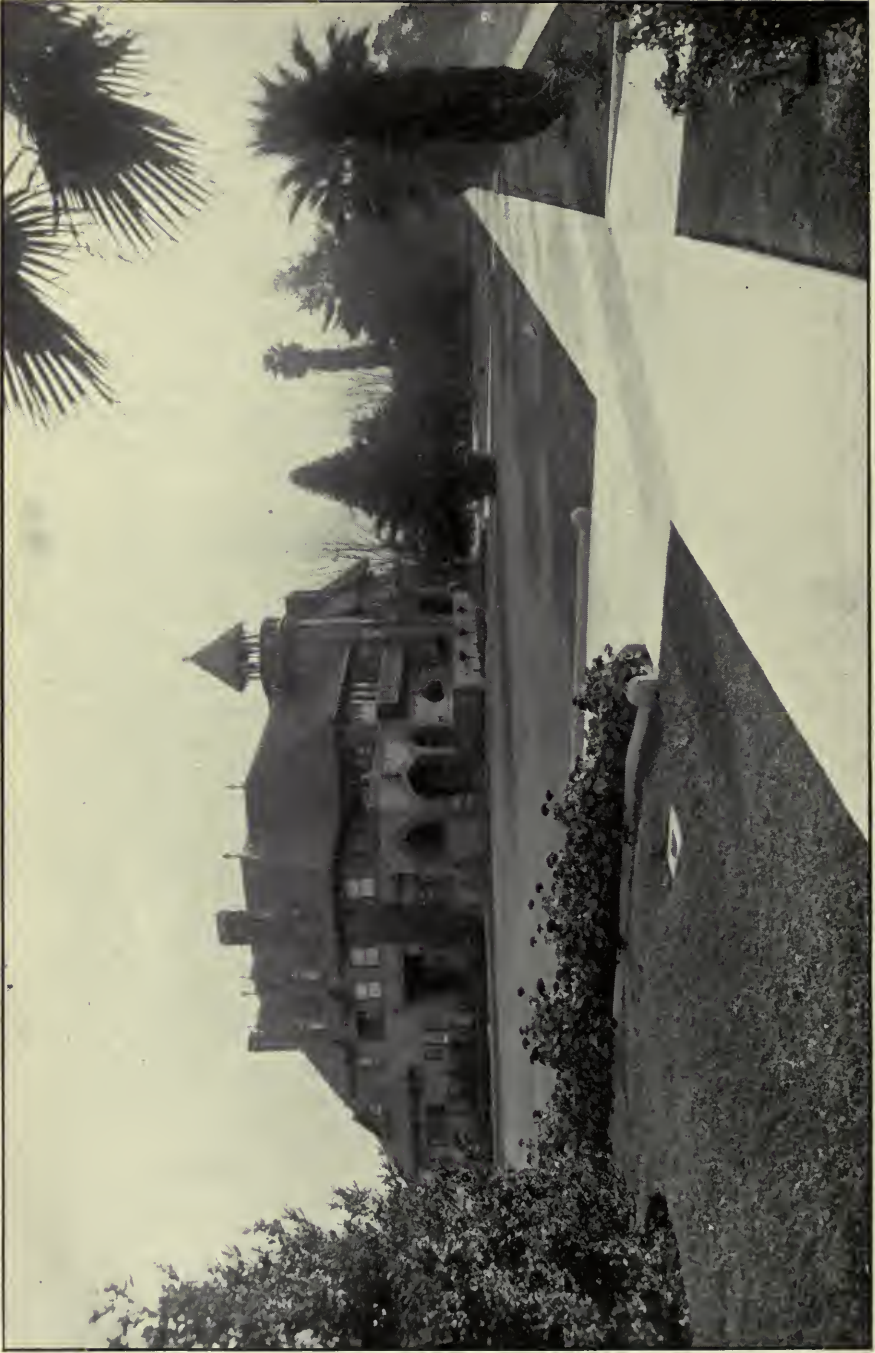
which shall be all beauty and fragrance and comfort. The democracy of nature is nowhere more strikingly shown than in the beauty of flower and vine, tree and shrub which enshrines the humblest home. The sunshine and the rain are as kind to the poor as to the rich, and the roses bloom as sweetly for the bungalow as for the palace.

Eastern visitors sometimes smile at the territorial grandeur of such cities as Los Angeles and San Diego. This is only because they do not understand. A true Southern California city would be a garden filled with homes. Many of these homes would be very humble, costing but a few hundred dollars, yet they would represent a very high average of beauty and comfort, thanks to the marvelous climate. In order to accommodate a great population such cities will naturally spread over a vast area—the vaster the better. They should spread until they meet the country, and until beautiful forms of urban life blend almost imperceptibly into beautiful forms of rural life.

It is the humbler class of people, even the very poor, who should ultimately find a higher degree of satisfaction in Southern California than anywhere else in the world. The rich can make themselves comfortable anywhere, for wealth makes them measurably superior to the climate. But the poor can have homes in the midst of beauty, from one year's end to another, only where the most favorable conditions prevail. As yet, there are no genuine slums in Southern California, no reeking tenements. And such festering sores should not be permitted to develop in our civilization. They can only be prevented by timely precautions.

Various European cities have adopted plans which make it possible for poor people to occupy, even to own after a period of years, very comfortable detached houses in the suburbs, in the midst of parks and gardens. They do this with no greater cost than the rent now paid for the poorest accommodations in Los Angeles and San Diego. Here is a field for philanthropic effort or municipal enterprise which should be availed of at an early date if Southern California, taking advantage of its marvelous climatic endowment, is to forestall the hovel by the bungalow and the tenement by the garden city.

Already the little home is the glory of Los Angeles, San Diego and other large centers. This home is multiplied by thousands and tens of thousands in the busy years which have gone by since the close of the boom. The natural advantages of the region are so great, yet so limited when considered in connection with the vast reservoirs of people from which the future citizenship will be drawn, that it is easy to foresee how every fertile valley will be crowded to its utmost capacity, how the outreaching growth of cities will ex-



THE HOME OF AN "OIL KING."

pand in ever-widening circles, and how the beautiful seacoast from Santa Barbara to San Diego will be closely occupied.

Growth in these directions is constant and only awaits some new and very powerful impulse to quicken it beyond everything we have known in the past. This new and powerful impulse is now at hand.

V.

INFLUENCE OF THE PANAMA CANAL.

We are now within three to five years of the completion of the Panama canal. This doubtless means much to Southern California in the way of increased manufacturing, much in the way of increased commerce with all parts of the world. But it also means great gains in population apart from manufacturing and commerce—great gains in the settlement of the soil and, consequently, in the realization of those new conditions of which we have been speaking.

Among the new citizens of Los Angeles is one whose judgment is expert on immigration. This is Mr. Robert Watchorn, for many years United States Immigration Commissioner at New York. "When steamships are shuttled through the Panama canal," says Mr. Watchorn, the waves of Mediterranean immigration will break on our Pacific coast. And this immigration will prove Southern California's greatest asset."

Mr. Watchorn says immigrants do not come here in large numbers because the fare from New York to Los Angeles is \$75.00, but that after the completion of the canal the fare from Mediterranean ports to San Pedro and San Diego will probably be no more than \$50.00. What kind of people shall we get? What will they do when they get here? Will they continue to be foreigners or become good Americans? What will be the influence of their presence among us? Mr. Watchorn answers as follows:

"Swiss undoubtedly will be added in large numbers to this locality. They are a fine lot of immigrants, perhaps the best that come. They are of agricultural bent. But above all—and you can make this strong—every Swiss emigrant that seeks admittance will be desirable. For that this country can thank the Swiss emigration laws. That fine little nation keeps so tight a check on emigration agents that whenever an emigrant is returned the entire passage money must be refunded. Not often is it necessary to turn a Swiss immigrant back from Ellis Island.

"Italians will flock here joyfully. The climate here suits them. Let no one fear the inroad of Italian immigration in Southern California. The percentage of undesirables is small among Italians. The Black Hand, so-called, is a myth, as anyone who knows Italians will bear me out in saying.

"You will get no Black Handers from Italy, but you will get the finest material in the world for stable, patriotic citizenship. The



A TYPICAL SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA BUNGALOW.



ANOTHER ONE.

Italian, when he gets a few acres of land in this country, and he does when given a chance, is as fine a foundation for a community as can be laid. He is thrifty, industrious and loyal as any who stays in his birthplace.

"Of Mediterranean countries farther east, Las Angeles is sure to know something. But there will be no great influx of Syrians and kindred peoples. Of those who do come, the majority will be nomads, who will drift on to some other point. Where Syrians stop, they generally become peddlers and, later, storekeepers. They are shrewd, always successful people."

Mr. Watchorn is an ardent partisan of immigration. There should be no check to it, he believes, except sensible rigid supervision and inspection.

"Admit the morally sound and physically fit and there is nothing in immigration that should arouse the fear of native-born Americans. This country is gainer for every good, strong man and woman and child that comes to it. America's place in the world is an example. It is fitting that those parts of the world we wish to enlighten should send their people to us. These so-called foreigners are quick to become part of us. I assert, without qualification, that there are no marks of difference appreciable between native children and offspring of foreign-born parents. The second generation is wholly American.

"To Southern California those now across the sea will come, I say again, as the district's greatest asset. They will develop our agriculture to more wonderful size. They will help make Los Angeles the steel manufacturing center it is certain to be. They won't go back to the mother country. No foreigner who has labored in this country for two years with his hands is ever satisfied to stay in the old country. He may return, but he always comes back to us to stay. Records at Ellis Island show this. No, the citizens we are to get through the Panama canal will augment our patriotism, will be a great force in our financial and political progress."

VI.

THE UNSOLVED PROBLEM.

We have solved the tourist problem in Southern California. We have the hotels and apartment houses, the beach and mountain resorts, and the system of interurban transportation to minister to their comfort and pleasure. As a playground for tourists the locality is ideal, though even in this respect wonderful improvements will doubtless be made in the future.

We have solved the problem of refuge for the retired capitalist. It would be difficult to imagine a better place to rest and enjoy the society of one's family and friends. Whether the individual taste favor the town or the country, the teeming life of some fruitful

valley, or the sequestered repose of a nook in the foothills or by the sounding sea, Southern California offers the cream of opportunities.

We have solved the problem of that large element of home-seekers who come with abundant means to engage in fruit culture on high-priced lands. This is a business for men with considerable capital, but it rewards capital very well indeed and methods of production have been raised to the highest standard. Progress will still be made, but surely Southern California has brought the fruit industry well on toward perfection.

The unsolved problem is that of the man who wants to come here and make his living, but has only slender capital to work with. He may not be needed in professional or mercantile life, nor as a laborer, skilled nor unskilled. There is a limit to the number who can be absorbed in these walks. Practically, there is no limit to the number who can be absorbed upon the soil, provided they can be shown how to engage in self-sustaining labors which aim at contentment rather than riches, and that their life be organized in a way to confer intellectual and social satisfaction.

Above every other land, Southern California should be the Paradise of the Common Man. His living should be surer and more generous here than anywhere else, and his daily walk more beautiful. To make this hope a genuine reality to millions is the task that awaits the builders.



A FOOTHILL BROOK.



SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA HOMES.

WHAT IS CLIMATE WORTH PER ACRE?

By L. M. HOLT.



L. M. HOLT

It is a common remark made by visitors from the East, who feel that they have struck a novel idea, that in Southern California the people sell climate.

That is true. Climate, like a water right, is appurtenant to the land; only, unlike a water right, it cannot be separated from it.

The productions of a country depend more upon the climatic conditions than upon the ingredients found in the soil.

A barren soil may be made fertile by the application of fertilizers, but a soil barren because of the climate which hangs over it cannot be made fertile by any known means.

Alaska soil will never produce oranges while it remains in Alaska, no matter what ingredients are found in the soil. Remove that Alaskan soil to Southern California, and it would produce Washington navels.

What is Southern California climate worth an acre? That depends on circumstances. A century ago it wasn't worth anything. Today its location still governs its value.

Suppose that it were possible to take a square mile of Southern California climate and place it over a section of land just outside the suburbs of the city of New York, or Chicago, and keep it there in the same condition in which it is found here in its native habitat; what would that section of land and climate—or rather that section of climate and land be worth? Would there be standing room on that section for the people that would flock

Author of "A Fourth of a Century in Southern California" (unpublished) and "Christian Science, Church Architecture" recently published.

thither when the blizzard sweeps over the country and the mercury goes down into the sub-basement? What would a man give for a yard square of standing room under such a climate, in such a place, on such a day, for just one hour?

It is because climate has value that hundreds of thousands of persons who can afford it come to Southern California annually during the Winter months to enjoy life as they cannot enjoy it in their eastern homes. It is because of this fact that the tourist travel to the land of climate is continually on the increase, and thousands come today where only scores came a few years ago. It is because of this climatic value that immense hotels are built all over this country and are opened on the approach of Winter



LOOKING ACROSS SAN BERNARDINO VALLEY FROM REDLANDS.

and closed at the approach of Summer, to accommodate those who want to buy some of our climate.

It is because of the fact that wealthy people can afford to come here to spend the Winter, when people of more moderate means cannot afford to do so, that so many of these hotels are built with a view to catering to those possessing good bank accounts.

It is because of the fact that climate has value that there are to be found here the Hotel del Coronado at San Diego, the New Glenwood at Riverside, the Casa Loma at Redlands, the Greene, Maryland, Raymond and Pinteresca at Pasadena, the Redondo Hotel at Redondo, the Westminster, Van Nuys and The Angelus at Los Angeles, and the Potter at Santa Barbara, while plans

for still other great caravansaries are being prepared for materialization in the near future.

But the provision for the reception of our Eastern guests is not being confined to the wealthy class exclusively—not at all; there are accommodations for the men of moderate means with their families, for persons of very limited circumstances; also for those who come with a view to making this country their future home, no matter what their financial condition may be.

Yes, climate has value, and our people sell it. It is a valuable asset. Its real value is just beginning to be appreciated. If it were not for the value of our climate Southern California would not have more than doubled in population every ten years during



PARK OF PEPPER TREES NEAR REDLANDS.

the past half century. In 1870, in round numbers, we had a population of 32,000. A doubling of that figure every ten years would have given us 64,000 in 1880, 128,000 in 1890, 256,000 in 1900—all of which figures are below the actual count by many thousands—and to continue the ratio, it cannot be expected that the process of doubling the population every ten years can be continued indefinitely, but the end of a healthy increase will only be reached when there is no more room for people to locate in this country to advantage; and by that time Southern California will have become one of the most densely populated sections of the world. There is but one Southern California because there is no other place that is endowed with our climatic wealth.

The idea is quite prevalent in the Atlantic States that because

the Winters are so much warmer here than they are in the East that therefore our Summers must be as much warmer than theirs also. This is a mistake. Our proximity to the Ocean, taken in connection with the fact that our prevailing winds comes from the Ocean to the land, gives us an equable temperature with very little variation between Summer and Winter, although as between day and night the difference is greater here than in the East, which gives pleasant instead of sultry nights. The nearer the Ocean the less the variation, and the further from the Ocean the greater the variation, not only as between Summer and Winter, but as between day and night.



SNOW ON THE MOUNTAINS, ORANGES IN THE VALLEY—VIEW NEAR SAN BERNARDINO.

Another element of value in our climate is that of dryness. This is measured by the wet and dry bulb thermometers. This is no theory, it is a condition, and in giving data in connection with this subject I shall take it, so far as possible, from the Government records. The theory deduced from the facts as recorded by the wet and dry bulb thermometers is that in a dry climate the evaporation from the wet bulb cools that bulb making a much lower record of heat than that made by the dry bulb thermometer.

The dryer the atmosphere the greater the evaporation and the lower the record. Therefore a moist atmosphere lowers the wet

bulb record but a little below that of the dry bulb record, while a very dry atmosphere makes a wide margin between the two records.

The record made by the wet bulb thermometer is what is known as the sensible temperature. The human body is a wet bulb. The perspiration is carried away rapidly in a dry climate and this evaporation cools the body. Hence a person in a very dry climate can stand a degree of heat that could not be borne in a moist climate.

The Atlantic States have a moist climate. This fact is recorded by the dry and wet bulb thermometers. In the Atlantic States



SCENE IN THE GREAT SAN BERNARDINO VALLEY. SNOW-CAPPED MOUNTAINS, ORANGE AND LEMON ORCHARDS.

there is an average of only about five degrees difference between the two instruments—the records running from nothing—when it rains—to about ten degrees in dry weather.

In Southern California the difference runs from nothing to thirty-five degrees according to location and local climatic conditions. In the Imperial Valley, out in what was formerly the Colorado desert, before it was reclaimed by irrigation, a record kept in the month of May, 1902, showed that the average maximum dry bulb temperature was 100.4 degrees, while the average maximum wet bulb temperature was only 68.7 degrees—a difference of 31.7 degrees. The hottest day of that month showed the mercury in the ordinary thermometer standing at 113 degrees, while at

the same time the sensible temperature, as shown by the wet bulb thermometer, was only 80 degrees, and the people and horses worked along all day without any serious difficulty on account of heat.

Refer to the map prepared by William L. Moore, Chief of the Weather Bureau at Washington, in which isotherms of the average wet bulb record for the three summer months are given. Other lines were given on this map, but the two lines showing the 60 and 65 degree wet bulb isotherms show the lines across the continent through the United States affecting Southern California, having the same temperatures.

Take for example the 60 degree line. It commences on the Atlantic Coast in the State of Maine, crosses New Hampshire



ONE OF THE MANY ORANGE GROVE VIEWS AROUND POMONA.

and Vermont, New York, Canada, Michigan, Wisconsin and Minnesota—passing through the city of Minneapolis—thence extends westward to South Dakota, where it turns to the south passing through Nebraska, Kansas, Oklahoma and Texas to the southwest corner of New Mexico, thence turning westward it touches the southeast corner of Arizona, then deflecting a little to the northwest passes through the city of Phoenix and crosses the Colorado river a short distance above Yuma. On reaching California the line passes up along the east side of the San Joaquin and Sacramento valleys, thence south along the west side of those valleys, reaching the Pacific Ocean at a point a little south of the city of Los Angeles.

The average maximum summer record of the wet bulb thermometer is the same along this entire line from Maine to Southern

California. It places Los Angeles, Phoenix, Minneapolis, Lansing, Buffalo and Southern Maine all on the same basis as regards sensible summer heat, with Imperial on the desert only a few miles south of that line.

The isotherm of 65 degrees starts in at New York city, passes through the States of New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Iowa and Nebraska, then turns to the south passing through Kansas, Oklahoma and Texas crossing the line into Old Mexico. The line appears again just east of Yuma, crosses the Colorado river and passes through the Imperial valley and is lost again in Lower California where no records are kept.

When the dry bulb thermometer at Minneapolis marks 90 degrees the wet bulb instrument would mark about 85 degrees. Out on



PICKING THE GOLDEN FRUIT.

the Colorado desert at the same time the dry bulb might stand at 115 degrees, while the wet bulb would make a record about the same as at Minneapolis—84 or 85 degrees.

While in San Diego on the coast there is an average range of temperature in January of about twelve degrees during the twenty-four hours, and about seven degrees in July, out on the desert there is a range of about forty degrees, which gives cool nights ranging from 50 to 70 at a time when the temperature during the day climbs to from 90 to 115.

The climatic conditions from a temperature point of view cannot be appreciated in Southern California until they are experienced.

But there is another element that enters into the study of climatology in Southern California that is very important.

Eastern people formerly believed—and many of them still so

believe—that it rains here six months and then doesn't rain for another six months. This is an absurd side of the question that needs no comment.

The rainfall of the world is not evenly distributed. There are some places, like some localities in Peru, where it never rains, and then again there are places like the foot of the Himalaya mountains where the annual rainfall is very great. At one point—Cherra Poonjee, in Assam, the average annual rainfall is about 368 inches, and in one year—1861—the rainfall reached the enormous amount of 805 inches—over 67 feet, more than four rods—of which amount 366 inches fell during the single month of July—an average of about one foot a day.

The average annual rainfall over the face of the globe is placed at about 34 inches. Southern California has an average rainfall



POTTER HOTEL, SANTA BARBARA.

much below this general average. At Los Angeles it is about 16 inches; at San Diego nearly 10 inches; at Riverside about the same; on the summits of some of the higher mountain peaks from 30 to 40 inches; and while these are fairly stated averages, the rainfall at any one of these points may be three times the average or it may be less than one-third of that average.

Rainfall, like the noted white man, is "mighty unsartin." It is not safe to gamble on it. And still the people do take great risks on the falling moisture. The man who puts in a crop on the dry mesa land and depends on the rain to mature the crop, gambles, and the result is about as uncertain as is the turn of a card. If the game goes against him it means a heavy loss, and possibly absolute financial ruin.

Irrigation is certainly cheaper than rain—and much more satisfactory.

This gambling on the rainfall is not confined to the Pacific coast. There is less gambling done on the rainfall in Southern California than in any other portion of the United States. The farmers gamble all through the Atlantic and Western States every time they plant a crop.

In Iowa, for instance, the average farmer starts out with the year by saying that the Spring is so late that he will not be able to plant any crop; a little later it warms up, the crop is planted and then he says that the rains are so continuous that the seed will rot in the ground; it then clears up and the crop comes along after a fashion and then it does not rain at all for several weeks and he again declares that the crop will dry up and not amount to anything; a stray shower comes along and saves the crop, and



SANTA BARBARA MISSION, FOUNDED 1786.

when "the corn is in the milk" it comes off cold and he concludes that after all the crop will be ruined by a frost—and sometimes it is. The crop runs the gauntlet "from the cradle to the grave," and frequently it gets caught somewhere along the line.

The farmer of Southern California, if he cultivates the mesa land by putting in a wheat or barley crop, as he frequently does, without any moisture in sight, but depending on the uncertain rains which are not in sight, takes one big risk where his brother farmer in Iowa takes several. But the Southern Californian who secures a good water supply through a reliable irrigation system and then plants suitable crops that can be irrigated takes no chances, for he has one hand on the head-gates and he waters his crop at the right time, in the right way and in the right amount, when the water is need and therefore he is sure of a crop.

The reliable irrigation system is an insurance company that guarantees a crop for a very small consideration, and the farmer does not have to lay awake nights wondering where he will land at the end of the season.

There are moist lands in Southern California where the surface water stands but a few feet below the surface, and this moisture comes up in sufficient quantities to mature large crops without either rain or the application of water artificially. These areas, however, are very limited in extent. It may seem strange to the Eastern reader, but it is nevertheless a fact, that these lands are not the high-priced lands of this country. If irrigation was not better, as well as cheaper, than rain, this rule would be reversed.



PALM WALK, LONG BEACH.

Under the Imperial Canal system, on the Colorado desert, wheat and barley are raised without any risk, by the application of water from the canals, and the rainfall is not depended upon at all—for it rarely rains, and if it never rained there the people would not complain.

As a rule, however, small grains are not irrigated on the Pacific coast. The large grain fields of the San Joaquin and Sacramento valleys depend almost entirely on the annual rainfall.

In California lack of moisture is the only element of uncertainty that enters into the maturing of a grain crop. Give the grain farmer in this State always the right amount of water at the right time and he need never have a failure of a crop.

Under the Imperial Canal system where there is absolutely no

risk, the wheat and barley crops can be depended upon for from forty to fifty bushels of grain to the acre.

When will it rain? This is a question that is not asked for any particular day or any particular year, but it is one that is liable to apply to any year during the rainy season.

When will it stop raining? This is another question that is frequently very appropriate, for it is a common saying here in Southern California that "it is hard work for it to commence raining, and still harder for it to stop raining when it once gets fairly started." Our people evidently never lived at the foot of the



PINE AVENUE, LONG BEACH.

Himalaya mountains, or they would have left off the first portion of that saying.

All sorts of ideas have been put forth to indicate in advance whether the coming rainy season was to be a wet one or a dry one. The failures in this line have been more numerous than the successes.

Some people have tried to apply the law of average to the rainfall, and in this manner conclude that a coming Winter would be very wet because the past few years had been more than ordinarily dry. But this does not always work because "the powers that be" are liable to send another Winter with a rainfall below

the average just to convince the weather-wise that they don't know anything about the business—which is true.

Others have tried to figure out that the wet and dry seasons run in cycles, and that the rainfall records of the past fifty years in San Francisco and San Diego and the thirty years' record of Los Angeles will give them the key to the situation. They start the cycle wheels in motion, but they don't go far before they "slip a cog" and they are all at sea again.

For a time the great Japanese current seemed to control the fate of Nations—at least this portion of our Nation. For some cause the Japanese current had slipped to the north a few hundred miles, and as a consequence the moisture-laden atmosphere struck the western coast of America too far north, thus unloading the rain on the upper coast, leaving the "Garden" with a deficiency. That idea had a run for a time and then it got lost in the shuffle because the people got tired of trying to explain just how it happened.

Then Abbott Kinney, of the Los Angeles Saturday Post, came out with a proposition that was satisfactory—to himself. He stated that the general path of the "Lows" which come in from the Pacific Ocean vibrates from north to south and that it takes fifty-four days for this vibration to travel from the extreme south to the extreme north, and fifty-four days more for its return to the extreme south again, thus requiring a period of one hundred and eight days for the round trip. The theory then continues with the idea that if this period of "Lows" are due in the extreme south during the Winter season we get plenty of rain, but if they are due in the extreme north during the Winter season then we get very little rain down here. He had the nerve to publish this rule early in the Winter season of 1903-4 and to state that the approaching season would be a very dry one because the "Lows" were in the extreme north, and as it takes nearly four months to make the round trip, nearly all of which time would be spent on the upper coast, it would be late in the season before the period of rains would reach the southern country again—or words to that effect. *And it didn't rain.*





HARVESTING SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA



LYNDEN ELLSWORTH BEHYMER

BEHYMER, LYNDEN ELLSWORTH, Dramatic Leader.

Robert Grau in his fascinating volume, "Forty Years Observation of Music and the Drama," says: "In Los Angeles, Cal., there is perhaps the ablest all-round manager of great musical events in America, known to fame as L. E. Behymer, and what he has accomplished on the Pacific Coast would require, in its recital, a good sized volume. For twenty-five years he has labored and struggled in the great Southwest, and to him, more than any other one man, is due the vast progress which has come to the Pacific Coast in a musical way. He began in the dramatic field, occupying every possible position in the California theatres, from actor to impresario."

Mr. Behymer was born near Cincinnati, Ohio, next to the Phoebe Cary Homestead, November 5, 1862. His father was Aaron S. Behymer, who was the son of Jonathan Behymer, first ferryman at Harpers Ferry, an early settler in Ohio and companion of Daniel Boone. His mother was Charlotte Leach, daughter of Dr. Edwin Leach, celebrated Edinburg physician and scientist. He received his academic training in the high school of Shelbyville, Ill., where he graduated in 1881, afterward attending the Northwest Normal School at Stanberry, Mo.

In 1884 we find Mr. Behymer in Hyde County, Dakota, then a territory, where he served as State Commissioner for about three

years. It was here that he married Nettie Sparkes, the beautiful and accomplished niece of the noted Jared Sparkes.

Mr. Behymer came to California in 1886, locating in Los Angeles, and immediately plunged into the active life of the city. He first took charge of the book department for Stoll & Thayer, accepting a position on the Herald as a book reviewer, identifying himself with Manager H. C. Wyatt of the Grand Opera House, and McLain & Lehman of Hazard's Pavilion. Since that time he has devoted his entire energy to the dramatic, musical and literary events of this city. There has never been a Fiesta, an Elks' Carnival, or Shrine Minstrel or Circus given in the city but Mr. Behymer has been one of the moving spirits. And to Mr. Behymer is also due the bringing of the great dramatic and musical attractions which have given Los Angeles a high place as an esthetic center, notably the Metropolitan Grand Opera Company, Maurice Grau Grand Opera Company, Paderewski, Nordica, Schumann-Heink, Gadske, not overlooking the divine Bernhardt, whom he guaranteed \$4,000 a night for a series of performances. It was also through his influence that Adelina Patti was brought here. La Boheme received its first production in America wholly through his efforts, and Mme. Melba sang the role of "Mimi" for the first time in this country in Hazard's Pavilion. We might mention scores of other notable productions wholly due to Mr. Behymer's exertions if space permitted.

Mr. Behymer is manager of the Auditorium, Theatre Beautiful, representing the Shubert interests in this city; also of the Simpson Auditorium, representing all the leading vocalists and instrumentalists of the musical world; has been manager of the Los Angeles Symphony Orchestra since its first organization, also of the Woman's Symphony Orchestra.

In 1908 he was elected Officer of the Academie of the French Republic by the Minister of Public Instruction and the Chief of the Cabinet of Beaux-Arts in Paris, and six months later received the Decoration of the Palms at the hands of the same organization.

He was one of the early members of Lodge No. 99, B. P. O. E., and has participated in all their work for the past eighteen years. He is also a member of Al Malaikah Temple, A. A. O. N. M. S., a thirty-second degree Mason, and a leading member of many musical and dramatic organizations in the city.

In Mr. Behymer's lovely home at 623 South Carondelet Street, is to be seen one of the most complete musical and dramatic libraries on the entire coast. His home circle is most charming and delightful, and the recognized center for musical and literary loving people. Mr. Behymer is justly proud of his three talented children, Glenarvon, a well known lawyer of the younger school; Miss Enid, a talented musician, and Miss Elsie is making a reputation for literary attainments. Mrs. Behymer has been the President of the Progress Club for many years and is well known in social and literary circles.



ION LYMAN CLARK

CLARK, ION LYMAN, Real Estate Operator, was born at Fort Gibson, New York, in 1854. His father was Judge Clark, an honored member of the New York bar.

Ill health during childhood prevented Mr. Clark from attending school regularly, and when he entered Columbia University he was forced to abandon his studies from the same cause. However, he has learned from that best of all universities, the school of experience. He came to California in 1887, and soon after was married to Jennie Graven.

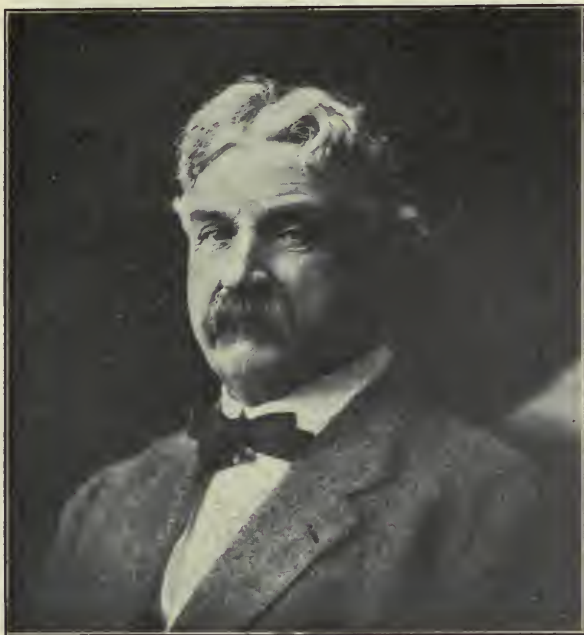
Ever since locating in Los Angeles Mr. Clark has been one of the foremost boosters for the city, always ready to do his part and render assistance in any enterprise looking to the upbuilding of the community.

He has heavy mining interests in Nevada, notably at Virginia City, where he is one of the chief stockholders of one of the largest companies.

Several years ago Mr. Clark visited the Hawaiian Islands, and while in Honolulu became impressed with the urgent need of an up-to-date playhouse in that beautiful city. He thought it over and discussed it with the people of Honolulu with the result that he is now in that city superintending the construction of a fine structure to be known as the Auditorium Theatre, which will make it possible to accommodate the big attractions which may thus be inducted to undertake the Oriental tour.

Mr. Clark has served two terms in this city as Park Commissioner, and was the moving spirit in establishing the Zoo at Eastlake Park and the Aviary in Hollenbeck Park.

He has dealt extensively in real estate here and elsewhere, and is at the present time a large owner of Los Angeles realty.



JOHN DENAIR

DENAIR, JOHN, Capitalist, was born in Duncannon, Pennsylvania, near Harrisburg, in 1847. While a mere lad at the age of 14 he enlisted in the Civil War and took part in many of the greatest battles, notably Gettysburg, where he was wounded at the close of the war. He came to what was then the west, and railroaded in Illinois, working on the Illinois Central as conductor, superintendent, etc., for a number of years. We next find Mr. Denair in Texas working with the Southern Pacific System, where he was conductor up to 1885, when he went to the Santa Fe, then the Atlantic Pacific. After some time spent as conductor out of Needles, he was made superintendent of transportation of the entire division from Albuquerque; later when that position was abandoned he was made division superintendent at Needles, which position he filled until he retired about four years ago. It will thus be seen that Mr. Denair was a veteran railroad man, having had experience in almost every department of the service. His good judgment and ability made him invaluable to the Santa Fe, and when he voluntarily retired his resignation was accepted reluctantly by the Company.

Mr. Denair was married in San Francisco to Miss Heister, whose father was one of the ablest journalists in the early history of that city. His wife died about a year ago, leaving him one son, a husky lad of twelve.

Mr. Denair, while still in the railroad business, turned his attention to mining, and is probably one of the best known mining men

of the West. His varied experience and his intimate acquaintance with the country gave him an equipment that few men possess. While he had devoted most of his time to mining interests, Mr. Denair had invested heavily in other commercial enterprises. He is founder and manager of the Denair Mercantile Land & Development Company, with \$1,000,000 capitalization. This Company has acquired nine thousand acres in Stanislaus County. Its rapid development is due almost entirely to Mr. Denair's efforts and the flourishing village of Denair is named in honor of its founder. He is also the owner of the Denair Mercantile Company with general stores at Amboy, Bagdad, Ludlow, Golf and several other points in Southern California. He says he engages in mining just for the love of it, but after all this is the most effective way of undertaking any enterprise, and surely Mr. Denair's success in his undertakings bears him out in this statement.

Free-hearted and frank in all transactions he makes friends wherever he goes and holds them firmly by guarding their interests as well as his own. He is modest almost to a fault and minimizes the importance of his efforts.

Perhaps no man in the State has a more deeply-seated faith in the future of Los Angeles and what is known as the desert, and is doing as much perhaps as any other man toward the development of that part of the country.

Mr. Denair is an esteemed member of the Elks' Lodge of San Bernardino.



EDWARD DOUBLE

DOUBLE EDWARD. Perhaps no one on the Pacific Coast is better informed in the oil business than is Mr. Double. From his earliest childhood he has been identified with this industry, having been born in Titusville, Pennsylvania, October 15, 1871. At the age of fifteen, after having secured a fairly good education in public schools, Mr. Double served an apprenticeship learning the machinist trade, after which several years were spent in the oil fields of West Virginia, Ohio and Pennsylvania, years in which he learned every branch of the oil industry from top to bottom.

Mr. Double's father was Scotch and his mother German, and with such a parentage he could not be other than a painstaking and thorough-going man of affairs. So that when in the year 1908 he was offered a lucrative position in California he was thoroughly equipped to take the management of the machine shops of the Union Oil Company at Santa Paula. This position he held until 1900, when he organized the Union Tool Company and started the manufacture of oil well supplies with the position of Vice-President and General Manager. In 1901, the business having developed

so rapidly, Mr. Double removed the plant from Santa Paula to this city and has conducted one of the largest establishments of the kind on the Pacific Coast. In 1908 he incorporated the Union Tool Company and American Engineering & Foundry Company, by which combinations he formed the largest manufactory of oil well supplies on the Pacific Coast. Their plant is at 545 Mateo Street, where over five hundred men are employed. Mr. Double has had large experience in the handling of men, and his reputation for fairness in his dealings with his employes has gained him the respect of all.

While at Santa Paula Mr. Double was married to Miss Alice Harper, and their lovely home at 2412 East Fourth Street is blessed with one child, a beautiful girl.

Only recently Mr. Double has returned from Chicago, where he has opened a branch of the Union Tool Company, of which he is at present the General Manager.

Mr. Double is a member of the Jonathan Club, Sierra Madre Club and Union League Club, and in addition to his heavy business responsibilities he finds time to take an active interest in all the affairs of the city.



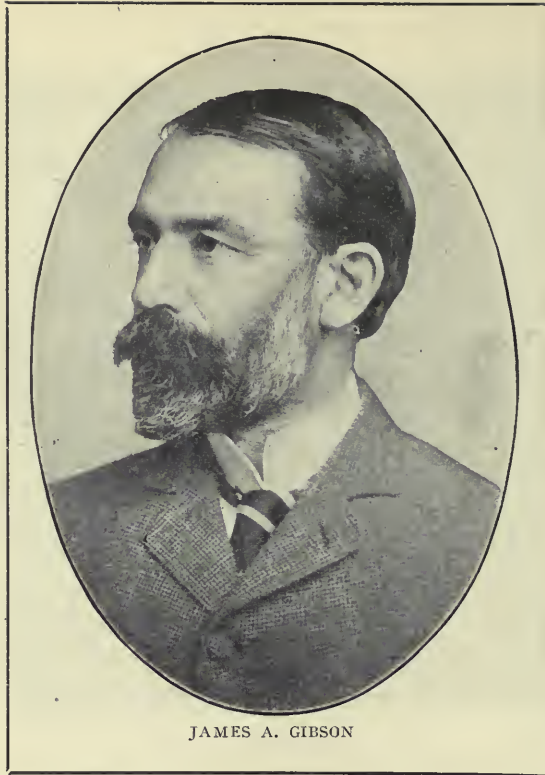
DICK FERRIS

DICK FERRIS, Theatrical Manager and General Promoter. To try to do justice to Dick Ferris in a brief space of a few hundred words is impossible. He is only a little past forty, and has already arrived, as one of his friends says, "with both feet." Born in Washington, D. C., in 1867, his life has been one ceaseless round of activity. At the age of ten he was supporting the family as a newsboy, and from that time until he came to California at twenty-three he had served as messenger in a law office, page in the Postmaster General's office, and rate clerk for the Wabash Railway in Chicago. He has owned and operated ten different plays and companies and three theaters, one for four years in Minneapolis; has operated stock companies in Chicago, Minneapolis, Duluth, Omaha, Seattle, San Francisco and Los Angeles. He has given numbers of charitable performances and managed many more for others. In 1908 Mr. Ferris became interested in aeronautics, and purchased the then famous balloons, "United States" and "America." The United States won and brought from France to this country the international long distance trophy. Both balloons were entered in the international race in Chicago, July 4, 1908, and won second and third prizes, again at St. Paul and Minneapolis the same year, and again the two balloons made the first attempt to cross the mountains from Los Angeles. One succeeded in going as far east as Arizona. It was, perhaps, the experience with these balloons that led Mr. Ferris to conceive the first international Aviation meet in Los An-

geles early this year. This was one of the biggest events of its kind ever held, but it is the big things Dick Ferris has always pulled off. He conceived and managed the automobile show at Hamburger's, admitted to be one of the greatest in the country. He managed the first night baseball game on the coast. He gave the automobile trophy for the Santa Monica automobile race, which it will be remembered attracted national attention. He has managed the greatest theatrical successes ever brought to the Pacific Coast in the engagement of the Ferris Stock Company at the Auditorium.

Mr. Ferris's wife is the beautiful and accomplished actress, Florence Stone, who is admired by all theatre-going people. He is heavily interested in mining development in San Bernardino County, and oil lands in Ventura County and Utah; a Director in the new Golden State Life Insurance Company, whose purpose is to keep California money at home; also President of the Precious Metals Development Company, and Mt. Nebo Oil Company, and Director in numerous other large and influential corporations in this city and elsewhere. He is proprietor of the Dick Ferris Stock Company and the Graustark Company.

Among the numerous social clubs, Mr. Ferris is President of the Rotary Club of Los Angeles, member of the Chicago Athletic Association, Chicago Yacht Club, K. M. K. C., Cairo Ill., thirty-second degree Mason, Knight Templar, Shriner, Elk, Knights Pythias, T. M. A. and Chamber of Commerce.



JAMES A. GIBSON

GIBSON, JAMES A., Attorney-at-Law, is a native of Massachusetts, having chosen as his birthplace the City of Boston, August 18, 1852. His parents were Thomas and Mary Gibson, sturdy New England stock, from which springs the men of action who have helped to make our great West. He must have heard Greeley's saying: "Go West, young man, and grow up with the country," for at the age of twenty-two, after completing a high school course and attending a business college in his native state, he came to California, arriving at San Francisco in 1874, where he completed his schooling later on. He came to Southern California and studied law with William M. Gregory at San Bernardino, where he was admitted to the bar. Mr. Gibson made a brilliant career as an attorney. In 1884 he was elected Judge of the Superior Court of San Bernardino County, receiving the appointment of Commissioner of the Supreme Court of California in 1889.

Judge Gibson early realized the marvelous possibilities of our State's natural resources, and that water was the one thing needed to make the barren valleys give up their treasures of wealth. He was one of the organizers of the Bear Land & Water Company, and the prime mover in the construction of the great Bear Valley dam and irrigation system, which made possible the inland empire, of which beautiful Redlands is the nucleus.

To the casual tourist who goes into ecstasies over the charms of Redlands, the source of it

all—the water—means little, but at the time of its conception the Bear Valley Dam was a daring enterprise and only men of vision like Judge Gibson and those he inspired with his idea could look across from San Bernardino to the barren hills where now one of California's most charming cities stands, and dream such dreams as have been made come true.

In 1894 Judge Gibson married Miss Gertrude Van Norman, and two years later removed to Los Angeles, where he has since resided, engaged in the practice of law. The family consists of five—Mary Gibson Kinksbury, James A., Martha, and Horace P.

Mr. Gibson is regarded as one of the ablest attorneys in this city, one of the real big men in his profession. He is the senior member of the firm of Gibson, Trask, Dunn & Crutcher, counsel for the Huntington interests, with offices in the Pacific Electric Building. For a term of years Judge Gibson was Vice-President of the American Bar Association, and is a member of the California Archaeological Society of America. He is also an esteemed member of the California Club, Jonathan Club, Union League Club, and of the University Club of Redlands. Judge Gibson is one of the recognized men of large affairs of this city, and has been identified with every enterprise looking to the State's development.

Opportunities not a few have from time to time presented themselves urging for public service in politics, but the Judge has declined, preferring to render what services he could as a private citizen.



GEORGE GRANT GILLETTE

GILLETTE, GEORGE GRANT. The history of the development of the oil industry of the Pacific Coast would not be complete without the inclusion of a chronicle of the boundless energy and administrative skill of one of its later acquisitions in the person of George Grant Gillette. Mr. Gillette allied himself with the business interests of Los Angeles in February, 1908, and since that time has blazed his way into the heart of the industry to which he is devoting his entire time and attention. He was born in Galena, Illinois, in the year 1870. His father, James A. Gillette, carried in his veins the blood of Old England, and his mother, the inflexibility, perseverance and conscience of a Scotch ancestry. With this heritage a man must succeed. Having passed his early years under these stern and character-fixing influences, he was sent to the Kansas State Normal School, from which in due time he was graduated. Having completed his academic training, he decided upon a business career, and to that end completed a business education at the Central Business College at Sedalia, Missouri.

In the year 1895, Mr. Gillette was married to Miss Amanda E. Baumbaugh. Their union has

been blessed with two beautiful children, Waldo A., born on February 21, 1898, and Helen Bernice, born on January 2, 1909. Their home is located in the aristocratic Westmoreland Place.

Mr. Gillette's interests extend to all of the oil fields in the Southwest and bespeak for him a bountiful fortune in the near future. In addition to his private holdings he is heavily interested in the following well-known corporations: The Cleveland Oil Company, of which he is the Vice-President; the Bankers' Oil Company, and the California Midway Oil Company, in both of which last two named companies he is a Director.

Mr. and Mrs. Gillette circulate in the exclusive social sets of the city, of which they are popular members. They are members of the Los Angeles Country Club. In addition to this Mr. Gillette is an invaluable member of the Union Club of Cleveland, Ohio, the California Club of Los Angeles, the Los Angeles Chamber of Mines, the Sierra Madre Club, the Chamber of Commerce, and the Benevolent and Patriotic Order of Elks. He maintains a fine suite of offices at Numbers 426, 427 and 428 of the H. W. Hellman Building, at the northeast corner of Fourth and Spring streets, this city.

HAUSER, HENRY, Railroad Contractor. Civilization did not begin until man had learned to build bridges. Through countless ages primitive man slowly journeyed around the chasm and laboriously rafted across the river piece-meal and not until he had learned to fashion the truss and span did he really con-



HENRY HAUSER

quer environment. The name of the inventor of the bridge has not come down to us, but he was a benefactor.

Henry Hauser builds railroads—builds big things—big bridges—big possibilities for the development of big communities. He was born in St. Louis, Missouri, in 1855, of German extraction. At an early age he went into Illinois, took a civil engineering course and graduated from the University of Illinois.

He later associated himself with the Santa Fe and proved a most valuable addition to its engineering department. During his ten years' service with this Company he built most of the bridges for their transcontinental line. Later Mr. Hauser accepted the management of the B. Lantry & Sons Company, one of the biggest contracting concerns in the country, which post he held for fifteen years. He came to California in 1900 from Arizona, where work had kept him for a number of years.

He was Vice-President of the Sharp-Hauser Contracting Company, which succeeded the Lantry Company. Last fall Mr. Hauser sold his interest in the Sharp-Hauser Company and organized the Hauser Contracting Company, with offices in the Central Building.

He was married in 1904 to Margaret Surgner and has an elegant home at 981 St. Andrews Place. He is a member of the University Club and a thirty-second degree Mason.

HUPP, GEORGE STROTHER, Attorney-at-Law. Among the rising attorneys he gives promise of taking an active share in the up-building of larger Los Angeles. Mr. Hupp must be counted. He is a native son, having been born in Nevada City, December 13, 1873. His parents were George S. Hupp and Rachel Agnes Cross. He came to Los Angeles in 1882, was educated in the Los Angeles High School and under private tutors. He has had an admirable preparation for his life work and enters his career under auspices which bespeak his a successful career. He read law under his uncle, W. N. Cross, one of the ablest attorneys of San Joaquin Valley, and Superior Judge in Tulare County. His special line will be civil practice and constitutional law, in which branch he is rated very high, both here and in San Francisco. Mr. Hupp is a member



GEORGE STROTHER HUPP

of the Athletic Club and Gun Club, and a prominent member of the Chess Club of this city. He is an active and prominent member of the order of Native Sons, a Mason, and a member of the Benevolent Order Odd Fellows.



JULIUS HAUSER.

HAUSER, JULIUS. The name spells Hauser Packing Company, a concern which started twenty-eight years ago as a small retail butcher business, and today is the largest and best equipped establishment of its kind on the Western Slope. That Mr. Hauser's policy has been successful, the great new plant covering twenty acres at Ninth and Santa Fe avenue, Los Angeles, bears ample and convincing proof. Julius Hauser's lieutenants are his five sons, each of whom in his own particular department is an efficient leader of the force, and loyally working together toward a common end, the production and distribution of the best packing-house products on the market. The house of Hauser stands for quality and purity in these products, and it is saying much to mention the fact that through all the embalmed beef scandal and packing-house investigation, no breath of suspicion ever rested on the Hauser Packing Company. He who makes shoddy clothes and shoes is a bad man, but he who adulterates and produces unwholesome food is a criminal of the worst type, and the establishment that has for its watchword the production of good, wholesome food stuff of whatever nature is rendering a service to

society, particularly in these times when shams of every kind seem to be the style.

Julius Hauser is a native of Germany, having been born in Krezengen, Baden, in 1847. What education young Julius received was in the schools of his fatherland; in 1867 he came to America, arriving in New York, and for three years worked at "anything he could find to do," including coal mining, farming, etc. Meanwhile, he had contracted a case of "Western fever," and in the spring of 1870 concluded to come to California. Twelve years were spent in the northern part of the State, and it was not until 1882 that he finally located in Los Angeles.

Mr. Hauser in 1878 married Catherine Hergett. Five stalwart sons and one daughter constitute the family.

In addition to the founding and development of immense business, Mr. Hauser has found time to mingle with the various activities of development of Los Angeles, and every cause looking to the betterment of conditions has found him an ardent supporter. He is a member of several fraternal orders, among them the Elks, Masons, Odd Fellows, and Shriners.



W. F. HOLT

HOLT, W. F., settled in Southern California ten years ago and entered almost immediately upon a series of great activities. The development and transformation of the Colorado desert of former times into the rich Imperial Valley of today was then in its initial stages. Men had dreamed of the possibility of turning the abundant waters of the Colorado River upon the vast delta which had been built up by ages of overflow, but the task was fraught with almost insuperable difficulties; at last it was undertaken, and Mr. Holt was one of the men who had absolute faith in the outcome. He determined to invest his efforts and the best years of his life in the development of the region. He was not directly connected with the chief enterprise, that of bringing the water into the valley, but he was the greatest single influence in almost every other line of work, beginning with the introduction of the telephone and going on through town-building, banks, railroads, and a group of similar enterprises which went to the making of civilization in what was but a few years since a voiceless wilderness.

Mr. Holt was born in Mercer County, Missouri, January 18, 1864, and is today in the prime of life. He was the son of James H. and Catherine Brantley Holt. He was married to Fannie Jones, of Galt, Missouri, August 16, 1885, and they have two daughters, Chloe and Catherine, born June 26, 1886, and May 29, 1881, respectively.

Mr. Holt obtained all his education in the country schools in Missouri, which he attended

for five months in the winter, working hard on the farm during the rest of the year. In fact, he looked after and fed several hundred head of cattle and other stock mornings and evenings while he went to school.

He got his business start as a merchant and farmer in Northern Missouri. Coming to the Southwest, he first settled in Arizona, organizing and conducting banks at Safford and Globe. He came to California in 1900, settling at Redlands, where he now lives, and where he has a beautiful home of Mission architecture.

He entered almost immediately upon the Imperial Valley enterprises. He built a part of the canal system; established the telephone business; started four newspapers; began the construction of the present Southern Pacific railroad line, which he subsequently sold out; built the Holton Inter-Urban Railway; established five electric light systems in the five towns of the valley; built three power plants and several ice and gas plants; started five of the towns, and furnished most of the money to establish creameries, packing-houses and other industrial enterprises.

At this time, Mr. Holt is President of the Holton Power Company, Holton Inter-Urban Railway Company, Imperial Valley Gas Company, and El Centro Cold Storage Company, and Director in the Golden State Life Insurance Company and several other corporations, including banks. He is a member of the Masonic order and of the Christian Church. Few men have so much to show for a ten-years' residence in a State, and he is yet in the full tide of his usefulness.



A. H. KOEBIG

KOEBIG, A. H., Consulting Engineer, is a native of Germany, born in 1852, educated in the Government schools of his native land and at the University of Karlsruhe at Heidelberg and several of the noted universities of Europe. He has enviable reputation both in America and foreign countries as a consulting engineer of high attainment, having been identified with a number of important enterprises both here and in Germany. His thirst for adventure led him into the Franco-Prussian War at the age of 18, where he served with credit, attaining the rank of First Lieutenant in the Cavalry, being retained by the Government at the close of the war in the engineering department.

Mr. Koebig came to America in 1884, and immediately entered into active service in New York City as a civil and consulting engineer. He settled in California and plunged at once into active development of the industries of the State in railroad building and other improvement enterprises, planning harbors, railroads, and other work, and served as assistant and resident engineer for railroads. Later he became chief engineer for irrigation systems in Southern California, including the building of dams and other structures. He was for a time

consulting engineer for the largest irrigation work and the most extensive electric light plants in this part of the State. Mr. Koebig has always been an energetic worker—a veritable dynamo of energy—and his capacity for bringing things to pass reminds one of the strenuous Teddy. At present he occupies offices in the Broadway Central Building, where he has a library well stocked with valuable records of Los Angeles and California pertaining to general construction work. Mr. Koebig's parents, Christian and Julie Koebig, died in Germany. W. C. Koebig, the eldest of his three sons, is a medical student of great promise; A. H. Koebig, Jr., is a civil engineer associated with his father, and Curt I. Koebig, a bank clerk. Mr. Koebig is identified with the California Club, San Gabriel Country Club, Chamber of Commerce, and the University Club of Redlands, California. Mr. Koebig has a winning personality, has a thorough equipment, is fitted for the handling of big enterprises, the big enterprises have come to him in consequence. These have given him an unusually wide acquaintance, and he has come to be recognized as a man of influence and affairs.



JOSEPH R. LOFTUS

LOFTUS, JOSEPH R., "Planted the first cotton in Imperial Valley." If this were all one could say of a man it would entitle him to have his name written large in the history of the state. "He planted the first cotton in Imperial Valley," did Joseph R. Loftus, traveler, organizer and promoter. Through his efforts thousands of families have builded prosperous homes where once the desert held full sway. Mr. Loftus is the father of cotton in California. He not only planted the first cotton, but erected the first gin at El Centro, and has been one of the important factors in the growth of that country. The man who makes two blades of grass grow where one was formerly grown is pronounced a benefactor, and what shall we say of the man who establishes a new industry—an industry which adds one more to the long list of exotic products, which California can produce better than in their native clime—an industry which will add millions of wealth to the State? Such a man deserves high rank among State builders. And not many men combine the genius to conceive a brilliant enterprise and the ability to carry it through to a successful consummation, but this is what Mr. Loftus has accomplished to an enviable degree.

Mr. Loftus is one of something like fifty thousand Iowans who have chosen Southern California as the land of their adoption. He was born in Keokuk in 1864—could not "join the war" because he wasn't old enough, but that was not his fault. He was educated at St. Joseph's College, Dubuque, and the State University at Iowa City.

As early as 1887 he was engaged in the hardware business in Denver, and three years later was married to Mary Van Meter, of Buffalo, New York, making a honeymoon trip to China, Japan and Alaska, which occupied about a year. There are four children, Mary Francis, Ellen R. Ruth, Roger Van Meter, and Margaret Isabella—no race suicide here. We next find Mr. Loftus engaged in the real estate and oil business in Ft. Wayne, Indiana, and in 1905 he came to California and organized the Arrowhead Realty Corporation. Since that time he has been engaged in development work and real estate in Los Angeles, Monrovia and Imperial Valley.

Mr. Loftus is President of the J. R. Loftus Company, California Cotton Company, American Nile Cotton Company, and Director in the Imperial Valley Oil & Cotton Company.

PECKHAM, GEORGE C., Realty Dealer, was born in Old Lyme, Connecticut, on February 9, 1871, receiving his academic training at Buckley College, New London, of that



GEORGE C. PECKHAM

State. He moved to Dakota in the early '90s and for several years conducted an extensive mercantile and agricultural business in that State, meanwhile imbibing the true western spirit which made him a factor in this city's marvelous growth. He came to Los Angeles in 1904, and notwithstanding that the "wise ones" were saying all sorts of things about the mushroom growth of this city and sudden collapse, he foresaw the great metropolis stretching from the mountains to the sea and made a plunge into the work of helping bring it to pass. He has aided largely in developing the southwestern part of the city, subdividing and improving a number of important tracts such as the Olivita tract, Magnolia Place, and Moneta Avenue Square, at the same time conducting a large general real estate business. Of late he has turned his attention more to the subdivision of agricultural properties. Aside from his extensive real estate property Mr. Peckham is President of the National Car Seal Manufacturing Company, capitalized at two million, manufacturing the widely known Estell Car Seal.

He is a member of the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce, and is an enthusiastic autoist, belonging to several automobile clubs. He is also a member of the Elks Lodge No. 99 of Los Angeles.

STILSON, FIELDING J. Amongst the younger business men of Los Angeles it can safely be said that there is none standing higher in the confidence and esteem of this community than Fielding Johnson Stilson. Early in manhood Mr. Stilson took his stand in the business life of Los Angeles. At the age of twenty-three years he entered the real estate field, in which he achieved a conspicuous success, culminating in the year 1904 in the organization of the Fielding J. Stilson Company for the purpose of dealing in business and suburban realty and stocks and bonds. It has a paid capital of \$150,000. In addition to his business activities Mr. Stilson has found time to maintain active connection with the political and social life of the city. He is a member of the following organizations: The Californian Club, the University Club, St. Paul's Vestry, the Los Angeles Country Club, the City Club, the University of California Club, the Scribes' Club, the Association of College Men, the Los Angeles Stock Exchange, the hamber of Commerce and the Municipal League. At this time he is Governor of the Los Angeles Stock Exchange and a member of the Governing Board of the Chamber of Mines. In the past ten years he has served in numerous public capac-



FIELDING J. STILSON

ities. True to the spirit of the West, his education was completed in this State, his final work having been done at the University of California. In June, 1904, he was married to Miss Viola Rosamond Winter. William Winter, aged 4 years, and Rosamond, aged 3 years, make merry their fireside. They maintain a delightful home at 1044 Kensington Road.



HORACE MARVIN RUSSELL

RUSSELL, HORACE MARVIN. Twenty-eight years ago to venture south of the Temple Block required courage, for it took one to the outskirts of the village of Los Angeles. Mr. Russell did it, however, and built the first brick block south of First street, where the Orpheum now stands, but he had early formed the habit of standing out in front, for he was only fifteen years old when he enlisted in the Civil War, the Third Wisconsin Cavalry, Company F, November 4, 1861, and he stayed with it until the war was over, the last one and a half years as a scout under General Blunt's command.

Mr. Russell was born in Jamestown, New York, May 13, 1846. His parents were George W. and Abigail Olds Russell. They early emigrated to what was then the "Wild West" and settled in Baraboo, Wisconsin, and what education he received was in the schools of that place. After his return from the war at twenty years of age, young Russell bought a yoke of oxen and a wagon with what money he had saved during his service, and drove across the plains to Denver, making the trip in five months. He immediately plunged into varied activities of the frontier, lumber, mining and contracting. He furnished the lumber and ties for the Union Pacific to the Black Hills and Laramie Plains. He was one of the pioneers of Cheyenne, erecting the first house in that place. He ran a saw-mill in Leadville at the beginning of the boom, supplying the first lumber for building at that place, and established the stage line between Leadville and Webster, the railroad terminus. The high altitude forced

him to return to Denver, where for several years he was engaged in the real estate business. Ill health finally drove him to California, where he arrived in 1882, taking up his residence in Los Angeles, where he has remained since. In 1885 Mr. Russell opened a real estate office at the corner of Temple and Spring streets, then the business center of the town, and later in 1887 took a partner, operating under the firm name of Russell & Cox Company. Meanwhile, he had been turning his attention to mining, and in 1889 commenced operating in Mexico, developing the famous Arroyo mine, which proved a rich producer. Mr. Russell owned and operated this property with a partner until 1891, when it was incorporated as the Arroyo Consolidated Gold Mining Company, with a capital of \$5,000,000. He was general manager up to 1908.

Mr. Russell is a charter member of the California Club, was a charter member of the Jonathan Club, but resigned, a charter member of the Municipal League, a member of good standing of the first degree Masonry and of the different degrees up to the thirty-second, has a life membership in the Los Angeles Commandery No. 9, Knights Templar, is a life member of Al Maliakah Temple Mystic Shrine, and is on the retired list as Major of the National Guard of California.

Mr. Russell has been twice married, in 1883 to Hannah A. Anderson, Toledo Ohio, who died in 1895, and in 1898 to Laura B. Keating. They occupy an elegant home at 718 West Adams street and are prominent in the social life of the city.



ALFRED GUIDO RUDOLPH SCHLOESSER

SCHLOESSER, ALFRED GUIDO RUDOLPH, Capitalist; by education a physician and surgeon, was born in Chicago, Ill., April 19, 1851. His father, Rudolph Schloesser; his mother, Amalia Hoffmann.

Rudolph Schloesser (the father), successful banker and real estate investor, built one of the first pretentious office and banking buildings in Chicago, immediately after the great conflagration of 1871, known as "The Schloesser Block." A great aunt of Rudolph, by her beautiful soprano voice, won the heart of Count Von Hopffgarten, lord chamberlain to King Frederick William the Third, of Prussia, whose court she graced on several gala occasions, always charming an assemblage by her artistic musical gifts.

Francis A. Hoffman, Attorney, uncle of Dr. Schloesser, served as lieutenant governor with Hon. Richard Yates, famous as Governor of Illinois. Mr. Hoffman, by his magnetic personality and eloquent oratory, induced many a farmer's son to fight for the preservation of the Union. He further distinguished himself, during the Civil War, by not only organizing, but fully arming and equipping a company of cavalry—known as the Hoffman Dragoons—at his own expense; which loyalty merited him the close friendship of Abraham Lincoln.

Dr. Schloesser married Emma M. R. MacDonell, daughter of General A. A. MacDonell, in Chicago, November 19, 1874. Their children are: Alexander R., city engineer of Hollywood; Jeannette A. (Barnett), Francis H. (Stone), and Daisy A. The Doctor received his preparatory education at the public schools and Prof. Belleke's LL. D., select high school

of Chicago, and Lutheran College at Fort Wayne, Ind. Was graduated at Rush Medical College of Chicago (now affiliated with the University of Chicago) in 1871, after which he took post-graduate courses at the Universities of Wurtzburg, Berlin, Vienna, Paris and London; volunteering as assistant physician in the cholera epidemic in 1873. The Doctor is the author of several scientific works; is a licentiate of the State of California.

Attracted by the climate, environment and people of Los Angeles, Dr. Schloesser, in 1890, elected to make his permanent residence in Southern California. Is mainly engaged at present in centralizing in Los Angeles and Hollywood his somewhat extensive Chicago holdings, prominent among which is the northwest corner of Adams and La Salle streets, upon which stands the \$1,500,000 bank and office structure, known as the Corn Exchange National Bank. However, being possessed of an active, energetic temperament, and a decided taste for real estate deals, the Doctor has opened up a department with his son-in-law, Mr. J. G. Barnett, who is General Agent of the Rhode Island Insurance Company of Providence, R. I., for the State of California, in suite 222-23 Central Building, for the purpose of buying, selling and exchanging improved and unimproved realty.

Schloesser Terrace at Hollywood, California, with its Glengarry Castle, now nearly completed, will be the permanent home of Dr. Schloesser. The Doctor is a Mason, a member of the Hollywood Club, Hollywood Board of Trade, the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce and Jonathan Club.



ALFRED FRANCIS WEBSTER

WEBSTER, ALFRED FRANCIS. Born in Minneapolis, July 23, 1868. His parents were Stanford and Jennie Webster. He was married in 1889 to Anna Woodbury, and in 1902 came to California. At the age of eighteen Mr. Webster went to Wyoming as a cowboy, and for two years rode the range, gathering experience such as can only be secured in the wild and open, imbibing the spirit of freedom and appreciation for the big things which only the boundless plains can give. Mr. Webster worked two years with Marshall Field of Chicago, and afterwards in Omaha engaged in the photograph and music business. Meanwhile he had picked up a pretty fair education from the high schools of Nebraska and later took a business course in Omaha. For a number of years he was employed in the passenger department of the Burlington Railroad, and later came to Denver, engaging in the real estate business. Since coming to California Mr. Webster has given his attention to real estate, promoting and putting through some of the largest enterprises in this part of the country. In company with Nat Goodwin he has purchased 1000 acres of land near San Jacinto, and is now engaged in making one of the best stock farms in Southern California on this property. Mr. Webster is organizer and president of the A. F. Webster Company and the A. F. Webster Investment Company, with offices at 418 Mason Building. He has chosen Ocean Park as his place of residence, where he has an elegant home, and where the Websters are the leaders in the social life of the place. Mr. Webster was Chairman and Secretary of the Republican Central Committee of Nebraska, and has always taken an active interest in the political affairs of the community. He is a member of the Breakers' Club of Ocean Park, of the Benevolent Protective Order of Elks, a Mason of high degree, and a member of the Knights Pythias.



WILKES WHEATLEY

WHEATLY, WILKES, Lumberman. When we have built a city the architect, the contractor, the builder, the mason, the painter, the decorator, come in for their share of praise, but could we build a city without lumber? And where does the lumberman come in—the man who goes into the forest and brings out the timber, fashioning it into the finished product ready for the builder's need? Shouldn't he be considered? Hasn't he rendered a service worthy of at least honorable mention?

Mr. Wheatly is a lumberman of the type who build cities—build big things. The Consolidated Lumber Company, of which he is Vice-President and Manager, has dug a channel a mile long from Old Wilmington to its immense plant at the head of Wilmington Bay, bringing Los Angeles two miles nearer to deep sea wharfage than heretofore, and for the accommodation of the four railroads centering at their plant have constructed a 2,000-foot wharf. This work has entailed a cost of \$250,000, being the most extensive in the south.

Mr. Wheatly is a native of Missouri, born in St. Louis. His father was W. J. Wheatly from the "blue grass" state, and his mother was Gabrell T. Henry from Virginia, a niece of Patrick Henry.

After completing his education at the Washington University at St. Louis, Mr. Wheatly went to New York, where he married Louise Rogers in 1882.

He came to California in 1886 and associated himself with the Chas. Nelson Company of San Francisco, and for ten years was their foreign representative, visiting all the important seaports of the world, such as Hawaiian Islands, Japan, China, Phillipine Islands, Australia, Siberia and European ports. In 1901 Mr. Wheatly came to Los Angeles to take charge of the plant of the Consolidated Lumber Company.

He is a member of the Jonathan Club and the Country Club of Ocean Park.

THE FABULOUS

By R. C. FITZER.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE WRATH OF THE HILLS.



HE question brought Scammel to his senses. "Answer nothing," he said in a moment; "only he's a moon-shiner; peddles tin dippers and bug-jumps, and I don't want him around. He ain't got any bus'ness here."

"You no longer have anything official to say, Mr. Scammel," June retorted. "For the sake of my father's memory, I've kept you on as foreman year after year, when I suspected you to be untrustworthy. Now I find, what I have long thought, that you are wholly without conscience. You have betrayed Mr. Winne shamefully; you have bought desperadoes and criminals to waylay him and secure his map,—and you his partner! What is more, you have even hired your tools to turn against their own accomplice, and your own son; it is no fault of your craft and cunning that you are not in possession of the Fabulous now. But I want to tell you that your plotting and treachery have been worse than wasted, for you are no longer foreman of our ranch. I will speak to mother when I return. We will not have near us the companion of rustlers. For what I know," she cried, "you have been their comrade all these years! For what I know you and Downing have given them hundreds of our cattle every summer! I never wish to see either of you again! You may follow your friend," she added, waving her hand. "We don't want you near us. You—you contaminate everything!"

The outburst was sudden and unexpected, even to June, and at its end she stood flushed and quivering, while the men stared at her.

"I guess they won't go just now," Luke said. "They'll stay here with Murphy or some one until Tracey and I can get to the gulch. We are not going to have any one butting in. Scammel, you have forfeited all right to the Fabulous, if you ever had any right. I am going to take Bud Tracey there. The mine is his."

"I think you owe me a minute or two, June," Dow put in; "you've said some rather hard things about me, and, what is worse, they are all partly true—but only partly true. I came back at Dad when he got my letter, yet that was justifiable, wasn't it? As for the letter itself, I was drunk when I took it, and that's the truth. I've never done anything I've been ashamed of except when I was drunk; you ought to know that. I have no excuse for the drink; it's in the blood. I've seen Dad wallowing like a hog before now."

"You——!" Scammel shouted.

"Cut it out," Dow snarled. "What 're you, anyhow? Anybody'd think you were insulted. Trying to steal my letter!—I was thinking of telling Trace and taking him in on shares with me," he fawned. "It's the truth, June; ask Pickett. I'll take him in now," he added; "only say the word; share alike; and Winne, too, if you think best. But I don't bet much on him!" He bared his teeth. "Or we will make it a go-as-you-please, and whoever gets there first gets the mine."

"The mine belongs to Mr. Tracy," June said, "as you well know, and as Mr. Winne has acknowledged. Mr. Winne has given up his claim in favor of his cousin. You have no claim at all. There is nothing more to be said." She turned toward Welcome, where the old man stood in silence, leaning against the door jamb. There was a weary but puzzled expression on the grey face. "If Welcome can ride now," she added, "we may as well join the sheriff, I think. Won't you get the horses, Luke?"

"We will confiscate Dow's revolver first," Tracy suggested.

Dow grinned. "You think you're some potatoes just now, don't you?" he snarled at Tracey. "Think you've got the mine, and Coon, and the whole universe, huh? Just because you've got Coon on a string and Coon's got this fool tenderfoot. But I want to tell you that you haven't anything, Trace, not even the mine. As for June, maybe you think all you've got to do is to marry her, now she's been galloping over the country with Winne and you and God knows who else. Well, you're off. If there's any marrying to be done for her reputation's sake, and I guess there will be, it won't be with either of you. I don't suppose you'll care to marry the daughter of old Downing when you come to size it up and remember that he and my pop murdered Orin and Musgrove. Ain't that right, Dad? Speak up like a man and tell them. They've both got some little honor; or, anyhow, they'd be afraid of what people would say."

"That's enough," Luke interrupted, "more than enough. You have grossly insulted Miss June—unpardonably. Will you"—his body was tense and he glowed with dumb hate—"will you come and—and help me saddle the horses, you coward?"

"Nope; I'm not going to shoot you, and I'm not going to let you shoot me. I told the truth; look at Dad if you don't believe me. He and Downing murdered your folks, and I'm damned if either you or Trace has the cheek to marry Downing's girl."

"You are parroting an old story," Luke said, mastering himself by an effort. "I'd be only too glad to—I—You are trying to make me forget something you said a moment ago; something that your life can't expiate, my man. Miss June, step inside a minute and I'll cram the lie down this fellow's gullet!" He glanced at June,

and his passion was arrested in mid course. He stood staring at her set face.

"It's true," she whispered; "I've always feared it. I knew in my heart that it was all true." Her lips quivered, and she swayed as if about to fall, and put her hands to her breast. Tracey caught her and supported her in his arms, but at his touch she shivered and suddenly sprang away, until she faced Scammell. He stood with bent shoulders, sullenly, before the imperious, threatening girl. "You!" she cried, "you—you did it! Deny it you cannot! You and father! There were no rustlers!"

Scammell swallowed laboriously and shot a glance toward Welcome, but he did not speak.

"There were no rustlers," Dow echoed. "I've known it since I was a kid. Your dad and my dad wanted that mine, June, so they fixed up the game with some of their punchers and had them make the raid and hike through Orin's camp with the horses, as if they were rustlers and the Musgroves were accomplices. Then our fathers came along as planned and captured the son. I don't think they intended to lynch him."

"No," Scammell said, hoarsely, "no—only scare him; only scare him, June. Downing and me only meant to scare him. . . . He was a bullhead, or he'd have told us where the mine was. We didn't intend to kill him."

Tracey stepped to June's side. "Do you mean——?" he half whispered, while his hands twitched. "My father was not a thief? My brother wasn't a rustler? This man——"

"Murdered them!" June wailed; "he and Dad! Oh, Dad! Dad!"

She turned, saw Welcome standing immobile, lost in diseased reverie, and she ran to him, clutching at his coat and burying her head on his shoulder.

"There, there," Welcome crooned, "it's all right, June; it's all right. There ain't any call to cry. They're all dead but— but—two, and they'll die soon. It doesn't matter. It's all over and done with."

The group stood tense and silent.

"Well, why don't you shoot?" Scammell growled at last. "You're Musgrove's other son, I guess?" But he did not look at Tracey; instead, his red-rimmed eyes furtively watched June while she shivered and sobbed while Welcome vainly strove to comfort her.

Luke tapped Dow upon the chest. "That is one more count against you," he whispered. "You will come with me now, you triple coward. Or shall I shoot you here in front of her?"

Dow had played his card, and stood glowing with triumph. "Don't mind me," he said; "you're in need of blowing off a little steam, I guess. Lord! I don't care if you scald me. Rather

sudden news, but I thought Coon ought to know. Huh! how would it have been if she had married Trace and then they had found out that her old man killed his old man?"

"You will come!" Luke whispered again. His cheeks burned, and an insane glitter sparkled in his eyes. "You've ruined her life, but you shall pay!"

Tracey moved a little from his place before Scammel, drew back, breathing hard through his nostrils, and his fingers opened and closed convulsively. "You murderer—" he grated between his teeth; and the blood began to return into his yellow face. Dow, who, while Luke threatened him, had stood dispassionately surveying the group, suddenly sprang in front of his father. The next instant Tracey, bursting into guttural wrath, struck out with his hands at Scammel; Luke jumped to prevent murder, and the four clinched.

A scream from June was unheeded. "Luke! Luke! Luke!" she besought him; and screamed again.

But the four swayed in strife hardly a moment. Dow threw his father back, and Luke caught Tracey by the throat. Sudden trampling of many horses pounding the snow, shouts, and distant explosions of fire-arms, broke in upon the silence of the valley and brought the startled men to a sense of their surroundings. From where a short time before he had disappeared over the knag of the ridge. Pickett came galloping, fleeing for his life, and behind him, with swaying heads, rearing, their nostrils broadened and their eyes red with terror, a closely packed drove of horses raced in a wild stampede, and drummed down the slope toward the creek.

With Luke's hands still at his throat, Tracey became sane and collected. "Paradise!" he gasped, loosening himself. "I'm all right; let me be . . . Paradise! Into the cabin, June, Welcome! Either the prospectors or Whiskers and the Pactolus people are on Edom's back. I knew it! The rustlers will use this stampede to break through Ranson's men. Into the cabin!"

Luke caught June in his arms and in one rush gained shelter, half carrying half dragging her to safety. Tracey pushed Welcome before him, and ere they could realize it, so quickly had they instinctively acted, the four were in the cabin, with a closed door, while Dow Scammel was cursing and beating upon the boards with his revolver butt. Luke sprang to the narrow window in time to see Pickett gallop by.

"Whiskers!" Luke heard him shout warningly as he passed Dow. "Cut! Cut for it!"

The horses came and went; revolvers flashed; bare-headed men followed after the broncos; men, and more men succeeded, howling, mad with blood lust; and a wild uproar of shouts and explosions

surrounded the cabin. Luke was dragged from the window, and turning he found June's arms about him.

"You must not!" she sobbed, wholly unnerved. "You'll be killed!"

A loud, crashing volley sounded from farther to the north, mingled with cheers and screams.

"Ransom's busy!" Tracey yelled, as he sprang to the door and jerked it open. Dow staggered into the room and fell limp, twitching. Scammel had fled. Frightened by the ambushment above, the stampeded horses came charging down the gulch, outlaws and citizens were caught in the swirl, and again the wild cavalcade rushed past the cabin. Ransom's posse followed, howling and firing. Then, from below the first turn of the gulch, came an answering volley, answering voices, and on foot a crowded mob of prospectors surged into sight, and shot, and cheered, and came running.

"Scammel!" Tracey cried. "Guard Coon, Winne. I——"

Luke was beside him with a hand on his shoulder, even as June cried out: "Don't! Don't go! Stay with me!"

"You fool!" Luke breathed, shaking his cousin. "Don't you see she loves you? You must not risk yourself. Stay here with her. She loves you!"

"Scammel!" Tracey frothed, pointing. Luke followed the finger, and saw Scammel, bare-headed, running up the hill in the wake of an escaping rustler. "He's got a rifle! They think him one of the posse!" Tracey screamed. "He'll escape!"

"Stay with June!" Luke cried, shaking him. "Am I not a Musgrove? Stay with June. She loves you!"

With a sudden exertion of strength he tossed Tracey from him, and, glancing back, saw him whirl across the room, stumble over the prone figure of Dow, and fall to the floor. June cried out again, and Luke sprang from the cabin, slamming the door at his heels.

"Ransom! Ransom!" he yelled, and started up the hill. A revolver bullet sang by his ear; another followed. He looked back and saw men galloping toward him. He waved his hat and pointed at the vanishing horseman. "Paradise!" he shouted. "Get him! get him!"

The men swerved and went by at a gallop, and among them he recognized Creede.

"Creede! Creede! Creede!" Luke cried, panting after. "Creede! Give me a stirrup!"

Creede reined in his horse, Luke caught hold of a boot, and they went up the hill together and over the ridge. Below was a narrow basin, where some half a dozen outlaws were grouped, and among them Luke saw Scammel, with a red handkerchief bound about his hand. Others of the posse had joined the pursuers,

and on the opposite ridge Luke saw a group of men on foot; prospectors, doubtless, from Liver Ridge Creek. He glanced at his associates; several horsemen were beside him, and coming up the hill was a racing squad.

"There's Paradise!" Luke trumpeted, pointing out a dwarfish figure on a black horse. And with a yell the men rushed into the hollow.

The old Musgrove blood was alive in Luke; he ran beside the horses nor noticed how he ran; he saw nothing but Dumb Jacob Scammel, his uncle's torturer, before him; heard nothing but his own yells as he descended like a destiny upon the disgraced foreman. Bullets clipped past him, one stung his head, and he but cheered the louder. His revolver was in his hand, and, as the citizens closed upon the outlaws, Luke began firing at Jacob Scammel.

"That for Orin!" he screamed. "That for Uncle Dan! That for Coon!" And with the third shot he found himself close to his quarry.

Scammel turned to run; there was no fight left in him; he was cowed, beaten, broken in spirit. Luke raised his revolver again pointed it at the broad back; he was relentless; he would kill! He saw nothing but a cowardly murderer screaming from a just vengeance. But even as Luke pulled the trigger, a cannon, it seemed, was exploded close to his head, the red sun enveloped him, and he pitched on his face in the snow, senseless, inert, with blood gushing from a wound in his head.

Luke remembered pulling the trigger; he remembered the explosion beside him, the concussion, the sting of the wound, and he had a vague sense of falling forward to the distant earth. When he recovered his senses the shot still rang in his ears, and he still seemed to be pitching down toward the snow. At first he felt nothing but a dull ache, yet soon a pulse in his head sprang to life and began beating with increscent vigor, until his body was one agonized throb. He stirred, groaned, moved his limbs, and found them leaden and numb. Snow was not under him; he put out a hand and felt vaguely at rough boards and a blanket. He fancied he heard a man's voice, and he seemed to be moving through space jerkily, as if carried on a stretcher. The pulse subsided and he floated off to unconsciousness, from which he seemed to awaken immediately in a soft bed, with June's face bending over him like an artistic vision from some dim and faded painting. He looked into her eyes, long, dreamily, without surprise or wonder, and, still looking, he moved a trembling hand up toward her. It touched her and she took it in her warm palms and held it to her breast, while she bent over, gazing down into his eyes.

Luke stirred, tried to raise his head, and failed. "Shot," he

whispered. She nodded. "Scam?" he whispered again. She smiled and shook her head. In a moment, "Tracey?" he asked once more. Sudden moisture flooded her eyes, and she bent down and touched his lips with her own, so that he sighed. With the sigh he thought himself dozing off, and awoke again, and looked, and she was again bending over him, although he vaguely felt that a very long interval had passed. He had a confused recollection of having been awake, of having asked her a question, it even seemed that she had caressed him; but that he knew was impossible. He was distinctly stronger and more alive to his surroundings. June realized this, and in a moment took her gaze from his, while her hand rested on his cheek.

"No fever now," she said to him. "You are better, aren't you?"

"Yes. . . Did I kill Scammel?"

"No."

"Tracey is here?"

"He is at the mine, I suppose. At least he has his father's letter and map, and he is searching. You've been ill a long time. You're at the ranch, you know."

"Yes, I know . . . The outlaws?"

"There are none."

Luke veiled his eyes and remembered more fully. "I must hurry and get well," he sighed. "It's time for me to go home . . . How long have I been here? Are you——?" He did not finish his query, but she read it in his face and blushed while she shook her head.

"Don't, until after I am gone," he begged her. "I would rather not have to remember that. He's a lucky dog——Tracey."

"You must not talk," she said, moistening his lips with wine. "Let me, instead."

"Was Dow killed?" he asked, disregarding her.

June hesitated. "No," she said at last. Then, bending over him, "He has gone from here for good. We sent him away. I saved him from being lynched."

"Scammel is with him?"

Again June hesitated. "Scammel died where Orin died," she said at last; "the prospectors lynched him. Now, you must sleep; you must get well quickly."

"Yes," he acquiesced; "I'm glad he's dead, June. That's why I tried to kill him. I knew you couldn't marry——Tracey——until after Scammel was dead and forgotten. Now there is no feud between our families."

"No," she said; "none." He went to sleep with her voice in his ears, and in his dreams she repeated, "No; none."

CHAPTER XVIII.

LUKE RIDES NORTH.

When Luke was sufficiently recovered to permit of prolonged exercise, he took his first horseback ride, but he took it with Smudge as his companion. Together they forded Saw River, and ambled up Cub Creek to the old cabin and the scene of the battle with the outlaws. There Luke dismounted, led his horse to the shed, unsaddled, and stabled it.

The Chicaguan was thin and weak, white of face and extremely nervous, and he still wore, bound about his head, a white bandage. He was dressed in his urban clothes, and, when he entered the cabin and pensively seated himself on the well-remembered bench, his appearance was incongruous with his surroundings. He no longer fitted into the scene as of old, he was palpably a stranger, an interloper, with, so it seemed, no bond of sympathy connecting him to his rude environment.

Spring had come. All that morning, during the long, silent ride, Luke had noted the birds, the budded bushes, the new blades of brilliant grass. Flowers, timid rock-sheltered flowers of snow and spring, rich and, to him, nameless blossoms of deep fragrance, fair beds of mountain daisies, brightened and enlivened the gullies; and at his feet, Cub Creek, clear and cold, brawled among its boulders. The sky was Italian, the hot sun beat down with summer radiance, and the wet earth steamed under its rays. Of the snow itself there was no sign; but the earth everywhere was moist, the level grounds were muddy, in the hollows treacherous bogs lurked under new grasses already of rank growth, and the air was mistily blue with the vapors of spring. The steep, treeless slopes reeked with water, and at several places where the soil had received banks of drifting snow, the wet earth had become detached from the sand beneath, and had tumbled into the hollows, leaving on precipitous slopes long, narrow lines of grey, made more prominent by the flanking grasses. And even yet the land was in places falling; during the ride, Luke had twice been startled by prolonged and increscent roaring ending in reverberated détonations echoed by the hills, and these thunderous noises, he was told, were the voices of distant landslides.

Winne had seen little of June since his early convalescence; to his bedside the girl seldom came, while Mrs. Downing, spectacled and sad, much older in appearance than she had been a few weeks before, ministered to him, gossiped of harmless, air-light trifles, and helped him with motherly gentleness to while away the tedious hours and days. Even when he was able to leave his room, June avoided him; she was habitually quiet and shy and dreamy, her old boisterousness of spirit seemed vanished, and she no longer passed

long galloping hours in her saddle; rather, she chose out domestic tasks and set herself to them, or walked in the orchard and sat musing beneath the fragrant blossoms. In her eyes had been for many days the appealing look of a timid, over-sensitive child, and Luke had interpreted that expression, as he thought, aright, and refrained from mentioning his cousin in her hearing, refrained from recalling to her the painful and useless memories of his own ill-starred love, refrained even from audible comment upon the stirring and fateful adventure through which they had passed together. It was Luke's belief that the breach between Tracey and June had widened, that his cousin, learning the despicable part June's father had played in the death of Orin and the persecution of Dan Musgrove, and, too, finally almost feeling riches at his finger tips, had abandoned his long and chequered courtship leaving June to memories and useless regrets and hidden remorse for her father's unpardonable crime.

At the ranch, Luke, too, had settled into a quiet melancholy, a dullness of soul that was not wakeful enough to cause him acute discomfort; rather, a vague sense of loneliness and loss, a spiritless acquiescence in a defeat that he knew would grow more bitter with the years. When he became convalescent, he avoided June, even as she seemed to avoid him. There was nothing overt about the attitude of either, but together they were not wholly at their ease, sudden emotions shook them, and they for the most part remained silent and pensive, or caught at trivial subjects for remark with childish persistence.

It had not been very long since the adventure at the cabin, yet, as he sat on the rude bench he had made under June's supervision, the hours he had passed there with her seemed far and ancient. He went over them again, speech by speech, incident by incident. It was all so clear, her voice rang so insistently at his ears, he could still so plainly see her as she stood by the fire, bent over the homely household tasks, or lounged in a corner with her cigarette, that, remembering, the time between then and now grew less and less in his mind, until, lost in reverie, he half felt her near him, and if her human voice had spoken to him, he would have answered without wondering at her presence.

Smudge disturbed the long reverie. He entered the cabin, stood a moment by the door while he quizzically studied the Chicagoan, and then he tramped to the dead fireplace, with a prodigious rattle of rowels and creaking of leather.

"Huh?" he said, tentatively.

"Oh, are you yet here?" Luke asked, looking up with a start. "I thought you had gone home."

Smudge stared.

"Of course," Luke continued, "I hadn't sent you. I forgot that I meant to tell you to go back. I intend sleeping in the hills," he added in explanation.

"All right," Smudge answered. "I don't care particular, but I might as well stay too. No sense in my goin' home without you. I'd get scalped, maybe."

"I'm not going back at all," Luke said.

"You——" Smudge glared. "Well, I be damned," he murmured. "I be—— huh! Where 're you hittin' for, then? What's bitin' you?"

"I intend to hunt up my cousin, first of all; he is to the north of us, and easily found. I'll ride on this afternoon and stay at some prospector's camp over night. By tomorrow evening I will probably find Tracey; if not, the next day. I have a good deal to say to him. You need not argue about it," he hastily added. "My mind is quite made up; it has been for a week or more. Tracey has behaved abominably, but I don't believe he realizes just how badly; and I intend telling him. When that is arranged, I'll get some money from my cousin and go on to Buster, where I'll take the stage out of the mountains and return to Chicago. That's my plan, in short. I don't care to return to the ranch. I'm not wanted there."

"Not wanted? Didn't tell June this scheme?"

"No; she would not have consented. It is in her interest that I wish to see Tracey."

Smudge snorted in disgust. "That hole in your head must 'a' let the fuzzies get inside," he said. "You ain't got good sense, you ain't. You're plumb loco, by golly. If I didn't have no more sense 'n that, I'd go out with the burros an' eat cactuses f'r a livin' . . .

"Didn't say good-bye to nobody a' tall, did you?"

"I wanted to avoid the pain of a formal farewell."

"Pain to yourself? That's like you city fellers. Never think o' the other party. Got all your weeps ready to let loose in sympathy f'r yourself. I don't know what you call it, but I call it bein' a plain hog."

"You don't understand," Luke returned, patiently. "I can't very well explain——"

"No need to. Didn't I help June an' Mrs. Downing nurse you when you was fightin' the bugs? I heard heaps of sentiment them days; mountains of it, an' so did Miss June—sabe? You ripped out your feelin's an' despairs an' mushy-mushes; oh, I know all about them. They're no reason f'r your runnin' off without even so much as a thank-ye-kindly-mum to the old lady."

"Right; right, Smudge. I'll give you a note to take back with you. Thank you. I'm a selfish brute. But, my boy, if you know

that I love June, you must know too that the sooner I leave the better. There is no hope for me, and just now, when June is in so much trouble herself, it is hardly delicate for me to obtrude my personality. I must be a constant reminder of things she would wish to forget. And then, too, I care enough for her to try to clear up her misunderstanding with Tracey. If she will be happy with my cousin—. But it's useless to prolong the discussion. I'll give you the note, and then, good-bye. Don't say anything to June, please, about my present destination; it would but raise hopes that perhaps cannot be realized; merely say that I went on to Buster."

Smudge scratched his ear. "Gimme the letter," he said. "I'll be a-goin,' I guess. It's like tryin' to drive a burro into a ford. If you're set, you're set, an' I ain't big enough to unset you, so I'll just say so-long, an' mosey back to grub-pile. Only, you got my partin' opinion that you're too foolish to live long in this here world; you'll naturally be snatched up to heaven where you belong."

Left to himself Luke ate a small lunch which he had brought in his pockets, and, after his horse had fed, he saddled and rode at a walk up Cub Creek. It was slow progress. He was weaker than he had that morning imagined himself to be, and more than once during the waning day he half regretted his precipitancy; yet when toward sundown he saw smoke-wreaths hanging over the Buster trail, he was not so worn out in body as in mind, and at the first camp he swung from the saddle and approached the fire with a body not weakened by invalidation, but healthily tired.

There was a small tent pitched close to the well-beaten trail; down toward Cub, burros were grazing on the thick grasses; and a man bent over the fire before the camp, frying-pan in hand. At Luke's approach, a second prospector crawled from the tent, and, nearing camp, the Chicagoan recognized Scout Macdonald and his partner.

"If it ain't the tenderfoot!" Creede cried, dropping his skillet. Luke received a boisterous welcome. He sat on a blanket and watched the men unsaddle and hobble his horse, and, when supper was ready, he ate with a growing appetite, and soon fell into talk.

"Goll-ee!" Creede said, as he filled his pipe, "gollee, man, I thought you were a gone coon that deal, when Paradise popped his popper at you. We had a dickens of a time luggin' you to the cabin, but that girl o' your'n is peachy. 'Is he dead?' she says to me when she seen you. 'No'm,' I says, 'not yet.' I thought you'd bought your ticket, though. An' then she went to work on you. Next mornin' she had us rig up a stretcher an' we got you across Saw 'bout five miles west of the ford; the boom had gone down a heap in the night, or we couldn't have managed it. She's a lulu.

pardner, a lu-lulu. Put that in your pipe an' smoke it frequent. You'd 'a' died if it hadn't been for her."

"Yes, I suppose so," Luke sighed.

"An' not a yawp out of her," Macdonald said. "She just rolled up her shirt an' went after you like she was a hospital nurse, an' doctor to boot. If I wasn't an old man, I'd give you a run f'r your money when it came to courtin' her, lad. An' I envy you, anyhow. You're a lucky dog."

"Thanks; I've been told so before. Now let me hear about Scammel."

Creede rose suddenly. "Nothin' to tell," he grunted.

"You saw him lynched?" Luke asked.

"Creede did," Mac said. "I was busy down Cub, chasin' Greacy Pickett. Put him out, I did!" he triumphed. "Me an' him had it hot an' then some by our lonesomes, and I sent him to hell. Told him to tell the boss I was comin' along pretty soon, an' he said he'd be damned if he would. He went out quite nice an' pleasant, an' cracked jokes with me, like that. It did you good to see him go, he done it so much like play-acting. I didn't think he had it in him, but most of us fellows out here go decent, though I've seen some howl and carry on like Easterners might. I remember once——"

"But Scammel?" Luke persisted. "He killed my people in the early day; that was why I was after him. Tell me about it, Creede."

"Your people?" Creede asked, with a sudden change of manner. "Are you any relation to Dan'l Musgrove? Why, I'm sort of looking for you, then; or glad to find you, anyhow. It's you that I've got to tell what happened, and what Scam told me about—— You're a relation, no kiddin'?"

"Yes, a nephew. Tracey is his son and my cousin. Did you learn that from Scammel? If not I'll tell you."

"Trace!" Creede marveled; "him! Musgrove's son! Well, now look at that, would you! I'll be cooked——cooked an' eaten!" he gaped. "Trace! Who'd 'a' thought that! An' I seen him yesterday!"

Luke explained. Then: "You saw him yesterday?" he asked. "Where? I am up here to meet him. I have to see him on business, as soon as possible."

"Well," Creede said, "stick with us an' you'll see him tomorrow or the day after. We're goin' back up the gulch in the mornin'. An' what I've got to say might as well be held over, seein' how he's the nearest kin to them old-time gold-hunters. Maybe he won't want even you to know."

Mac looked at his partner. "How's that?" he asked. "I don't sabe, Creede. Welcome ain't there. . . . Not but what I'm willin'

to go back an' prospect. I thought we was fools for comin' away. I smelt gold up there."

"Never mind," Creede said, with an odd expression on his face, "what you don't know won't hurt you. I got to see Tracey. I didn't guess who he was. He ought to know somethin' Scammel told me afore he went out."

"Scammel made a confession?" Luke eagerly inquired. "Tell me, please. I'm a Musgrove. I have a right to know."

"Well," Creede began, and paused thoughtfully. "I guess I'll spin it to Trace first," he reflected; "an' he kin pass it on to you if that's his idea. It's a funny story. By Horn! till I knew who Trace was, I didnt know it was half so funny!"

Luke appealed to Macdonald.

"I dunno," the old scout said; "I dunno, son; it's Creede's bus'ness; he helped lynch Scammel, an' Scam spouted before he danced, an' the result is that Creede thinks he's got a duty to the Lord 'r somebody, an' he's chasin' all over the country, draggin' me about at his heels, instead of settlin' down an' prospectin' like a reasonable man. There we were at the head of Cub, an' pritty warm, too, judgin' by Tracey's bein' there, an' here we are now, f'r all we know this much farther away from our fortune, an' all because Scammel took the stump an' moralized before he died."

"We'll go back," Creede grinned. "Don't git sore, pop; it'll all come out in the wash. I've changed my mind, an' I won't make no more trouble about huntin' after things that ain't none of my bus'ness, nohow. I see how I kin git around that by tellin' Trace an' lettin' him do the chasin,' while we mosey along Liver Ridge till we hit the Fabulous, huh?"

"Yeh," Macdonald agreed. "'Nuff said, boy; we'll go back in the morning, and Winne can go as far as he wants to. Trace seems in demand, an' no mistake, but I'm blamed if I care why. Let's turn in. Creede, divvy the blankets and make Winne a bed in the tent. You an' me will roll up here by the fire."

CHAPTER XIX.

THE FABULOUS GULCH.

The left fork of Cub Creek was a winding cañon, uncompromisingly precipitous, with bare rocks towering in volcanic stratas to the summits of the mountains. Moss and young vermilion vines clung to fissures and dripping walls, and, far overhead, gnarled pines of dwarfish growths stretched their limbs on the sky-line, or hung over the abyss. The bottom of the cañon was steep, narrow and rock-strewn, broadening at times into circular basins, where bunch-grasses grew in sparse clumps among the pebbles and in the shades of boulders, and in places narrowing to the very bed

of the creek, so that two packed horses could hardly have proceeded abreast up the devious way without becoming wedged between the gloomy sides of the cañon. At intervals the bare walls of rock were broken by gullies whence trickling streams splashed into the bed of Cub or foamed over high bulwarks in miniature falls.

It was damp and cold in the depths of the cañon, even when the noon sun lightened the formidable way, and beds of hard winter snow lingered in narrow ravines, while the recent spring fall, soft and dripping, was heaped in broad drifts among the boulders, clung to the wet rocks overhead, and in the many shaded hollows lay white, cold, and unmelting.

It was early afternoon when the two prospectors, accompanied by Luke and followed by their train of pack-burros, rode from the main creek into the deep cañon of the left fork. They had proceeded some distance, and Luke had eagerly been watching for a gulch to open at his left hand, when, on turning a sharp bend, a wide gap in the wall was disclosed, and the Chicagoan came to the first gulch of the fork. The second gulch would be the Fabulous.

Before the steep waterway, which, indeed, was so narrow and so precipitous that it could hardly be termed a gulch,—rather, a creek-bed hollowed out by the ages in the solid rock of a bare and round-topped mountain,—Macdonald paused and studied the slope.

"Huh?" he said to Creede, and, on receiving an acquiescent nod, both men dismounted, took pick, shovel, and prospecting pan, and clambered among the boulders.

"Won't be long," Macdonald said, apologetically. "It don't do no harm to take a few pans of dirt in these cricks and see what's bothering them. You can't never tell when you're goin' to stumble on somethin'. . . Now, Creede, where does the old wash lay, do you think? Let's go to the first bend yonder."

"I'll ride on, if you don't mind," Luke suggested. "I'll find Tracey's camp above, probably, and there I will wait for you."

"Go ahead," Creede called, "tell him we're comin.' Tell him I want to see him about somethin' blame' important to him."

Luke clucked to his horse and proceeded. Shortly he found himself quite alone in that gloomy wilderness, and a causeless feeling of disquietude, a sense of something bizarre, weird, dangerous, even eerily tragical possessed his spirit. His mind, very open to the influence of natural scenery, imperceptibly put itself into key with the brooding cañon. Melancholy and despairing he grew; dreams that were adumbrations of the bleak crevasses and far-towering precipices possessed him, though he knew not whence their origin; and, as echoes, now faintly, now boisterously, caught up

the clicking of his horse's hoofs or the rattle of loosened stones, the ghostly reduplications of his progress,—as if unseen things were riding with him through the drear way,—struck to his heart urgently.

He rode into a semi-circular basin, where, at his left hand, the precipice ended and the steep slope of a mountain came down to his feet; another snowy summit shouldered the first, and between them a gully opened. In the basin, belled horses were browsing, and in the very mouth of the gully, close beside a trickle of clear water, was a lean-to of pine-tops, built in the shape of a tent.

Luke dismounted, peered into the green bower, and looked at his surroundings. Tracey had, it was evident, left his camp and his animals, and had gone with pick and shovel on a gold hunt; and there was but one direction in which he would have gone. Luke unsaddled and hobbled his horse. There was no doubt in his mind that this was the Fabulous Gulch, and yet, the thought brought no excitement, stirred his heart to no faster beating, caused in him neither expectation nor regret. Somewhere ahead and above him, his cousin was even then prospecting, had perhaps even then stumbled upon the old diggings of the Musgroves and was kneeling wild-eyed and flustered, clawing at the gravel in his prospecting pan. It was even possible that Tracey had been in the district long enough to both find the mine and to have begun in earnest the work of claiming, digging, and prospecting. It was more probable, however, that his cousin had newly reached the gulch which Luke himself had found with such little trouble, for the pine lodge could not be over a day old, while near it there were no beds of dead ashes.

At its mouth, Fabulous Gulch was no more than a waterway at the base of two sheer mountains, but farther up the winding creek-bed Luke found that the ravine grew into a gulch, steep and strewn with boulders, but easy of ascension. There were few trees on the hills, but dykes of granite and great outcroppings of basic rocks frowned upon him. The gravel at his feet as yet gave no sign of having been disturbed, there were no indications of humanity, but in the long years floods and landslides could have buried sluices and tailings of far more magnitude than any work of the Musgroves' hands. Neither was there any indication of Tracey's presence in the fatal land of his father, until, upon reaching a point at which the gulch forked, Luke saw on the gravel at his feet a pick and shovel newly burnished. Tracey had evidently proceeded up the left hand way to explore his surroundings. Luke, seeing foot-steps leading him on, followed with something more like excitement than he had as yet experienced that morning, until, but a short

distance from the mouth, he came into a long, narrow gully and stopped in wonder.

On the south side a sparsely wooded slope ran upward toward the snows of its peak, to the north, a bare, brown knoll,—where snowy patches clung, and waters dripped downward in a thousand trickling fingers, limning the wet soil,—sprang almost perpendicularly from the creek toward the deep sky. On a ridge that, some distance west, jutted from the northern hill, Luke distinguished smoke, and saw a low, dark shelter tent, no larger than if made with a blanket, a rope, and two short poles. But this did not at once attract his attention; he merely glanced at the hills, taking them almost subconsciously into his sight, while he strained his eyes at the long, narrow floor of the gully. There could be no doubt of it; the place had been mined,—systematically worked for years. A sluice box was at his feet, the gravel on either side had been dug and shoveled and washed, and, while studying the landscape, Luke stood upon a mound that could be nothing but the tailings from a sluice. Beyond, long cuts followed the creek, and everywhere bare mounds of stones, heaps of boulders, long ridges of sand, told that the gulch had been washed as far as Luke could see.

A black figure rose from a hollow some little distance away, and Luke called. A short run brought him face to face with his cousin Tracey.

At first no word was exchanged. The two men nodded, turned to the wasted nature at their feet, and surveyed each other with furtive glances. Tracey's unshaven face was black and wrinkled; his lips were drawn back from his gums, and red passion smouldered in his eyes.

Luke pointed to the thin smoke on the ridge. "Who's camp is that?" he asked.

Tracey made a passionate gesture that embraced the horizon. "The man who did this," he grated. "Well," he resumed, and swallowed repeatedly. Sudden, unpleasant laughter gripped and shook him. "The Fabulous, Winne," he said, "the Fabulous, man; I—— Gad, I've found it!"

"It has been worked for years," Luke speculated. "I can see that much. Do you think it is all washed out?"

"This flat held the rich gold; it was one enormous pocket; that's as plain as my nose. The fellow up there has the dust. He must have worked it out——" Tracey stopped and breathed deeply. "He's been at it a good many years," he resumed. "We're bilked, cousin Luke; that's the long and hsort of it; bilked, done, turned out to graze. There's no Fabulous Mine."

"No Fabulous!" Luke echoed.

"He's a smart chap," Tracey grunted. "Let's see who he is.

He worked it slick, I'll say that for him. Nobody knew he was in the district, nobody ever caught on, or he'd have been swamped by the boomers."

They turned toward the ridge and silently climbed the slope. Almost at the top, Tracey stopped and caught Luke's arm. The Chicagoan turned, to meet Tracey's face, haggard, lined, but with an inward fire visibly shining through the flesh. "He may have a good deal of it with him," Tracey whispered. And immediately dropped his cousin's arm and resumed his progress; nor would he meet Luke's eye again.

"Hullo!" Winne called as they approached the smouldering fire. "Hullo! Anybody at home?" There was no answer.

The fire was merely a mass of cold, white ashes, in the center of which a pitch-pine stump, burnt down to hardly more than the roots, smoked, though without visible flame.

"Been burning since last night, maybe longer," Tracey said. "Uncanny sort of a camp, heh? One blanket, just about big enough to let a man crawl under it. Now, where's the millionaire?"

Luke touched him, and with an unsteady hand pointed at the blanket.

"No?— There?" Tracey drew nearer. "Hello hello! hello!" he called. "Hello, pardner!"

At first there was no answer; then a short groan replied to Tracey's challenge.

The young men jumped at the sudden noise, and Luke's nerves were twitching as he caught hold of the blanket. Tracey went to the other end, and together they stripped the covering from its rope, until they had disclosed the prone figure of a man lying on the damp ground and wrapped in dirty bedding.

"Sick?" Tracey asked.

Luke stooped with a sudden suspicion, and then fell on his knees beside the prospector. "It's Dad Welcome!" he cried.

"Pneumonia," Tracey pronounced after a hasty examination of the sufferer. "He's booked; can't last the day out. . . . Don't get your head so close, you fool; keep away from his breath. . . . Must have been this way for two or three days."

Welcome opened and shut his eyes.

Tracey drew back, took a pipe from his pocket, filled, and lighted it. "I didn't know that we can do anything," he reflected. "I'll see if I can find any whiskey. That's a pack-bag under his head; give it here."

Luke gently raised the head and pushed the bag away, replacing it by the tent. "There," he said, laying the sufferer back. "Can you talk, Dad?"

Welcome opened his eyes again. After a time he moved his

head. His gaze fastened on Luke's face and he stared unblinkingly, while he struggled for his breath.

"Any whiskey?" Luke impatiently inquired.

Tracey passed a flask, and resumed his occupation of rummaging the pack-bag.

The liquor brought a momentary relief to the sufferer. "I'm cashin' in," he gasped. "Coon? She— where's she?"

"Home," Luke said; "home, Daddie; she'll be very grieved to hear of this. How did it happen? Why did you come here, of all times, after your exposure to the storm? She wanted you to return to the ranch, but you disappeared after the fighting. If I had not been so ill, she would have hunted you. Lately we all supposed you had gone on over the Range and were trading among the Leather Pants camps. Dont talk. Heres' another drink. Take all you want, Dad; it can't harm you . . . I'll tell Coon."

Tracey straightened himself with an oath. "Nothing there," he said, kicking the bag. "Not a cent. What in hell has he done with it?" He approached and put his hand under Welcome's head.

"See," Luke murmured, "he's drowsy. He isn't groaning audibly now, and his breath seems easier. That's right; hold his head higher, and I'll give him the rest of the whiskey."

Tracey complied. "No gold in the sack and none under here," he commented. "I wonder what he did with it? That is, if he— Hello, Welcome!" he said, sharply, "listen to me. Are you the man who mined out this gulch?"

Welcome swallowed the last of the whiskey, and drew a long breath. "Yes," he gasped. "Got it all—now. All done. Ain't any more. Every summer—came here instead of trading like I said I did—worked all summer—that's what—what I was doing when they thought—I was a pedlar."

Tracey laid the head on the pillow and laughed harshly. "Buncoed!" he exclaimed; "and the fools thought he was crazy! What did you do with the money, Welcome? What good was it to you? What use under heaven could you put it to?"

"For my son," Welcome said. "I—cached it all for my son. I remember now that's what it was for—my son. I used to wonder why I was hiding it, but I know now. Tell him to find the cache."

"Cache? Where? where?" Tracey cried. "Lord God, he's got it all hidden. It'll be ours yet, Winne; we'll share this time. "Where? where? where? Where did you cache it? Quick, Welcome, tell us before you go out. Isn't there any more whiskey?" he cried. "Winne, for God's sake find more whiskey or he will die before he tells us; Welcome, man, wake up; listen! Where did you hide it?"

"For my son," Welcome gasped again.

"Yes, yes, he will get it. Tell me, so I may tell him. I'll hunt him up and see that he gets every cent. Hurry, Winne!" he cried over his shoulder. "The fool will die before he can tell us. Dammit, there must be more whiskey!" he almost screamed. "It's a fortune! Where, Welcome, where? We will tell your son. Hurry, man, before you die."

"Cub," Welcome said, sleepily. "Cub. I began putting it there three years after the lynching—just three years after. That long ago. Cub. Give it to—Robbie; my son Robbie; I always loved him. The thought of him's been a great comfort to me when I could remember. He crowed like a good fellow, he did."

"Yes, but where in Cub? In Cub, you say. Quick! Remember, you're dying. Where in Cub?"

"Flood," Welcome panted, struggling to enunciate. "Came—flood—landslide—buried—don't know where—don't know where. All gone—horses, houses, whiskey, grub, theater, wife—everything that gold buys—all gone. Robbie will starve!" He shut his eyes and lay strangling.

"Have you found the whiskey?" Tracey groaned, springing to his feet. "He's loco again. The liquor would fetch him around. It's all buried! We must find out where."

Suddenly he saw two men in the gulch below.

"Macdonald and Creede," Luke said, as he, too, caught sight of the prospectors. "Fetch them here. They may be of help. They may know of something to do." He waived his hat and beckoned.

Tracey, without a glance at Welcome, rushed down the hill. "Keep him alive," he called back to Luke. "I'll get whiskey."

The Chicagoan watched the racing figure; he saw the others take alarm and run toward it, and he saw the prospectors meet, turn, and all three come pelting, with ballooning shirts and flying hair.

They reached the crest out of breath, but the wild stampede toward the camp was checked when Winne approached them bare-headed.

"Not——?" Tracey questioned.

Luke nodded.

"Didn't——tell?"

"He told nothing. Died while I was watching you leave. I did not notice."

Tracey broke into a flood of curses.

"That's what prospectin' does for a feller," Creede panted. And, baring his head, he stepped forward. "Do we know him?" he asked. "Who was he? Tracey just said a pneumonia man was dyin' after havin' worked out the Fabulous. Did he——" Creede stopped beside the body, and his face went yellow, his hat fell from his hand.

"Welcome!" Macdonald marveled. "We've been huntin' him

everywheres. Since Scammel told Creede somethin' about this man, Creede's been anxious to meet up with him, but he wouldn't tell why. Said it wasn't our bus'ness. Well, you've met him, Creede."

Creede turned. "Trace?" he questioned. "Did you know?"

"Know what? About the mine? What are you driving at?"

"Come away," Creede said, as he took Tracey's arm. "I don't know how to tell you. Scammel said,—when we lynched him, he said,— Well, you know about the Musgroves. Old man Dan'l, he wasn't lynched; he went loco, and they let him hike—'That's him!'" Creede jerked a thumb over his shoulder. "That's what Scam told me. Welcome never knew exactly who he was, but Scammel recognized him from the first. Scam always knew Welcome was Crazy Musgrove. Yeh, that's him—your pa!"

Tracey gurgled in his throat inarticulately.

"He—Musgrove—Uncle Dan?" Luke babbled.

"No one knew it but Scam," Creede repeated. "Yeh, Dan'l K. Musgrove. That's him. That's how he happened to find the Fabulous, I guess. Didn't quite forget everything when he went loco. He was a smart one, but that's the way with crazy men. An' now he's sure gone dead."

Luke's brain whirled. Vividly, word by word and gesture by gesture, he remembered that last scene beside the dying prospector; he saw the son thievishly hunting for gold while the father gasped for air; he heard the son praying to the father for a clue to the buried treasure, promising to find Robbie and to give him his inheritance.

A dry sob filled Luke's body and shook him.

Tracey turned a dead face, broke from Creede, and walked to the corpse. He said nothing, but stood, staring, in a dumb stupor. He so stood while the men scraped a shallow grave in the wet earth above Fabulous Gulch; and then he was led passively to his camp. That night he tossed in the delirium of fever.

CHAPTER XX.

JUNE COMES.

Tracey, pale and drooping, sat beside his piney tent at the mouth of the left fork. June was beside him, with a hand laid on his shoulder. They had been talking, but a long, wordless time had passed in reflection and reverie when June removed her hand, and stood, and absently dusted her skirt. She turned her face from him.

"You understand, Bud," she said, "if you care to come to the ranch——"

"No," Tracey broke in as he drew a long breath and shook off his reverie. "No; under the circumstances I cannot, June. It is

impossible now. The gold was buried in Cub Creek, somewhere between the Buster trail and the old cabin, I have no doubt. Father cached it here—for me. I feel as if I must search for it. I don't want it, it would be bitter to me; but I must try to find it—. It is surely mine," he added after a pause.

"You will grow grey in the search," June said. "Yet I won't attempt to overpersuade you. You know best, no doubt, and with all our memories perhaps it is as well that you refuse to come. No doubt you could search for the gold to more advantage if you accepted my offer, but——. At least, you know that I have forgiven and forgotten everything?"

"Not forgotten, June; that would be impossible. And I must thank you, not only for what you have just said, but for what you did for me, or attempted to do for me, when we were hunting the Fabulous. If I am not rich now, it is not your fault. But we must not talk of that," he hastened to add, "nor think of it. I must not think of that." He took her hand. "There is no quarrel between us," he continued; "there never was, there never could be. You are in nowise responsible for your fathers' actions; even for your sake. I can freely forgive him. Doubtless he was led wrong by Scammel; doubtless he repented often and helplessly. It isn't that, believe me. But you must believe me, knowing my heart as you know it. If it were not for what you have said about my cousin, I could still think that you are mistaken in your feelings, and that it is merely a remembrance of the dead wrong that keeps us apart. But knowing that you have put old things by, I can only think that I am at fault. At least, you believe that I sincerely wish you well?"

"I do. I understand your feelings better than you suppose. I hope you find the cache, but I know it to be impossible, and after a time you will know it, too. You will leave, and begin again out yonder." She waved her hand south. "Unless you come to the ranch."

"After your confession that is doubly out of the question," he said. "And now, shall it be good-bye?"

"As you wish." She gave him both hands; and, as they so stood, Smudge came down the gulch and ran toward them, waving his hat.

"Got him! got him!" Smudge yelled. "He sure can't run into a gopher hole this time, Miss June; we've got him pocketed."

June hastily withdrew her hands, and turned a red face. "What are you talking about?" she snapped.

Smudge stopped and scratched an ear while he stole a glance at Tracey. "I reckon you know?" he suggested.

"Yes, she knows," Tracey said. A tremor shook him, and he choked. "I supposed you had come because of that," he added.

"I knew it could not be because you heard I was ill. I was the excuse, I suppose. No matter. But that is why I could not go to the ranch."

June's face grew rosier. She nodded. "Come, Smudge," she said. "Or no, perhaps you can help Mr. Tracey. I'll see you when I return, Robert."

"Not if I can pack my animals in time," Tracey muttered under his breath. "Yes, help me, Smudge, that's a good fellow. Besides, I don't think you are wanted up there. Good-bye, June."

"Good-bye," June responded, but her voice was dreamy, and her thoughts were elsewhere. She left at once and entered Fabulous Gulch. At the flat, she saw two men far ahead of her, moving over the ground. Nearer at hand was a green lean-to, where a bright fire jumped, and, as she looked, one came out of the shelter, hesitated, staring, and then ran toward her.

"You—June—Miss Downing!" he cried, with radiant face. "You came because of my cousin? Of course, you saw him? He is much better. Quite well. We were afraid of brain-fever at the first, and that is what has kept me here. I didn't like to leave until I knew him in good hands." He paused, studying her, and the brightness died from his face. "May I—congratulate you?" he asked, awkwardly. "I see that—that it has happened as I could wish. Ah, your face betrays you, Miss June."

June laughed in embarrassment, fingered a ribbon, and stood, looking everywhere but at Luke.

"Is it there that Daddie is buried?" she asked, pointing.

"Yes; you can see the mound of stones. It is some such a solitary and magnificent place that I should like for my sepulchre. After this I will not be able to understand how men can bear to be crowded together in cemeteries, shoulder to shoulder, feet to feet, with only monumntal stones for scenery overhead. I don't think—now—that I could rest in comfort there. But here a man's soul should be quiet and at peace, more like the great nature that surrounds his tomb—that is his tomb."

"And yet," June said, "you were thinking of going back to the city, Luke?"

"I must, of course. But I shall miss the hills. I fear I cannot be contented again in civilization. I shall always long for the hills and—for the hills."

"I didn't answer your question," June blurted out. "No, you may not congratulate me. Not yet. I had a talk with Robert, too. I offered him Mr. Scammel's place as foreman of our ranch until he felt more like doing something for himself again. But he refused. He wishes to hunt for his father's cache. He has some crotchets about its being his duty to find what his father wished

him to have. I think he has a vague notion of doing something with the money—something charitable or grand, that will serve as a memorial to Daddie Welcome.”

“I’ve had a talk with him,” Luke said, half to himself. “I see that he doesn’t understand as yet. He thinks you offered him charity.”

“Well, so I did,” she answered with another embarrassed laugh.

Luke sighed. “He must be very dull,” he said.

“Oh, it runs in the family,” she flashed.

“I understand better every day why you hate riches,” Luke continued, engrossed with his own thoughts. “Look there, now.” He pointed to the two distant men moving over the widened, muddy bed of the creek. “This place has been worked out completely, and yet those fellows—Macdonald and Creede—cannot tear themselves away. The wash holds them like a magnet. They dig and sweat and prospect and curse all day long, and far into the night. They work like demons, and for what? Merely to learn that the gold is gone. They know it’s gone, too. Yet they say, ‘Oh, maybe there’s a few pockets somewhere.’”

June also was engrossed with her own thoughts, and she hardly followed his words. “There was another reason why I wished Robert to have the mine,” she breathed. “I thought it hardly fair that—that—that—he should have nothing.” She stopped abruptly and stood trembling.

“I understood long ago. I knew it wasn’t the gold you wanted, but merely justice. You were right, wholly; you are always right. He must become your foreman at once. Then he may search for the cache at leisure. And then, too—”

June stamped her foot. “I shall not offer it him again,” she said. “I didn’t want him to have it anyhow. It was merely charity, as I’ve said before. I don’t want him near me. I want to forget him. I—want—want to forget he ever existed. He asked me to marry him, but I refused that at once, and that was why he would not take the place I offered.”

Luke whirled, white-lipped, and stared. “He asked you—?”

“Yes,” June turned away. “Luke,” she said over her shoulder, “what year is this?”

Luke stepped toward her, hesitated, and bit his lip. The trivial question brought him to a halt, and the color returned to his face. “I don’t believe I understand,” he faltered.

“What day is today?”

“Friday, isn’t it? Why?”

“But the year?” She cleared her throat, looked about again, and dug at the wet soil with her boot-toe. She was embarrassed, confused, and in the pause even her forehead crimsoned. Then, sud-

denly, in a rush of words, "I mean, is it leap-year?" She stopped with a gasp.

"Leap-year?" All at once Luke shouted in comprehension. "June! June!"

They were standing in the same spot when Smudge came upon them.

"Well!" Smudge said, and broke into chuckling merriment. "Got a foreman for the ranch, Miss June?"

"No," June said, "an owner."

"A very dull one," Luke smiled, "but he won't be the worse for that."

"I think not," June reflected. "A rather dull man is the best kind of a—foreman. And he is dull, Smudge. But don't you dare say he is."

"No'm, I won't; though if I'd been him, I'd 'a' been married 'way back in the beginning when you first fell in love with him. Why, shucks, a blind mule would 'a' known more'n he knew. That night when you two was gassin' in the lib'ary I knew it was all up with Trace and Dow. But I ain't saying' nothin'. I'm like Mr. Luke." He winked. "Say," he said, "let's mosey home an' tell the old lady. Seh'll be plumb loco. Once she came pritty near tellin' you what you'd better be doin', Mr. Luke, but she backed down. An', after all, nobody had to tell you."

Winne laughed ringingly. "I wouldn't have believed," he said, "I was a monomaniac. I'm not capable of more than one idea at a time; but I have an idea now, Smudge, that will last me the remainder of my life. And, as you suggest, we'd better go home and tell the old lady."

(The End.)



THE MYSEERY OF LAKE GLEN

By NINETTA EAMES.



T was after sundown in October when the stage drew up before the adobe walls of the Camulos, and the next moment Archie and I were shaking hands and fairly blubbering with joy at meeting. I recall the pang I felt at seeing how haggard and old he had grown in the two years since we parted, and I fancied there was a nervous strain in his laugh and the eagerness with which he parried any direct allusion to himself.

We were gay enough, however, when after a glass of fragrant Camulos wine and a hasty lunch which we ate standing, we turned our horses from the luxuriant orchards of this famous casa, and cantered down the road stretching westward through interminable reaches of dead mustard, the gray stocks so close and tall they formed an impenetrable screen to the dusky landscape beyond the few feet of trail. For more than an hour we kept up an easy gait through this delicate network of branches, the beat of our horses' hoofs, muffled by the dust, giving a rhythmic tone to the animated conversation. At intervals we crossed arroyos whose faded willows furnished a roost for flocks of buzzards, that complained hoarsely at the intrusion ere settling again heavily in the blackest shadows of the trees. From the nearing foothills, we heard the irascible yelpings of coyotes in the probable forage of some neighboring sheep camp. Archie came to a halt and stood up in his stirrups.

"I think here's the place we should strike across the river," he said, and with the word I followed his abrupt turn to the south. Our animals treading daintily a swath of pipy, snapping stems which now and again switched us a stinging rap on the cheek. A few minutes of this spiteful confusion and we plunged into the wide, dry bed of the Rio de Santa Clara, where a refreshing breeze cleared our eyes and throats from the smother of dust. We walked the horses a full mile through the sandy bottom with its clumpy growths of yerba santa and Indian arrow-timber, and climbed the opposite bank with never so much as a glimpse of stream or pool. An arid channel in Summer but a formidable flood in the rainy season, Archie told me.

On through sage and chaparral we advanced single-file, a full moon checkering the trail that led to the deeper seclusion of the mountains. The sublime hush of the scene grew apace and with it an indescribable sense of unreality and mystery. Such colossal summits upthrust to the white heavens, I had never seen! By our side yawned a frightful chasm, gorged to the rim with the intense black of invisible forests. In places the stirless tops of the trees

brushed our narrow path, and at every step we heard the ominous sliding of earth loosened by our horses' hoofs. On and ever steeply ascending, at times dashing headlong into a shadowed gap where the spectral sycamore flung out blanched arms, or giant live-oaks set themselves in our way, the beasts picked their footing on the verge of a promontory. I took in dizzily the inky abyss on my left and broke out amazedly:

"I say, old boy, is this a trap you have set to scare me to death, or do you mean me to understand that you and Marjory have only this devil's trail between you and the outer world?"

Archie gave an amused chuckle.

"Oh, it isn't so bad when you once get used to it! You ought to have seen the mules packing up our household stuffs. I never saw Marjory nervous but once, and that was when Balaam slid fifty feet with the cook stove strapped to his back. It is a queer sort of life, but for a stock range, it beats all Southern California."

Coming into a patch of moonlight, we saw directly in front a massive chalk-stone cliff boldly defined in a gleaming semi-circle high above us. In its shadow we paused to rest the panting horses, and I looked back through the silvered night on a world of peaks with summits pricking the heavens. The stillness was infinite—a sublime, lighted silence with faint interruptions—the rustle of withered grasses and the trickling of rivulets of granulate soil to our feet.

Suddenly a cry pierced us from the topmost jut of the pallid cliff—a cry the strangest, most unacanny that I ever heard. It mingled at once the sweetest notes of the human with the fierce plaintiveness of a night-stalking beast of prey. I stammered my wonderment but won no reply from my companion. He had reined in his horse and for a little while listened, his gaze fixed on the farthest rim of cliff. The moon, shining directly on the upraised face, revealed it pale to ghastliness. In a moment, however, he recalled himself with an impatient sigh, and whistling shrilly was instantly answered by a repetition of the weird call. He spoke with curious hesitancy.

"It is Ninon—my wife. I suppose I ought to have written you of my marriage, but it was all over so quickly that somehow I never got around to it. When you wrote that you were coming, I thought the news could wait your arrival."

I was so astonished that I fear I made sorry work of my congratulations. Besides it hurt—this withholding of confidence from whatsoever reason when we had shared secrets since boyhood! I think, however, that I betrayed no hint of wounded feeling, for Archie went on less constrainedly, giving we details of the happening with affectionate warmth. They had been married but two

months, he and Ninon, and it had all come about naturally enough, he said. Her father was a brokendown actor, Jules Rantaine, which may or may not have been his real name. Anyway, the poor fellow evinced traces of French ancestry and culture, and was unmistakably a gentleman in spite of seedy clothes and nomadic habits. The father and daughter had stopped over at the Camulos, and while resting a couple of days in these tropical gardens, Archie happened in on business with the worthy Don Ygnacio del Valle, the host of the casa. Rantaine had already set his heart upon trying the climate of the Tapo mountains, and Archie, with Ninon's pleading eyes upon him, was quick to offer the hospitality of his lakeside retreat. The ride from the casa must have been too severe a strain on the invalid's enfeebled constitution, for within a few hours after his arrival at the glen, he was seized with violent hemorrhage and before day dawn, breathed his last in his daughter's arms.

"You see the situation," Archie continued in a lowered voice as an elbow of cliff brought into view a moon-kissed lakelet and lights twinkled through near trees. "Ninon was orphaned and without kin or means of support. The gold pieces found in the dead man's purse did not cover the expense of the body's interment in the San Buenaventura Mission, and—well, I married her the day of the funeral. Other men have been that mad with love, and you will not wonder when you have seen Ninon."

It pleased me to the heart to note how tenderly he lingered on the pretty foreign name, and with a fervent "God bless you!" I pressed the hand he extended. We had dismounted in a corral and a Mexican, carrying a lantern, took our bridles with a courteous, "Buenas noches, Señores," as he led off the sweating beasts. A huge mastiff bounded from the stables and fell upon Archie in extravagant welcome.

"Down, Turk—you rascal!"

But despite the command he fairly hugged the brute in return; he was always a great lover of dogs and this was an uncommonly fine specimen of the breed. As we passed through a wicket gate a light form sprang from the greenery and clung to Archie's breast, and Marjory, the old nurse and housekeeper, stepped from an open doorway and greeted me, quite as motherly as though I were still a lad come home from the holidays. The lovers followed us into a primitive house and it was not until we stood in the cheerful sitting-room that my friend presented his bride.

To say I was surprised by the extraordinary appearance of the girl but faintly conveys the bewilderment of my senses. I have never before or since seen a beauty the least resembling hers. Indeed, there was that in her face which inclined me to think a unique type

of woman had its beginning and end in this one striking instance. The tawny, satiny skin was hardly a shade lighter than the rich waves of hair falling loosely back from a forehead singularly low and narrow. And her eyes, except for a slight obliquity in their setting, were the loveliest imaginable—a kind of topaz green with long, full lids whose thick bronze lashes veiled the dazzlement of their glances. The exquisite femininity of the nose and chin gave me a thrill, soon lost, however, in the startling whiteness and sharpness of the small teeth gleaming through thin, smiling lips as scarlet as the geranium at her belt. When our hands met in greeting, I remember thinking there was something disagreeably electric in her touch.

In my opinion, from the moment of meeting, there was no love lost between Archie's wife and myself. While I frankly marveled at the enchantment of her face and rare grace of figure, there was yet some innate quality of character that repelled and puzzled me. The most hypercritical guest could have found no fault with her courteous demeanor, nor failed to admire the charming tact with which this child-wife adapted herself to rude surroundings. One could not readily judge of her mind, for I never knew a woman talk less than Ninon. This I found myself regretting because of the seductive sweetness of her voice.

As the days went on, I became convinced that my friend loved his wife to the full depth of his ardent nature; and yet he certainly was not happy. For the life of me I could not tell if she returned his devotion though her manner toward him was always caressing. As for faithful old Marjory, she adored her young mistress, and her chief trouble appeared to be that Turk, the mastiff, would not make friends with the young wife and so insure her his protection when she chose to walk by herself.

"I don't know as anything 'll hurt the pretty dear," solicitiously gazing over her spectacles at the vanishing form of Ninon, "but Mr. Archie's always telling me not to 'low her to go off alone 'cause of the wild critters hereabout. But lan' sakes—an old woman like me can't be traipsin' after bits o' shiny rocks an' flowers to say nothin' 'bout the work to do insde 'n' out! She don't seem afeard though the wild cats is drefful bold o late, an' I'd feel a sight more comf'tible if the dog went along. It beats all how he shows his teeth an' growls the minute he sees her an' she so soft spoken to everybody!"

When the good woman paused for breath, I offered to hunt up Mrs. Archie, adding that I should like nothing better than a walk now the day was cooling. Marjory nodded delightedly, and, taking my gun, I strode whistling through her posy bed, crossed the corral and mounted the chalky cliff so picturesquely revealed on my first

night's ride up the mountains. I knew this particular point to be Ninon's favorite observatory and often myself strolled there to command a bird's eye view of the trail leading down, and the far stretch beyond of the Santa Clara valley with its walls of lofty summits. I could discern no farm or habitation, only concentrated dust-colored patches of sheep on the foothills, and, on skyey slopes opposite, herds of cattle grazing or filing leisurely down to springs in wildwood ravines. It was a matchless picture—this mountain wilderness and sweep of valley below, seen from high regions of sunset glory!

Reluctantly turning my back upon the scene, I sauntered along the ridge where I had last seen Ninon's figure outlined on the crimsoning west. From this elevation there was an entrancing outlook of the calyx hollow wherein Archie had built his rustic dwelling. Beyond its rose-wreathed porch was a stately grove of Druid oaks, their black boles marshalled to the very rim of a tiny lake flashing its silver mirror in an oval of bayoneted reeds. Some wild geese made shining trails across its unrippled surface, their gentle sailing, but deepening the sense of grateful sequestration.

The opposite bank of the lake ran up into a precipitous wall suggestive of a mountain cleft in twain, its loosened half having settled down in the gorge and leaving exposed this core of living water. This alpine lakelet, set nest-like in the higher branches of the cañon and fed by unseen springs, was known to but few hunters and stockmen in Southern California. Archie had told me that so far he had not found bottom although he had sounded thirty feet. He had stocked it with fish and made a skiff which no inducement could make Ninon enter.

"I do not like the lake—it is so deep and cold," she would say with a shiver.

Naturally, therefore, I did not seek the lake border for her truant steps but kept on up the cañon through gigantic sycamores and vernal bowers of wild walnuts. I heard the rich, soft call of mountain quail and at once, with a whirr of wings, the whole covey were in sight. On the instant I pulled the trigger. There followed a wild flutter of wings and when the smoke cleared, to my amazement an enormous forest cat sprung across the opening and disappeared in the thicket margining the ravine. I managed to send a charge of birdshot after him and was hastily reloading with buckshot with the intention of pursuit, when a hand clutched my arm.

"Don't shoot—don't you dare do it!"

It was Ninon but hardly recognizable, her every feature focused to sharp fierceness, the pupils of the yellow eyes narrowed frightfully and her words fairly hissed through a flash of feline teeth. I took

her hand with the natural desire to reassure one whom I believed half crazed with fear.

"All right, Mrs. Winston. The lion is more scared than we. He must have been crouching in the very bushes you just left."

She eyed me furtively, her excitement subsiding under my quiet until she spoke naturally.

"Forgive me—I *was* horribly startled! But please don't tell Archie. He worries so when I walk alone and he is away so many days." The last with pretty appeal in glance and voice.

I gave the required promise though I confess that it was against my cooler judgment. At this she seemed altogether her graceful self and fell to helping me pick up the dead quail scattered about the underbrush. One of the birds, hampered by a broken wing and leg, was in hiding when the girl pounced upon it with the swiftness of thought. Her fingers closed upon its throat till its beak fell agape, and laughing exultantly, she handed me the dead thing without sign of pity.

Small as was this act of cruelty, it filled me with mild detestation of the beautiful creature walking on by my side, her eyes wide and amused like a child's. Yet I noted with delight the color come and go in her soft cheeks, the sheeny unbound hair undulating with every motion of the lithsome form, but more than all else those green-gold eyes wondrous in their shadowless luster. I believed her unconscious of the fact that neither of us spoke a word during the entire way homeward, though I was far from attributing her silence to intentional neglect. I thought at the time—and later reflection but accentuates this impression—that speech of any kind was arbitrary to her and no wise the spontaneous expression of her singular individuality. At the most, her usual part in conversation, was a brief answer to a direct question, and even this was avoided when she could substitute some charming, pantomimic sign.

That night I was awakened from a troubled dream by the frantic barking of Turk. He had evidently treed some animal in the grove, and I supposed Manuel, the herder, had gone to investigate, for I heard a quick succession of shots. I was drawing on my trousers with the intention of joining the fracas, when a queer sound reached me through the thin partition separating Archie's room from mine. Some one was assuredly scuffling or fighting within, and with I know not what dread turning me cold, I rapped smartly on the door. I heard Archie pantingly call my name, and the next instant I was in the room and taking part in an appalling struggle between husband and wife. Ninon, half nude and sprinkled with blood, was partly off the bed, her round brown arms fastened like bands of steel around Archie's waist, her lips hideously curled back from the sharp teeth meeting through the flesh of his arm. It was horrible,

the glare of those hot, xanthic eyes fixed upon him and the ghastly ooze of blood and froth from his tearing muscles! Instinctively I thrust my face before hers, intercepting and holding that demoniac stare, and speaking sternly as to an enraged brute. At the same time I managed to pry open the relaxing jaws whereupon Archie fell back half fainting. A baffled snarl from the beast-like creature, and she bounded up with the agility of a cat. Her strength was no match for mine, and I held her by force, my tone relentless in command. A minute of futile resistance, and the tension of her limbs gave way, the livid, convulsive countenance resumed its wonted aspect of youth and innocence, the eyes closed like a tired child's and her regular breathing denoted that she slept.

I looked at Archie and the frozen horror and grief of his face almost unmanned me.

"How often has she been this way?" I asked, putting an arm about his shoulders.

"A number of times, but never so violent," he returned brokenly. "She will sleep right on now through the night and remember nothing of this."

"My dear Archie," I began nervously, "you must consult a physician. It may be necessary to—to use temporary restraint."

He moistened his trembling lips and his haggard eyes looked unflinchingly into mine.

"I know what you mean, but I am sure she is not insane. It is something yet more terrible. Good God——" he broke off desperately, "I dare not think of it!"

He was unable to proceed, and thinking it best not to encourage him to talk in his present over-wrought mood, I helped dress his arm which yet bled profusely. Then at his earnest request I left him alone with his still sleeping wife.

As Marjory's room was off the kitchen and she was somewhat hard of hearing, the tragic occurrence of the night escaped her knowledge as on previous occasions. At breakfast I thought Ninon could never have appeared so lovable nor her beauty so transcendent in its glowing color and freshness. It would have taken a keener perception than mine to discover the faintest consciousness in her of aught that had occurred and I regarded her persistently throughout the meal. Archie, poor fellow, was pale and distraught and made but sorry pretense of eating, giving as excuse the return of one of his old headaches.

Several days intervened and as Archie purposely avoided any allusion to his wife's strange malady, I began to half question if I had dreamed a nightmare, so idyllic did life present itself on these isolated heights. I was oftenest in the saddle with my friend who showed himself efficient in the management of stock, his

herds numbering hundreds of head of American cattle and horses. One morning he made a trip alone to the valley, Ninon watching him down the trail from her perch on the cliff. Afterwards I noticed her swinging in a hammock under the great oaks near the water. As I passed on my way for a tramp, I was keenly aware of the feline grace of the girl, the long, slow stretching of her limbs in the sunshine and the luxurious nesting of her cheek in one soft, pink palm. To all appearance she did not see me, but I felt rather than saw the stealthy observance of those inscrutable eyes and stepped freer when beyond their range.

It was glorious weather, the sun resting goldenly on the summits, a blithe wind tumbling the boughs of the trees, and the far away fall of a stream lending a cadence to the haunting murmurs of the solitude. Thinking I discerned deer huddling in the shade of scrub oaks across a gorge, I did some hazardous scrambling to reconnoiter. Two nights before it had rained and the ground was still wet in the swales. While searching for tracks of deer, I came upon those of a mountain lion and not two feet away and running parallel, the foot prints of a woman or half grown child. I knew of no one inhabiting these wilds but Archie's household, and immediately the thought of Ninon was uppermost; she alone could have come here since the rain. The remarkable association of the tracks, spurred me on to follow until both the woman and the lion seemed to have stopped before an opening in the rocks. Pulling aside the chaparral, I found myself peering curiously into a shallow cave, the floor strewn with the bones of animals, and two brownish, spotted cubs rolling about like kittens.

With a lively realization of the danger of my situation, I was about precipitating a retreat when I caught sight of a jeweled something half buried in the gravel. Snatching it up it proved to be a quaintly carved necklace that I had often seen ornamenting Ninon's shapely throat. I hastily thrust it into my pocket and was backing out from the den when a threatening growl caused me to raise my eyes to the tree outside, and there within forty feet of the ground, what was evidently the mother of the cubs, was lashing her tail furiously and gathering her bristling bulk for a spring. Instantly my gun went to my shoulder and I fired. A cry of rage, a glimpse of a white belly in midair and four spreading legs with distended claws, and I leaped aside and again fired. This time the bullet crushed the skull of the beast as she was crouching for a second attack. I must say it was a relief to see the tawny body stiffen in death, and having no notion just then of meeting her avenging mate, I left the carcass and speeded down the guttered ridge until a good mile was between me and those motherless cubs.

Meanwhile my mind was hard pressed with the problem of finding the necklace in that savage haunt. It was hardly believable that the girl had visited the den and come away uninjured, and yet how could one account for the tracks and the beads among its ghastly relics! A dread of something monstrous and incredible struggled with my reason and it was with augmented distrust that I approached the young wife later. She was pacing the twilight aisles of the grove, the summer stuff of her gown contrasting exquisitely with the somber foliage of the oaks. With an assumption of pleasantry, I held out the necklace.

"Guess where I found it, Mrs. Winston."

The topaz eyes had a glint of cunning and a secretive pucker drew in the scarlet lips. She answered evasively,

"Thank you. I was so sorry to have lost them. They were dear papa's last gift."

My eyes held hers unflinchingly and I spoke with an emphasis she could not fail to mark.

"This afternoon I traced your steps to the lair of a mountain lion. I found your beads in the bones heaped there. Pardon my asking if you were there yesterday?" Adding gravely, "I feel it my duty to inform your husband of your reckless disregard of danger. Fortunately I killed the mother of the cubs else I should not be alive to warn you."

At this the face of the girl underwent the same revolting change I had twice before witnessed. The pupils of her eyes contracted to points of flame, her teeth were outrageously prominent and the long, trembling fingers unsheathed like claws. Then without a word, she fled and I stood as if rooted to the spot, the vague horror before experienced, returned doublefold. I no longer doubted that some uncanny force was at work in this woman, the solution of which could not fail to bring unsupportable anguish to the man that was dearer to me than a brother. Profoundly imbued with this conviction, I passed out of the darkening grove and up the path where I met Archie coming from the corral. He looked more than usually depressed and I had not the heart to add to his burdens by any new suspicion of his wife. After he had rested and slept it was my firm determination to talk openly of what lay heavy on the minds of both.

By an unexpected coincidence, it was Archie himself who made the way for this confidence. It was two hours after sunrise the following morning that he and I were riding over the range looking for a missing colt when Turk called our attention to the half-devoured carcass of the yearling. Archie fell into a tempest of wrath, storming at such a rate that Turk, erect on his haunches, quivered and whimpered in sympathy. I, who knew the heart of my

friend, sensed the undercurrent of his thought before he voiced it.

"I tell you, Fred, I've got to exterminate every one of the cat kind on the ranch or leave the accursed place before I'm a month older," he announced hoarsely. "Hardly a week but Manuel or I shoot or trap a lion or wildcat, and if we could once rid ourselves wholly of these infernal devils, I might be able to breath freely again."

There was concentrated passion in his words—such manifest anguish of spirit that I spoke then and there, and he listened with strained attention, his chilled hand gripping mine for we had dismounted and seated ourselves on ground under the umbrella-like shade of an elderberry.

"I knew it must come sooner or later, Fred," with a shuddering sigh. "I tried to tell you that night but——" His voice failed and he looked away. A moment and then he began more steadily.

"We had not been married more than a week before I noticed queer things about her. One day, for instance, Turk showed more than his usual antipathy to her and I spoke to him so sharply that he slunk off under the table. Shortly after I happened to glance across at Ninon and saw that which struck me cold. She was bent slightly forward, her gaze unwinkingly fixed on the dog's and a menacing bristle to her brows and hair—nay, her whole body—impossible to describe. I have seen her thus affected a dozen times since and I doubt not you have also observed it."

I assented and he went on.

"Manuel killed a wildcat one afternoon and I called Ninon to see it. She ran to me joyously but the moment she saw the dead cat, her face changed shockingly. Despite my horror of her look, I tried to take her in my arms, but her nails tore at my hands and she broke from me like one demented and ran under cover of the woods. I hurried after, thinking she was seized with some violent nervous disorder. When half through the grove I saw her coming smilingly toward me, not a trace of displeasure about her. To my agitated inquiry as to what was the matter, she put up her lips to be kissed and fell to rubbing her cheek softly against my sleeve—a purring caress common to her. Some instinct kept me from pressing her confidence, although her conduct was an enigma. I was sure it did not arise from fear or disgust of the animal, for only the day before she had watched Manuel through the entire process of skinning a bear.

"A couple of nights later a thing occurred that threw some light upon the subject. We had retired and I thought my wife asleep when a mountain lion set up a screaming close to the house. I was used to this sort of serenade and was just dozing off when I became aware that Ninon was guardedly slipping out of bed

and moving cautiously to the door which she warily unlatched. I was by her side on the instant and tenderly urging her to stay with me. She hung back mute and finally reluctantly allowed me to half lead half carry her to the bed. Fred, I never slept a wink that night and I solemnly declare that whenever we heard the fierce cry of that wild beast outside, Ninon was irresistibly impelled to go to it. I felt it then while tightly clasping her, and I have felt it many a tortured night since before and after I had ocular proof of the certainty of my impression. Once I awakened in a cold sweat, and found my worst fears realized; she was gone from my side. There was not a second's doubt in my mind where I should find her. Throwing on my dressing gown, I sped noiselessly to the grove, stopping in the first copse to listen. The moon spread a broad road of light between me and the denser forest. Suddenly there came from the trees into the open space a sight that froze my blood. Ninon in her straight white gown walked in the flooding moonshine and beside her, slaving her hand, and caressing her with his full supple length, stalked an immense lion. When a few rods from me, the beast sent up a cry for its mate; and Fred, as sure as God hears me, Ninon gave the same cry twice, thrice—so like the savage scream of the panther, that I defy any man to have told the difference! At once there was an answering call and a superb female bounded into the light and then the three—that fair, smiling girl and those sleek devils of cats—began a hellish gamboling that snapped my brain and I fell heavily with the shriek men give when life is struck out.

“They tell me Manuel and Marjory rushed out to find Ninon crouching weeping by my insensible form and apparently too terrified to explain how we came there. They carried me in and for three days I raved in delirium, saying no word but her name and that over and over again.”

“But afterwards—when you were well—did you not question her—tell her what you had seen?”

“I did both but with no satisfactory results. I forced myself to relate to her what I had witnessed—the whole hideous orgy in the moonlight—but the impassive smile never left her lips. ‘It was the fever,’ she reiterated, and I desisted from very discouragement. I have been vigilant, however, since, and no night has she again escaped me. But I am confident that never a prowling cat or panther is about that she does not secretly attempt to join it. I am sometimes obliged to use physical force to keep her in and then she becomes what you saw when you came to our room that night—a creature with no human semblance. Marjory has orders to watch her during the day, but it is evident that Ninon has coaxed her over and that those hell cats are her frequent com-

panions. I who have seen her fellowship with them can no longer doubt that she is one of them. Think of it—my wife without heart or soul—a ravening beast clothed in that matchless body! Great God, Fred! It is enough to drive me mad.”

His face went down to his knees and his frame shook as with ague. I urged him to self-control, to hope, insisting that his view was against reason and experience.

“Who knows but this unnatural attraction is explainable on a mesmeric or a psychological basis? Get her away from this wilderness and try the effect of civilization. The many wholesome diversions of cultured living may wholly irradicate this abnormal tendency. Don’t despair of a cure. Get the best physicians to study the case.”

“I have thought of all this,” he returned earnestly, “and you may know not without hope, when I tell you that I am already bargaining to sell out my interests here. Yesterday I made a proposition to a man at the Camulos, and if he accepts my terms, we shall all be en route for San Francisco within two weeks.”

This was more encouraging than I had dared anticipate, and on our ride back, we went over the details of his plans, all of which it was easy to see centered upon his wife.

“If she can be cured, I will envy no man under the sun,” he avowed with mournful intensity.

Although I had put a cheerful color to his misfortune. I was far from believing it likely this human leopard could so easily “change its spots.” Everything about the girl, even those dreadful aberrations when bestiality or madness was uppermost, seemed inherently herself, the natural ebullition of an unnatural creature. The more I thought of it, the stronger grew my conviction that some prenatal shock or bias had doomed this anomalous being to an extraordinary duality of instincts, the human and the feline. It was certainly a case to perplex the subtlest metaphysician, and in all probability would lead to the consignment of the beautiful young thing to a mad house.

On the other hand, might not my friend be laboring under a hallucination as to that midnight rendezvous with mountain lions? Supposing this to be true, then all the rest—the girl’s idiosyncrosy in regard to these animals, her restlessness when they made themselves heard at night, the visit to the cave, in fact all that was mysterious about her personality, including those spells of unconscious ferocity, could not unreasonably be attributed to deep-seated cerebral derangement either constitutional or temporary. This view of the case was at least the more plausible, and had also the comfortable sanction of common sense and reason.

The remainder of the week we were in the saddle the greater

portion of daylight, showing the Los Angeles purchaser of the ranch over the range, looking up horses and cattle and otherwise settling affairs preparatory to leaving the place as soon as practicable. To all these arrangements, Ninon was sweetly acquiescent and I found myself wondering if her mind grasped anything beyond the immediate present. Never once did I get the impression that she was actually conscious of the fact that the ranch was sold and that they were all to go away. For hours she went about, following Archie and Marjory—the latter in a cheerful flurry of anticipation and hard work—helping them in a desultory fashion and often smiling absently to herself.

As memory dwells upon the picture she made those last days, moving softly here and there in her thin, flowery gown, I gladly set my pen to efface any false impression I may have given as to the kind of beauty lavished upon this ill-starred being. Despite the unhuman characteristics already emphasized, there was naught in her appearance that savored of coarse animality. On the contrary, one perceived in her person a pervading delicacy and refinement that made its appeal more to the soul than to the senses. In the unconscious loveliness of her face, the unstudied dishevelment of her hair and dress, the unaffected grace of the girlish form with its modest curves of newly acquired womanhood, I honestly protest there was no reminder of what she really was—the monstrous product of fate in league with omniscient Providence.

It was the afternoon of our last day at Lake Glen and nearing sundown when Archie became apprehensively aware that Ninon was nowhere about the promises. When last seen, she was swinging in a hammock under the liveoaks.

"It seems foolish, but I can not rid myself of the notion that something will happen before we leave this accursed spot! I never knew her to go off before when I was at home."

He hastily drew on his boots and shouldered his rifle. I offered to accompany him, but he proposed to make the search separately. Turk was peremptorily ordered back.

"She can not tolerate the dog," he said as we parted at the gate.

Soon I was climbing the trail to the upper springs, Turk following at a safe distance till an encouraging word from me brought him to my heels where he continued to trot contentedly. I felt no serious disquietude at this last escapade of Mrs. Archie's, so we proceeded leisurely, the dog and I, my face toward the golden sheaf of sun rays spreading in the west. The light struck flatly on the bald tops of the peaks, and flocks of shadows huddled in the shaggy hollows. At every step I drew in the immeasurable freedom of the landscape, its hundred mountain heads bared reverently to the infinitude of glowing sky!

I had tramped ahead for a quarter of an hour and was making a short cut across a chaparral jungle to avoid returning over the same ground, when my eyes plunged into a cup-like glade and I stood transfixed and thrilling, my hand mechanically closing on Turk's collar. On a smooth sward only a few rods distance, Ninon was standing with one arm on the neck of the largest mountain lion I had ever seen. The beast was quite motionless, his great head pressed against her knee and his supple body half concealed by her flowing drapery. Before this ill-assorted pair, two half-grown cubs wrangled in the tasseled grass.

A maze of exaggerated conjectures assailed me as I gazed spell-bound, the sunset filling an ineffable background to the strange group. The girl's exhilaration grew with the fiercer tumbling of the cats until, with a swift bound, she lit in their midst and began a fantastic pirouette, her dazzling face looking out from an amber cloud of hair, and her arms flung aloft or swaying about her slender waist like the floating ends of a scarf. Under her short swelling skirts, the small Andalusian feet twinkled in the mad whirling and spinning of the lithe form. Never had I beheld such abandonment of energy as in this wild, free creature dancing to the snarling accompaniment of the whelps! A veritable bacchante on the heights of Mount Maenalus!

During this frenzied exhibition, the old panther, with slow and dignified tread, marched about the radiant dancer, his lurid eyes fixed upon her while the quivering oscillation of the long tail betrayed his latent zest in the game. Horrified yet fascinated by the unparalled spectacle, I was cudgeling my brain to devise the best means to break up the unholy revel and return the girl to her husband, when the report of a gun cut sharply on my ears, and immediately the largest panther fell lifeless at Ninon's feet. At the same instant Archie staggered from the wood and paused irresolute a few yards from his wife. From my position I could not see his face, but for one breathless moment the two stared dumbly at each other.

Meantime Turk tugged madly at his collar and at this crisis I let go. With a breakneck jump down the ledge the mastiff made after the scampering cubs. I, too, hastened to descend, an invincible terror urging me on. When yet a couple of rods away, and running at full speed, I saw Ninon slowly approach her husband and stop within several feet of him. At this he sprang aside and threw up his hands as if to ward her off. An incredible bound and she was at his throat and pinioning him with those lithe-like arms! Again and again he flung her from him, but with tigerish yells she renewed the attack, biting and scratching with tooth and nail. Her fingers were now claws and the fang-like teeth had a

cruel grip on Archie's cheek when I rushed to his aid. Instantly my hand closed on her fragile throat, and Turk, charging upon the scene, without a second's hesitation, clamped his iron jaws upon one tender arm.

The poor thing fell back uttering beast-screams of pain, her body writhing under her down-flooding mane of hair. Archie, maddened by her suffering and deaf to my entreaty, beat the dog off. Ere there was time to utilize what means I could muster to secure the demented creature, she broke from our united hold and with a swiftness I have never seen equalled by thing human, darted up the glen and was lost to sight.

When I would have given chase, to my consternation, Archie, bleeding from his wounds and overcome by the horror of the encounter, sank heavily to the ground. I tried every means to resuscitate him but to no avail, so I raised the spare, inert form and carried him in my arms to the top of the ridge and from there on to the house, stopping from time to time to rest. Marjory, stricken speechless by sight of the lifeless, blood-stained face, helped me to get him to bed and together we bathed the lacerated neck and face of the man we both loved, while I related briefly what had happened.

It was some minutes before we were rewarded by noting a fluttering of the pulse and faint respiration soon followed by the opening of Archie's eyes. But no light of recognition was in his vacant stare and he muttered disjointedly ere he sank into feverish sleep. Marjory wept as women will under lessened strain, but continued her tender ministration so effectively that I knew the staunch old soul could be relied upon for any further emergency. I bitterly regretted the absence of Manuel who had won permission from Archie that morning not to return to the ranch after he had transferred our baggage to the Camulos to await the morrow's stage. The shrewd-witted Mexican would have been an invaluable assistant in the present crisis. As it was, I had only Marjory to depend upon and night fast closing down.

Marjory insisted that I should take a bite of food and some hot tea before attempting anything further. While I made a pretense of eating, the dreary hush was broken by plaintive cries seemingly not a stone's throw from the window. Marjory's terrified eyes contained both a question and appeal; it was plain what she would fain have asked of me, for my own thoughts had not once let go of that hapless girl abroad in this mountain wild.

"All right, Marjory! Get your clothes line. I am going to bring her to the house if possible. But on no account must you let her in unless I am here. A dozen panthers were less dangerous!

Keep Turk indoors and lock the doors and windows when I am gone."

I took the rope she brought, and making a slipnoose in one end, ran my arm through the loose coils and hurried out, with the old woman sobbing a blessing after.

The night was dimly lit, for the moon had a drowning look behind scurrying clouds, and but few stars showed above the swinging tops of the trees. A melancholy wind swept furrows of dried leaves before me, and there was an electric crackle to the branches as they rasped against each other. At times a wandering leaf touched me like a warning finger, and I shivered at the stormy swish of a hawk's wings near my head. When I again heard the discordant cry, it sounded up from the lake on the peaky wall where no man's foot had set. I crept closer, the noisy furbishing of the wind dulling my footfall, until I cowered among the reeds belting the water.

Suddenly the maniacal scream came straight from overhead, and as if to show me the object of my search, the moon sailed out on a pool of sky. There was now no concealment of the lamentable figure running unevenly to and fro on a narrow rock shelf high over the clashing pipes of the reeds. It was a sight to break the heart—that frail young thing, naked to the waist chattering barbarously between frightful cries, the girlish arms brandished crazily above a torrent of hair streaming out on the wind and her torn skirts trailing on the stones! Alas, whatever misfortune was hers previous to this deplorable hour, she was now unmistakably mad!

It would have been worse than folly to risk her capture on that dizzy steep. I had the bare hope of inducing her to come down of herself.

"Ninon," I called, infusing into my voice both persuasion and command. It was pitiful to see the poor thing's terrified start as she crouched closed to the wall. Encouraged by so much recognition, I again spoke, stepping out from the shadow as I did so.

"Ninon, come down, please! Archie wants you."

The mention of his name caused one wavering little hand to flutter before her brow and to my dying day I shall not forget her look as she leaned far over the lip of the crag. And then—God forgive me if I were the cause! there was the rush of a flying form through the air, a soul-piercing shriek followed by a loud splash in the lake!

Half beside myself I sprang to the skiff and rowed desperately to where the circling ripples widened from the agitated pool at the base of the cliff. Hardly a minute had elapsed since I saw the body

sink in the very place where I now held my oars motionless while I peered miserably into the gloomy depths. Nothing was to be seen—no upturned face or hands supplicating—not even a tress of hair floating from the dead! I stared in blank dismay at the ponderous wall which had but now given footing to so much beauty and wretchedness, and then my smarting eyes again swept the unshadowed lake. Still nothing but the stir of the water under the lash of the wind and the bladed rustle of the glistening reeds. All at once this loveliest of mountain mirrors had become sinister and I longed to rid myself of it; nevertheless I set again to the oars, pulling now here, now there, crossing and recrossing from bank to bank, exploring every tiny cove and inlet, but always by some irresistible attraction returning to the fatal spot which had now the significance of a grave.

For nearly an hour I persevered in the search until a black squadron of clouds so compassed the heavens that there was hardly light enough to feel my way to the landing. So heavy had been the tax on nerve and muscle that I was dazed and exhausted, my clothes drenched with perspiration, and chilled to the bone I stumbled through the grove like one drunken. Marjory, after assuring herself that it was I, opened the door and steadied me to a chair. She must have read the truth in my face, for the tears furrowed her old cheeks as she poured me a glass of wine.

"Drink, dear heart, an' don't ye try to tell me now! I kin guess the poor deary's out of her misery, an' God o' marcy knows it for the bes'!"

I gasped out something about Archie, and her answered lifted a weight from my spirits.

"He's jest come to all right an' was askin' for ye, an' I tole him where ye'd gone. He tried to foller, but come nigh faintin' agin. Mebbe he heard ye come in an' thinks ye've fetched her back!"

I crossed the sitting-room hastily and went in to him. He had raised up and tossed aside the bandage from his face, leaving exposed the livid wound in his cheek. An agony of suspense was in the eyes that met mine, and with no sort of premise, I told him what had occurred in as few words as possible. He heard me without interruption, then said in a voice calmer than my own:

"Thank God! Better death a thousand times than such a life! Fred, dear boy, see that I get away from here to-morrow for I think—I think my heart is broken."

He lay back on the pillow, his poor scarred face turned to the wall, an overwhelming emotion breaking the bonds of his control. The great pity of it all—that being so hideous and yet so beautiful whom I had just seen self-plunged into eternity; my friend heart-wrung and weeping—pierced through and through me and it was no shame to my manhood that I, too, wept unrestrainedly.

SANTY'S

By MARY E. BIRDSALL.



HE was a striking type of the Chihuahua population of Southern California. Her unwieldy bulk and excessive swarthiness arrested the gaze of the beholder. She seemed a promising subject for my pencil, and I paused in my sketch of the adobe patio, which I was drawing by permission of the Mother Superior at the Orphanage, and made a brief study of her.

From my seat in the shaded pergola, I obtained a good view of the open laundry. The ponderous figure of the Mexican Señorita seemed to be emphasized by the slight form of her assistant, an ash-blonde wisp of a girl whom she addressed as Maggie. The latter busily sorted out the soiled clothing in heaps which the Señorita caught up with her bare, powerful arms and splashed in the washtub. The protruding curves of her broad bosom and hips seemed about to burst through her bright colored tatters. Her rudely molded features bore that stamp of sensuality and of inferior breeding that characterizes the ignorant of her race. Yet her face, as a whole, was not unattractive. Her thick, red lips were like pomegranates and the voluptuous fire of her heavy-lidded, black eyes spoke eloquently of the fervid passions inherited from Spanish ancestry.

I rapidly made a rough, charcoal sketch of the Señorita's uncouth face in its frame of coarse, black hair. She seemed to supply the human interest to my picture, and I resolved "to make a feature" of her, as the newspapers say.

The contrasting lights and shadows of mellow adobe walls bathed in a glow of vivid sunlight, and of dim recesses in vine-wreathed corridors, seemed an appropriate setting for my model. I began to introduce the high lights into the picture which was already blocked in and meditated, meanwhile, whether the Señorita would appear more picturesque in her rags, engaged in her homely occupation, or, in native costume with eyes upturned to some patron saint.

The sound of an opening window in the day nursery above the laundry and the voice of a nurse calling down some order fell unheeded on my ears. But the explosive utterances that immediately ensued caused me to look up in consternation. My model was transformed. Her bovine placidity had given place to the ferocity of a wild creature disturbed in its jungle. She was pouring forth a torrent of Spanish, in which I distinguished such phrases as, "Caramba!" "Le aboresco, maldito seas!"

But a knowledge of the language was not necessary to comprehend the menacing import of the sibilant rush of consonants, in

which the melting vowels were lost, and of the expressive gestures with which the incensed Amazon emphasized her speech. Looking about for the object that had inspired the Señorita's outburst, I caught a glimpse of a white-capped nurse in a trim, starched uniform just withdrawing from a nursery window. Her piquant face wore a disdainful smile, yet she drew back quickly, as if somewhat daunted by the wrathful figure below.

Somewhere behind me in the maze of corridors, a door opened and closed with a decided click. There was the swift rustle of a woman's garments and I saw Sister Agnes, the Mother Superior of the Orphanage, in her flowing, black habit and linen headdress glide through the patio to the laundry. In response to an authoritative question from the Sister, the Mexican woman repeated her grievance, the high note of exasperation still in her voice. The Mother Superior laid her hand on the woman's arm and spoke with soothing remonstrance, as to a child. The Señorita hung her head, half sullenly for a moment, then her shoulders began to heave and she lifted her sodden apron to her eyes. For an instant the two faces were turned toward me; the fair countenance of the Sister lighted by serene compassion and steadfast purpose, and the swarthy features beside her in which abject repentance struggled with uncertain passion. The value of contrast which is the joy of an artist's soul inspired me. I had the motif for my picture.

As the Sister returned through the patio, she greeted me and spoke of the little scene just enacted.

"Poor Santys," she sighed, "she is sometimes possessed of an evil spirit. She resists the authority of all save myself especially of the nurse now on duty for whom she has no liking."

I glanced idly about the patio, observing the high stone wall, half hidden by vines, which enclosed the rear of the Orphanage. A tall loquat tree grew beside the wall, but the limbs were far from the ground. There was but one mode of egress, a gate which was secured by a padlock. Evidently conciliation was not the only means the Mother Superior had for enforcing obedience. The Orphanage appeared a place of detention as well as of refuge.

In the intervals of her work, Maggie hovered about me chatting aimlessly. She was scarcely more than a child in size, but her face was graven with deep lines—a manifestation of bitter experience instead of age. From this waif, herself a victim of circumstance, I learned the facts of the following story:

Santys was a member of a family named Morago, who belonged to the class familiarly known in the Southwest as Greasers. The Moragos existed in a typical Chihuahua dwelling, a ramshackle, whitewashed casa with unshaded, dusty yard, habitually overrun by babies, chickens and dogs. Her father and brothers earned a

precarious livelihood by day labor. Several of her sisters whom Nature had favored more than Santys were married and were the prolific mothers of the noisy brood that played about the premises. Two or three of the Morago women were skilled in lace making and basket weaving and contributed regularly to the family income.

Poor Santys was neither good looking nor clever. Her bundering, fat fingers were capable of only the most menial tasks. She occupied a subservient position in the overcrowded household. Her embonpoint, which caused her to sway in a ludicrous manner as she walked and her easily aroused fury caused the adolescent rabble of the Spanish quarter to make her an object of ridicule. Out of a wholesome respect for her brawny fists, the greater portion of the sport at her expense was carried on behind her broad back. But occasionally, a youthful tormentor more venturesome and with nimbler heels than his fellows, would shout jeeringly, "Cochina!" or, "Santys esta loca!"

Apart from her peculiarity of disposition, however, Santys did not appear to be the victim of mental aberration. Her irrational conduct appeared to be the expression of childish ignorance rather than of a disordered brain. Like all daughters of Eve, she had the primitive impulse of self adornment. Her highest ambition was to own a lace trimmed frock and some rhinestone jewelry like her younger sister Rosa. In order to obtain this finery, Rosa, sometimes, went out to domestic service. But at this time she was preparing for her approaching marriage and did not care to take a situation. Therefore, when Juan, the eldest Morago brother, brought home the information that the Englishman, or gringo, as he was called, who lived on a neighboring ranch, desired a housekeeper, she paid little heed. But Santys listened with an eager light in her large, dark eyes as her brother described the easy work and good wages. Suddenly she announced, "I will go instead of Rosa." The whole family regarded her decision with astonishment and good-natured ridicule. But no lifting of the eyebrows nor expressive shrugs could dissuade her. To all questioning she replied stubbornly, "Lo quiero."

Though Philip Dunham, the Englishman, lived but two or three miles from the Moragos, he was practically a stranger to them. He was unmarried, and his age might have been thirty or thirty-five. He lived alone on a properous ranch that he cultivated himself. Dunham seemed to have an aversion for society in general and for that of women in particular. As friendly advances did not find him responsive, he was unmolested by neighborly attention. His muscular, well-knit frame and sunburned face proclaimed a wholesome habit of out-door life and exercise, but the uninteresting, British traits of obstinacy and egotism were discernible in his stolid,

light-blue eyes and in the unyielding lines of his mouth and chin.

If an Oriental seer could have visualized Dunham's past experience in a crystal, there would have appeared at the end of a long vista of yesterdays strewn with dead loves and hopes, a young man athrill with the ardor of springtide, strolling down a green lane in Devonshire by the side of a comely lass. But the "unpremeditated art" that prospered the wooing of other mating things had not been vouchsafed to this sturdy son of yeoman stock. The gaucherie of his unhappy proposal caused the light-hearted maiden of his choice to give voice to unseemly mirth. Perchance, her merriment was excited by the contrast between this country swain and certain fine gallants of Mayfair that she had met during a recent visit in London. Be the reason for her mockery what it may, it is sufficient that it caused Dunham to forsake his ancestral home and take passage to America not long thereafter. The poignant memory of "*la belle dame sans merci*" had made him something of a misanthrope.

He had employed a long succession of Japanese boys, who left him as soon as they learned English. He had tried a Chinaman who had a penchant for concocting unmentionable dishes, and, at last he was forced to the alternative of employing a woman, or doing his own work.

One morning, as he was consuming an unsatisfactory breakfast of burned toast and underdone eggs, there came a knock at the door. He invited invasion and Juan Morago, accompanied by his sister Santys appeared. When, after many nods, smiles and explanatory gestures on the part of the pair, he understood that Santys desired to make a debut in the role of his housekeeper, he hesitated between amusement and annoyance. With the intention of ridding himself of an undesirable applicant, he muttered brusquely, "Duece take it, I'm not running a sideshow, y'know."

But a rebuff of this nature was not intelligible to Santys and her brother. Santys, evidently believing the matter settled, removed her rebosa and began to make herself at home.

Upon reflection Dunham made no objection. He was nauseated by his own cooking and the sight of soiled dishes and upswept floors. Perhaps this gross appearing female was capable of more than she looked. At least he was not binding himself by giving her a trial. At this juncture, Juan, who had disappeared for a moment, re-entered carrying a box of luggage. As Dunham took in the significance of this, his opposition hardened again.

"What's this?" he expostulated, "she can't live here. Haven't any room for her. She must go home every day when she is through with her work. Sabe?"

Juan's knowledge of English was limited. He nodded a cheerful assent. "Si, si, she come home when she is through."

Dunham gave some necessary instructions to his new hand-

maid which she received with the naive and smiling wonder of a child. The gringo's five room bungalow seemed to her a very fine dwelling place indeed. She had always longed to be the mistress of a "hacienda," and now she felt that her wish was gratified.

Dunham's household arrangements were very simple and he owned few objects of value. He had enclosed one end of his veranda and fitted it up as a den in which he kept his most cherished possessions. Scattered about the walls amid a profusion of mounted skins and Navajo blankets was a collection of curious articles that Dunham had picked up while journeying through Mexico near the ruins of Mitla. The most prominent relics were numerous blunt arrowheads of stone, rudely fashioned, rusty spoons that had once held the hearts of human sacrifices, and various kinds of sheathed weapons.

Learning that Santys was a novice in the art of dusting, Dunham ordered her curtly to leave things in this room untouched. As she turned to leave the den, however, she stumbled awkwardly against the wall, dislodging a weapon that slid to the floor. She picked it up by the handle, thus drawing it from its sheath. It was a long, wicked looking stiletto, formed from the spine of a maguery, with a handle carved from the tough fibre of the plant. Santys' expression of affrighted dismay was so ludicrous that Dunham smiled in spite of his annoyance. He took the weapon from her with a word of caution and replaced it on the wall. Soon thereafter he betook himself to his outdoor occupations, leaving Santys to her own devices.

That evening when Dunham returned from his work, he found that Santys had installed herself with her belongings in his store-room, the one room in the house not in use. The time did not seem to be a propitious one for ejecting her and he put it off until the morrow. But it happened the next day he was very busy, and the day after, also. A week slipped away and no different arrangement had been made. The butcher, baker and infrequent callers at the ranch all appeared to think it in the natural order of things that he should have a housekeeper and that she should be fat.

When Dunham had become accustomed to the fiery taste of his British beef and mutton served up in the guise of "chile con carne" and had become inured to a regular diet of frijoles and tortillas, he accepted Santys' presence with resignation. His necessary wants were attended to, and, although Santys' method of house-cleaning left something to be desired, it was an improvement, at least, to have the dust gather under the furniture, rather than in the middle of the room.

Santys was happier than she ever remembered being before. She sang as she went leisurely about her tasks. Everything possible she put off until "manana." During the long, sunny afternoons she wandered about out-of-doors gathering ripe fruit. When her apron was filled, she would seat herself idly in the grape arbor beside the bungalow and indulge in a siesta. Santys would not bestir herself again until the long, golden day was nearly spent. The translucent pink of the sunset glow made her think of the hollow of a seashell, and she would blink at it contentedly. Then, in pleasurable anticipation of the gringo's return, she would make preparations for the evening meal.

Dunham, having become accustomed to her presence, paid less attention to her than to the English setter that trotted at his heels. When he was at home, she followed him about eager to perform any service that he might require of her. His most commonplace remark or action elicited from her delighted nods and pleased exclamations. While Dunham smoked or dozed in moody silence, she would thrum on an old guitar she had found in the storeroom and sing snatches of Spanish love songs. Before retiring, she would invariably linger to say, "Buenas noches." She usually addressed Dunham as "Señor," but at meeting or parting, she would occasionally say tentatively with an odd, little laugh, "Querida mia." The oft-repeated phrase at length aroused Dunham's inert curiosity. When opportunity offered, he inquired from a vaquero of his acquaintance the meaning of "Querida."

Raillery illumined the man's black eyes. "Your sweetheart, no sabe?" he questioned with a flash of his white teeth.

The alternate emotions of disgust and amusement that swept over Dunham were finally superseded by a quickened interest in this half-civilized woman with primitive impulses. He was seized with a desire to fan into a flame the suppressed fires that smoldered in the velvety depths of her dark eyes.

The next time she used the Spanish endearment, he drew her to him deliberately with a caress in his voice and touch. Her instant response and self-surrender seemed to him the sensuality of venal passion. He could not comprehend that in poor Santys' virgin, if ignorant, soul he dwelt a god, nor that he was desecrating that altar before which all womanhood bows in sacrifice.

In this manner an intimacy came to exist between Santys and her employer. No one suspected the true state of affairs but Santys' brother, Juan. The latter, while on a visit to the ranch, assailed his sister with bitter inuendos and accusations in Spanish. Her resentment of his interference had been so fierce that he soon retired. It was the first exhibition of her temper that Dunham had seen. He was reminded of the soldier of France, described by Balzac, who made a pet of a desert lioness. Dunham's attitude toward Santys at this time was not until the soldier's cynical watchfulness of his savage mistress. He was beginning to weary of her and to find the bond between them hateful. An attachment that he had formed for a young lady from the East, who was spending her vacation in the neighborhood, was partly responsible for this. The fair recipient of his attentions favored his suit and had given her consent to an early marriage. His early disappointment was forgotten and he no longer shunned society. He was conscious of an evergrowing desire to rid himself of Santys' presence. He began a systematic course of faultfinding that drove the poor servant maid to the verge of desperation. Nothing that she did pleased him, and the more she strove to meet his requirements, the more unreasonable and exacting he became. At length, one morning when the breakfast was a few minutes late (a matter that he had formerly regarded as unimportant) he told Santys peremptorily that she must leave him. He listened to her passionate outburst in flinty silence. To her reiterated "Porque?" he replied irritably, "I cannot be bothered with you any longer."

With masculine finality he turned away and began packing some

instruments preparatory to going on a short surveying trip.

"Remember," he said decisively as he took his departure, "you must be gone before I return."

The dazed look in her eyes, as of some animal mortally hurt, smote his conscience. "Rot," he growled, as he shouldered his tripod, "these blooming cholos are all immoral beggars."

Santys' appearance at home was not welcomed by her family, and when they discovered that a disgrace, the nature of which could not long be concealed, had befallen her, they made her life a burden. The only circumstance that enabled Santys to bear the galling yoke of their displeasure was the thought of Dunham's return. She did not realize that he had wearied of her. His displeasure was like that of a deity and her one thought was to propitiate him with the incense of devotion. The knowledge of a new tie between herself and her idol filled her with vague dreams of happiness.

One evening when the white magic of the moonlight had transformed the Spanish quarter, making of the squalid and commonplace a fairy picture, Santys sat alone beneath the pepper trees. She was filled with a spirit of unrest like one who strains for a glimpse of a distant sail bearing home the longed for treasure. Her brother, Juan, who had been absent all day with a grading crew accosted her.

"The gringo has returned, did thee know?"

He interrupted her pleased questions scornfully. "The Señor was walking with the lady Americano whom he intends to marry. He cares not for thee. I warned thee, but thou wouldst not believe, stupid one."

Santys, enraged by the taunt, flung back, "It is false, thou liest."

Nevertheless suspicion entered her ignorant heart and with it a great desolation. Her jealous misery became more intolerable with each passing moment, and, presently, when the opportunity offered, she slipped unobserved out of the yard of the casa into the highway.

Dunham had been delayed in the village and it was late when he arrived at his bungalow. With angry amazement he noted a faint aureole of light through the vines of the veranda. When he hastily entered the den and saw Santys seated in a corner, he ungraciously asked her the meaning of her presence. She turned toward him, her face livid with jealousy, and spat out an incoherent accusation.

He answered her contemptuously. "What you have heard is idle gossip. Blast it all, go home and stay there."

She caught at his denial. "It is I that you must take to the priest." With childish eagerness she revealed a secret reason for her request, confident that now she would not be gainsaid.

For a moment Dunham's manner was less aloof. He scanned her closely. Then he reached for his purse which contained a considerable sum and flung it at her feet.

"I will send you more, if you need it," he said briefly.

Santys did not pick up the purse nor move to go.

Dunham was weary of temporizing. All the brutality of his nature rose to the surface. He sneeringly repudiated her claim with one word—a word like corrosive acid—that forever mars a

woman's fair name and burns its reproach on her inmost soul. Half crazed by the ignominy that Dunham had thrust upon her and tortured like Peri at the thought of another in her earthly Paradise, Santys staggered backward. The walls of the den seemed to dissolve in a blood-red mist, leaving but one tangible object before her eyes—the outline of the maguey dagger.

Scarcely had Dunham spoken when Santys, like an avenging fury, sprang toward him with uplifted arm. Before he had time for resistance, she dealt him a blow with the maguey stiletto. Then, gasping and terrified, her unwieldy flesh impeding her flight, she hurried out into the darkness, leaving behind her an inert heap from which trickled an ever-widening stream.

Maggie had been telling me the story of Santys in fragments which I unconsciously clothed with my own thoughts. After one of numerous interruptions, she continued:

"And after that happened," referring to Santys' dark deed, "Santys just mouched around till she most starved. Bimeby they pinched her and took her up to Court. An' the Judge was sorry for Santys, but said that she could not go home for several years. A kind lady talked to her so nice and forgivin' like. They made her promise that she would be good an' then they sent her here for the Sisters to take care of."

I looked up from my picture, to which I was adding the finishing touches. "What became of the Englishman?" I asked.

"O, he was in an awful way for a while and had to be took to the hospital, but he got well."

"And Sayts' child?" I pursued.

"Why, Santys couldn't pay to have him kept here, so they sent him to the State Home."

For some time the shadows had been lengthening eastward. My picture was completed and I arose to go.

Santys was the center of a group seated under a great loquat tree. She was singing in a sweet, but rather uncertain contralto to an attentive audience. I put a small gift in her hands which filled her with awed delight. She showed me her little, bare room in the Annex of the Orphanage, and her few pathetic rags of cast-off finery which she treasured as carefully as a society belle her ball gown.

"Are you happy here?" I inquired. She hesitated.

"Sometimes I would like to go home," she said slowly. And in her glance I read the desire for God's out-of-doors; the hunger for companionship. "But the Sisters are very good to me—very good," she added, her face lighting up.

As I closed the Orphanage gate, a sound like shoreward racing seas filled my ears. My imagination was stirred anew by the padded whirl of passing automobiles, the clang of trolley cars and the ceaseless tread of restless thousands thronging the white pavements. I looked back at the cloister-like Orphanage walls, softened by lilac shadow and etched against the gold and rose of the sunset. The surging roar of humanity about me seemed to din into my ears the truth of the survival of the fittest. Perhaps, for unseaworthy craft, the safe harbor of those protecting walls was a better destiny than to experience shipwreck in the lure of finding strange ports and enchanted islands.

MULLEN & BLUETT CLOTHING COMPANY

The store was originally established under the firm name of Bluett, Daily and Sullivan in 1883 and at that time they had one small store in the Nadeau Block. A few years afterward they moved to the corner of First and Spring Streets where they occupied a space 19x30. On January 1st, 1888 Andrew Mullen, who was the founder of Mullen Bros. & Co., large importers of woolen in Chicago, came to Los Angeles on account of ill health and in the meantime, having become acquainted with Mr. Bluett while in Chicago and finding he had engaged in the clothing business in this City, he likewise manifested an interest in this affair and purchased a large interest in the firm which changed the firm name to Mullen & Bluett. In 1890 it was incorporated as Mullen & Bluett Clothing Company continuing in the same location at the corner of First and Spring Streets, and from time to time taking in additional stores until they had finally acquired a floor space of 12,000 square ft., and maintaining the leadership in their line of goods throughout the City. Since the death of Andrew Mullen in 1899 the corporation has been controlled principally by Mary T. Mullen and the business has been conducted by her sons, Edward F. Mullen and Arthur B. Mullen, demonstrating an unusual possession of business ability and good judgment, which is evidenced by the remarkable increase in growth of their business which made it necessary



Original Store of Mullen & Bluett, Spring and First Streets.
From a Pen Drawing About 1896

for them to move to larger and more commodious quarters. To be in keeping with their progressive spirit and the growth of Los Angeles they moved into the new business heart of the City in the W. P. Story Building, Southeast corner of Broadway and Sixth Streets. They now occupy a space of 120 ft. by 150 ft., making a total in all of 28,000 sq. ft. ground floor and also a large basement salesroom and the Mezzanine in the rear which is used for their general offices and tailor



Interior, Mullen & Bluett

the sale of cheaper grades of clothing, also a complete line of Uniforms, Trunks and Suit Cases, Working Clothes and Overalls. The rear basement is occupied by stock rooms, freight receiving rooms, supply rooms, etc. This firm carries one of the largest and most complete stocks of it's kind West of Chicago, and every desired article of wearing apparel can be found here at its best.

The store has 255 ft. of handsome window display space and the store in itself is not only complete in its furnishings and fittings but is also homelike and cheerful and has a pleasing businesslike appearance, where you will always find courteous salesmen who are willing with the combined efforts of the management not only to please their customers but to have them satisfied fully in every respect. Los Angeles has many up-to-date and handsome stores which they can be proud of and this is the latest addition to its many wonderful shops of which it so justly boasts.

Los Angeles has many business institutions to which she points with pride while demonstrating the remarkable progressiveness of Southern California. Mullen & Bluett are a striking example of the commendable element of thrift and hustle. This establishment is located on a prominent corner in one of the finest buildings in the center of the busy down town district with its beautiful show windows and 20th century air. One very essential fact which shows the progressiveness of this firm is the fact that all interior fixtures even down to the office furniture and the window fixtures were manufactured right here in Los Angeles.



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INTERIOR OF A VILLA, VILLA CITY, VENICE



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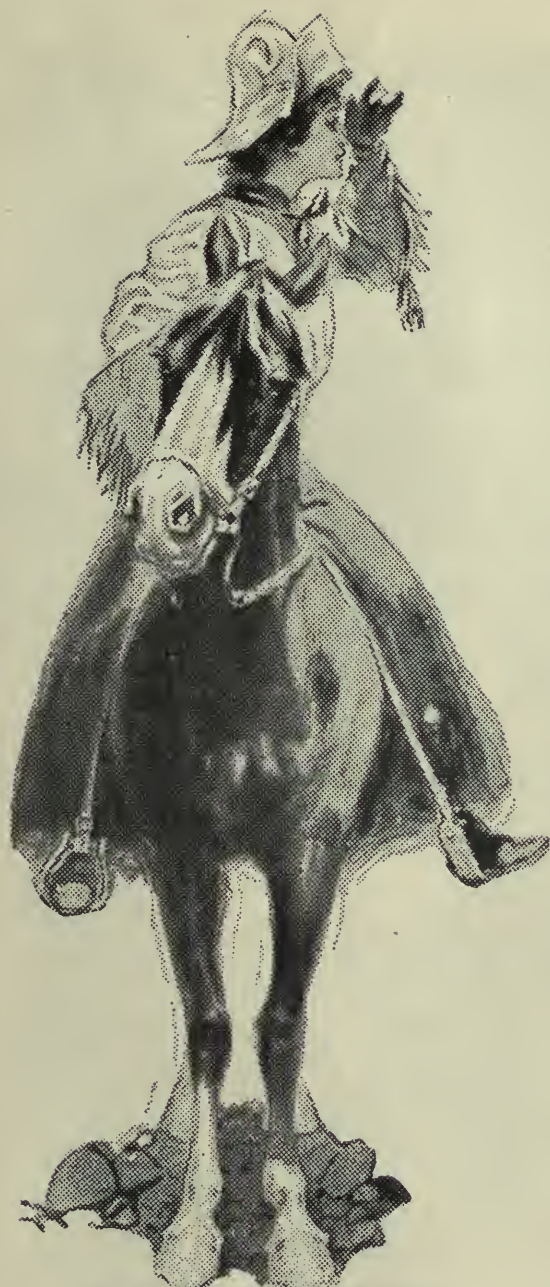
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flow is never more nor less than the lever indicates. The flame *cannot* flare up and smoke nor run too low for good results, consequently the

Florence-Automatic Oil Stove

requires no watching. You no longer need worry about the fire "coming up," or "dying down."

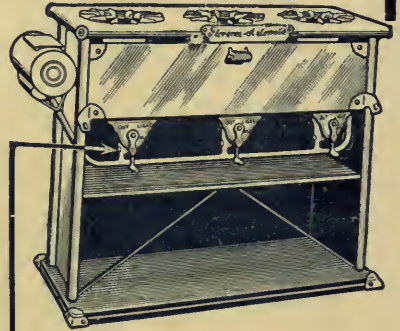
Aside from its economical advantages it has greatly reduced the work of the kitchen. It does away with the tedious task of chopping wood, raking and taking up ashes.

Every woman should have a Florence-Automatic Oil Stove and a Florence Asbestos-lined oven and *save both money and labor.*

For sale everywhere. If your dealer cannot supply you, write us for catalogue giving his name.

CENTRAL OIL & GAS STOVE CO., 116 Washington St., Boston, Mass.
(Factory, Gardner, Mass.)

Selling Agents For The Pacific Coast,
HOLBROOK, MERRILL & STETSON
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Los Angeles, Cal., May 18, 1909.

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Cresolene is a powerful germicide acting both as a curative and preventive in contagious diseases.

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the rich red-
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